

THE STORY  
*of*  
CROWN HILL



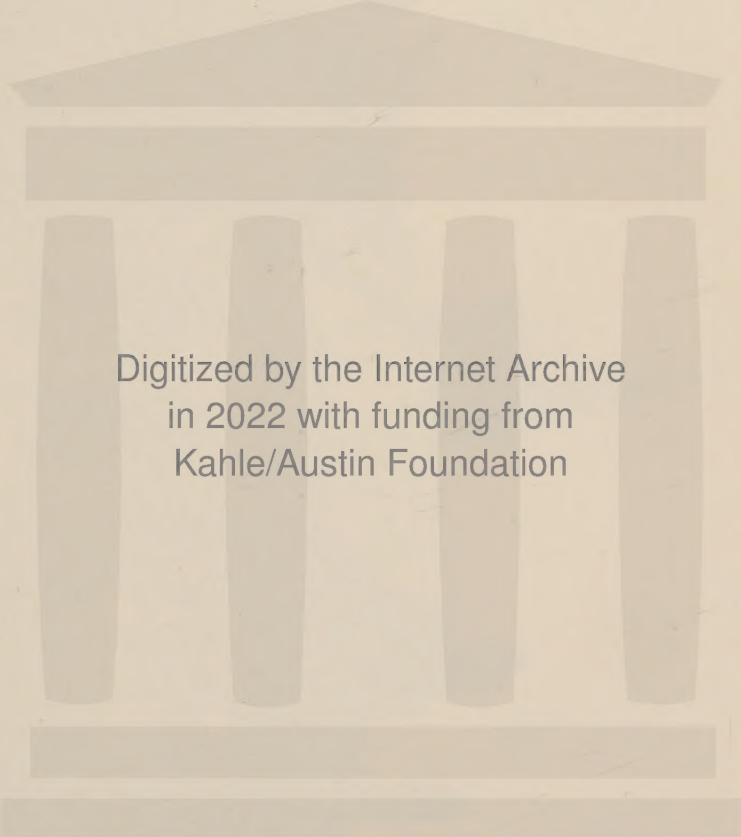




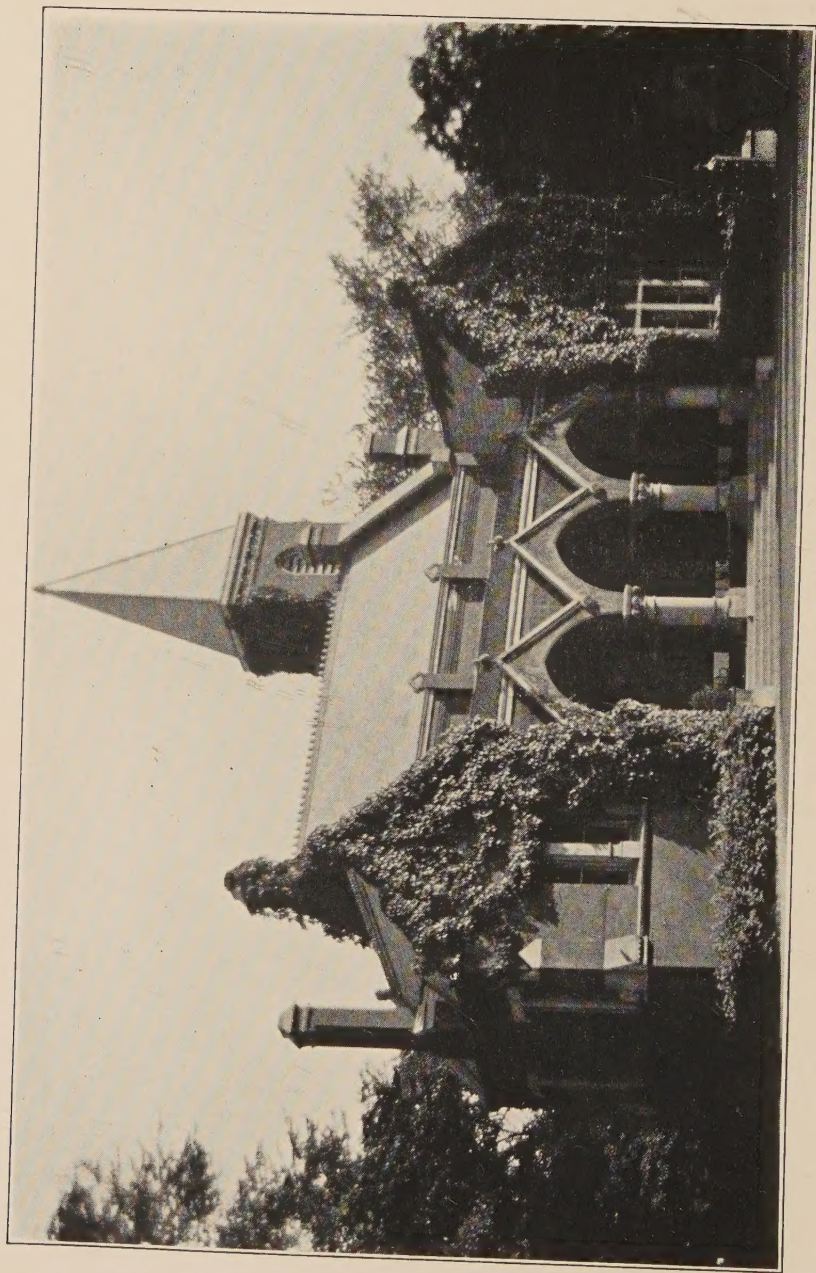


THE STORY OF  
CROWN HILL





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*The Story*  
*of*  
*Crown Hill*

*By*  
ANNA NICHOLAS



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THE STORY OF  
CROWN HILL





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## AS CROWN HILL SEEMS

“An important chapter of Indianapolis history would be comprehended in the story of Crown Hill if the part that the many who lie there had in developing the city could be told.”

He was an Indianapolis man who spoke. It was Memorial Day and he had just returned from the services conducted by members of the Grand Army and other veterans at the Union Soldiers' graves—eleven hundred of them—in the little Federal burying ground within Crown Hill:

“The beauty of the place impresses me more each time I visit it, but the beauty is not all, nor yet the sense of peace that pervades it. To me there is a feeling not unlike that felt in a community of the living—an impression of personality.

“No, I do not mean spiritual presence—that the souls of the departed hover near their bodily resting place; nothing of the kind. My explanation is that so many men and women of strong character and public spirit and activity while here were so inseparable a part of the city's life that their personality is not lost in death. Their influence lingers; it does not die with them.

“You may think this fanciful, but I believe I am not alone in experiencing this impression and I explain it in this way: While Indianapolis has grown rapidly in the last third of its century of life, the pioneer element remained long in the lead, and is still felt; the early families have scattered less perhaps than is usual in growing towns and the sons and the sons' sons have

carried on to an uncommon degree what their fathers began. There has been a remarkable continuity of purpose and action, taking the history of the city throughout—a strong and honorable purpose of high class men behind all progress, even though progress at times might seem to lag. And so, I believe that we are still affected by that spirit, even after the men who helped to make the city have finished their work and gone to their reward.”

Over and over again a similar thought has been expressed by men and women whose recollections and information about the cemetery have been sought.

“It is such a peaceful place,” said one woman who has outlived her immediate family. “It does not make me melancholy to visit there, and if I am down-hearted when I enter I come away with a more cheerful spirit. One would not think it could be so, but so it is.”

“Crown Hill is a cheerful place,” exclaimed another. “I like to think that when I go there to stay I shall be among the neighbors I have known all my life.”

It was a soldier of fortune, born in Indianapolis, but a wanderer over the world, who said on one of his rare visits:

“This town may never be my home again while I live, but”—with a little laugh that was a half apology for sentiment—“there is a place for me at Crown Hill where I hope to lie when my time comes, though the sea or the wilderness may take me unawares.”



## IN THE BEGINNING

Along with the founding of new towns in the wilderness as our country grew was the establishing of burying-grounds. For in the new country were often adverse conditions—exposure to weather, no drainage, swamps and miasma; sickness came, and death. There must be a place to lay the dead away.

The early settlers on farms often preferred that their own loved ones who went out of life should lie near their old homes, and burial grounds “on the place” were common around Indianapolis in the early day and are yet to be found here and there. They are still known, indeed, all over the United States, disappearing slowly as progress changes the face of the land and as survivors of the pioneers no longer remain where the fathers founded their homes.

When it was said of some one, “his grave is on the place,” it was everywhere understood that the home farm where the departed one was reared was meant. There was—and is—something more intimate about the term, something indefinable, that means more than simply “the farm.” When James Whitcomb Riley wrote “Decoration Day on the Place” he touched the fountain of tears in the hearts of many who had been bereaved in the Civil War and the picture he drew of the flower-strewn mound where a soldier lay near his old home was vivid in their minds—the group in the field around the little enclosed spot, the green grass, the shadows of the sheltering trees, the flowers, the words spoken! The memories, too! So many shared such

memories that the poet's words stirred all alike. They saw where a loved one took his rest, "In the orchard, in his uniform, and hands across his breast."

It is a pathetic human desire that calls for a place where dear ones can sleep near to each other when life is done. Though they believe that the Lord of life and death is over all, they find comfort in the thought that at last they will be near their own as in life.

The sight of a lonely grave brings a sad thought even to the stranger who passes by. The sadness is not for the one who lies there—he is at peace—but for those who had loved him and left him there, knowing that they should see no more the spot where he slept. Many such graves have been scattered along the paths of the pioneers who came into the wilderness when our land was new, braving hardships and dangers but laying the foundations of its greatness. With wives and children and their few possessions, they traveled an unknown way. Illness sometimes overtook them and sometimes a member of the family ended the journey of life before the new home sought for on earth was found. Towns and settlements were far apart and the dead were buried by the wayside in such safety and seclusion as might be—and left alone while the others went on. On the overland trail to the far West many an eager traveler failed to reach the promised land and was laid to his last sleep under the desert sands. Those pilgrims slept well, no doubt; pity is not for them, but for those who were forced to travel on. The anguish of bereavement was doubled by the memory of a lonely grave in the wilderness or the desert, never to be visited, never to have a flower of remembrance laid upon it.

Back on a farm among Pennsylvania hills known in childhood to the compiler of this record was a solitary grave in a corner of a fenced-in strip of unfrequented woodland. The grave was surrounded by a high fence of heavy and firmly set oak palings, time-worn but sound, that no child could disturb, or no animal larger than a squirrel could enter. A tree five or six inches in diameter had grown up and encroached on the low mound. Blackberry bushes, tall ferns and wild grasses filled the enclosure and half hid the headboard with its dim, painted inscription.

Romping children passing that way now and then would pause, peep curiously between the palings, then hasten on, oppressed, not with fear, but with a vague sense of mystery and awe. No one in the neighborhood knew the history of that lonely grave or of its occupant. Always the little burial spot on the Pennsylvania hillside has remained among the memories of that childhood as an exemplification of loneliness—a striking illustration of solitude.

Far away in the mists of time families and friends wished to be together in death as in life. Abraham had this yearning. When he purchased of Ephron of the Hittites the field and the cave of Machpelah wherein to bury the body of Sarah, the wife of his youth, it was there that he also wished to be placed when his day came, and it was there that his sons Isaac and Ishmael buried him. There Isaac and Rebekah were buried, there Leah was laid, and when Jacob “was gathered unto his people” his sons carried him to Machpelah. King David, too, “slept with his fathers” in the city of David; Solomon also and Rehoboam and the kings after them slept their last sleep in the City of David.

Away back in the little settlement of Indianapolis in the summer and fall of 1821 there was much illness. An epidemic of malarial fever, "fever and ague," and other variations of the maladies incident to a miasmatic atmosphere, a rainy season, no drainage, swampy districts and rank vegetation, prevailed among the people. There were numerous deaths, more were probable, and it was plain that a cemetery was necessary. A number of graves were made on surrounding farms that summer, and there were eight burials on the bluff of Fall Creek near the site of the present City Hospital.

The platting of the city, in the hands of Alexander Ralston, a Scotch engineer who had assisted in surveying and laying out Washington, D. C., the National Capital, was nearing completion that fall when he and his assistants, an English draughtsman and Lieutenant Governor Harrison, with the advice of James Blake, a leading member of the community, chose a tract of about five acres for a burial ground beyond the southwest end of Kentucky Avenue and near White River.

In a sketch of the cemetery or "graveyard," as it was then called, written by James M. Ray, another public spirited citizen of that day, it is related that the first interment in this ground was that of Daniel Shafer, a merchant from Cincinnati, who had built a neat double cabin below Pogue's Run and hoped to establish a home and business.

At that first funeral it is told by Mr. Ray that the way to the new cemetery was so obstructed by the dense entanglement of Kentucky Avenue with thickets that it was necessary to proceed by the river bank.

In 1834 five acres more were laid out east of the original tract, extending to Kentucky Avenue, and made attractive by lot owners. The owners of this



tract, Nicholas McCarty, James Blake, James M. Ray and John G. Brown, made an agreement that all lots remaining unsold after fifty years should become the property of the survivor, who proved to be James M. Ray. He assigned his rights to the First Presbyterian Church.

In 1852, E. J. Peck, then President of the Vandalia Railroad, laid off seven and one-half acres north of both the old cemeteries as an addition. It extended to the Vandalia tracks on the north and to West Street on the east, leaving an open tract of forest between it and the river. This tract belonged at that time to a Philadelphia merchant firm, Siter, Price & Company, and in 1862 was laid off into a cemetery called Greenlawn and was more extensively improved than the earlier grounds. The entire combined burying tracts, about twenty-five acres in all, later became known under the name of Greenlawn.

In 1862 the National Government bought a narrow strip along the Vandalia tracks as a burial place for Confederate prisoners who died in the city.

## AS THE COMMUNITY GREW

The time came when citizens who had the welfare of the community in view and looked beyond the present, saw that Greenlawn, even with its twenty-five acres, would not long be sufficient for Indianapolis needs, and in any case the prospect of being so hemmed in by railroad tracks, by shops and factories had already so limited its further expansion as to make it undesirable for future interments.

Indianapolis, moreover, was growing. The population of the town in 1850 is estimated in statistical tables as about eight thousand. In 1860 official figures show eighteen thousand six hundred and eleven residents, proving that growth had begun before the war. In 1863, the middle of the Civil War period, the town was a center of activity; soldiers were constantly coming and going, as new regiments were enlisted, equipped and sent to the front. Governor Morton's dramatic and powerful efforts in co-operating with the Federal Government and suppressing disloyal elements in the state had drawn outside attention to the hitherto little-known town and despite unsettled conditions, anxiety over the war and uncertainties as to the future, there were citizens who had faith that in time all would be well and who saw that thought must be taken for the city's growth and welfare and that one of the urgent matters was the establishment of a new cemetery. Already Greenlawn was becoming crowded. Hundreds of Union soldiers who had died in our hospitals were buried there, and no one knew how long it would be before the war came to an end.

The average citizen, it may be assumed, was not concerning himself in that troubled time about this particular civic problem. A few citizens however, including James M. Ray, banker and leader in promoting movements for public benefit, and Mr. James Blake, also public spirited, had discussed the subject with each other as they met casually from time to time, but no action had been taken. Mr. Ray and Mr. Blake, both pioneers, had assisted in the establishing of Greenlawn back in the twenties.

It was the opportune visit to Indianapolis in August, 1863, of the Honorable Hugh McCulloch, nationally known as a brilliant financier and later as Secretary of the United States Treasury, that led to decisive steps. He told Mr. Ray of the cemetery that had recently been planned and laid out at Fort Wayne, Mr. McCulloch's home town, giving credit for its satisfactory arrangement to Mr. John Chislett, a landscape gardener and cemetery superintendent of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, whose services had been engaged for the purpose.

The possibility of securing professional advice in regard to the Indianapolis project led to immediate activity.

On the twelfth of September a preliminary meeting of a few interested citizens was held at the office of the State Bank of Indiana with Mr. John Chislett present. He told his hearers of the results of his long experience and it was agreed by them that the project of a new cemetery for Indianapolis should be undertaken.

Present at the meeting were James M. Ray, James Blake, General Thomas A. Morris, William S. Hubbard, Theodore P. Haughey, A. L. Roache, John C. New, S. A. Fletcher, Jr., Herman Lieber and J. D. Carmichael.

The decision was to go ahead with the movement. Committees were appointed to select a site, perfect plans and prepare for incorporation.

On September twenty-fifth formal organization of the Association of Crown Hill was effected with thirty corporators and the following officers: James M. Ray, President; Theodore P. Haughey, Secretary; Stoughton A. Fletcher, Jr., Treasurer; and seven directors.

Meanwhile the committee to choose a site, Mr. Chislett accompanying it, had inspected much ground north of the city, the articles of association giving it a range of six miles from the city limits and specifying that the tract should never exceed six hundred acres.

No tract was entirely satisfactory until the elevation now known as Crown Hill was reached. Mr. Chislett is quoted as saying when he saw it: "That is the spot! Buy those grounds at whatever price you have to pay."

This advice was followed. The elevation that gives the name "Crown Hill" to the cemetery, then familiarly known as "Strawberry Hill," was included in the farm of Martin Williams, part of his ground being used as a tree nursery. The hill is the highest point of land about Indianapolis, being nearly two hundred feet higher than the level of the river. It had been used as a resort for picnickers and was especially popular in strawberry season. Recollections among old citizens differ, some saying that they bought the cultivated fruit of Martin Williams, the first cultivated strawberries in Indianapolis; others that wild berries grew in profusion on the hill free to all who came before Martin Williams owned the land. Probably both reminiscences are right.

Martin Williams parted with his farm with reluc-

tance. He liked it and had meant to stay and develop it. But the purchasing committee prevailed upon him to give up the land. That purchase however was not the first.

In October, 1863, almost immediately after the incorporation, forty acres of land were bought from James Trueblood and forty from Jonathan Wilson. It was not until December second that title to Williams's hundred and sixty-six acres was transferred. In March, 1864, six acres were purchased from Henry Wright and twenty-two from H. and L. Wright. These purchases squared the plat with roads and surrounding land, and no more ground was bought for several years.

The financing of this great cemetery is one of its most remarkable features—one that proves the high character of the incorporators as no other one thing could do, if proof of such character were needed.

In the beginning, Stoughton A. Fletcher, Sr., banker, offered to advance the necessary capital, charging only a nominal interest. He was to await the income from lot sales for repayment. The first fund required was fifty-one thousand, five hundred dollars. But there were to be no individual profits when all debts were paid. The articles of association contain this as their first specification:

“The distinct and irrevocable principle on which this association is founded and shall forever remain, except as hereinafter allowed, is that the entire funds arising from the sale of burial lots, and the proceeds of investment of said funds shall be and they are specifically dedicated to the purchase and improvement of the grounds of the cemetery, and keeping them durably and permanently enclosed and in perpetual repair

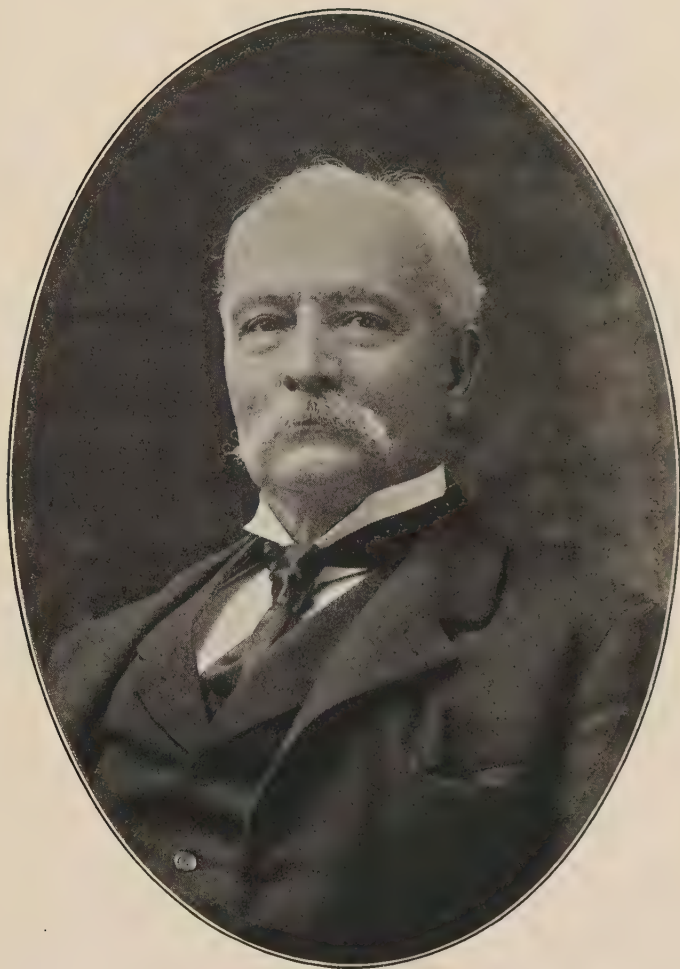


through all future time, including all incidental expenses for approach to the cemetery, and the proper management of the same; and that no part of such funds shall, as dividend, profit, or in any manner whatever, inure to the corporators." The operation of this plan calls for special attention in another chapter.

After organization and the purchase of the ground no time was lost in preparing for the improvement and development of the plat. It was the unanimous feeling of the corporators that they had been extremely fortunate in having the benefit of Mr. John Chislett's experience and judgment in the selection of the ground and in his advice as to further steps to be taken. They therefore welcomed the opportunity of securing the services of his son, Frederick W. Chislett, as Superintendent of the cemetery. He had assisted his father in Pittsburgh, and subsequent events proved that his fitness for the new position was all that could be wished. It is common testimony of those familiar with the development of Crown Hill that the beauty of the place owes much to him.

Engaged in October, the new Superintendent came to Indianapolis in December, arriving at that time doubtless to study the situation and plan for spring work. His son, John Chislett, who succeeded to the Superintendency after his father's death in 1889, though a small boy at the time of the family's arrival in Indianapolis, retains a vivid memory of the event. At best, moving in the middle of winter into a lonely house in the woods could not have been a cheerful proceeding. Mr. Chislett, at this writing a resident of Pittsburgh, writes:

"Father and mother and we three little boys landed in Indianapolis on a warm, rainy day, December 31,



Frederick W. Chislett





1863. We went out to the old Martin Williams log cabin at the south slope of Crown Hill, and next morning the mercury was twenty-seven degrees below zero. It was the historic cold New Year's. For a time we really suffered. Though a little child then, I remember it well!"

That sudden cold followed a remarkably mild fall. No weather bureau existed then to broadcast meteorological probabilities over the land. Few were ready for the intense cold and there was great suffering all over the country, particularly among soldiers in camp. Many died and there was much loss among farm animals exposed to the weather. The lowest temperature lasted but a day, but the day is famous in weather annals.

Mr. Chislett writes further:

"Crown Hill was then a wild, secluded place. Father would not open the door after dark to anyone and often had to drive some one away at the point of his revolver. Soldiers from the camps were sometimes very troublesome, and getting things out there in any sort of shape was a pretty hard proposition. To go into the city was one hour's drive down through the Fall Creek swamp, around Camp Carrington and into town by way of Indiana Avenue."

Soldiers who gathered in camp in Indianapolis at that period, waiting to be sent to the front, lacked something of the high patriotism and enthusiasm that marked the volunteers of '61 and '62. War had become an old story; it had lost much of its romance. Perhaps, too, the later recruits were not quite of the material of the first volunteers. Camp Carrington occupied ground over near the canal beyond where the Methodist hospital now stands.

With the spring of 1864 work of improving the cemetery began. Notwithstanding the natural advantages, there was much to be done and the outlook must have been rather appalling to the new Superintendent. The beautiful contour of the tract, with its low, irregular elevations, crowned by the commanding and conspicuous hill, left little to be done in the way of lowering or upbuilding, except in the grading of roadways. The natural forest, too, that covered much of the ground was a fortunate possession.

But there was low, marshy ground that needed to be drained, there were trees and thickets to be cut away, also trees to be planted; there were roads to be built and space made suitable at once for the laying away of the dead. The first road must necessarily have been one leading to the west entrance, at that time and for a number of years later the only public entrance to the cemetery. It was nearly half a mile north of the present stone gateway, opening as the latter does on the Michigan Road—that stretch of road now being known as Northwestern Avenue—and led back almost in a direct easterly line toward the foot of the hill. It was perhaps originally the route or lane taken by Martin Williams in reaching that road from his farmhouse. The Williams house, it may be mentioned here, did not long continue as the residence of the Chisletts. A comfortable, good-sized residence was built for them in the vicinity of what was afterwards the west gateway, but was so shut in by trees and set apart that there was no indication of a cemetery being near—a condition not true of the people who came later and built homes on the opposite side of the Michigan Road and in full view of the cemetery, proving even

then that the parklike beauty of the place took away the melancholy atmosphere and association with sorrow that are so often felt in connection with the mere sight of homes of the departed.

The dedication of the cemetery took place on June 1, 1864. About four hundred people were present, this being the first visit of many of them to the place. An elaborate program was arranged in advance and carried out. It included several "anthems" by the band, an "invocating prayer" by the Rev. Dr. Holliday, father of the late John H. Holliday, chief founder of the Indianapolis News; a "dedicatory prayer" by the Rev. Henry Day, pastor of the First Baptist Church; an ode by the Rev. N. A. Hyde, pastor of the First Congregational Church; a poem by Granville M. Ballard, and a closing prayer by the Rev. Hanford A. Edson, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. The speaker of the occasion was the Hon. Albert S. White, Judge of the United States Court for the District of Indiana. The speech is too long for reproduction here, but the Sentinel, speaking editorially on Monday, June 3—there were no Sunday papers then—grows eloquent over its merits.

"It," (the address) says the Sentinel, "is surpassingly beautiful. It appeals to every noble sentiment that animates the human heart. It is sublime in its teachings. . . . In force, in solemn eloquence, in power of expression and in convincing statement of truth this portion (on immortality) of this remarkable address, is worthy of the philosopher, the orator, and the Christian of this or any other age."

Surely this is high praise!

The Sentinel also notes, "Superintendent Chis-

lett has, with admirable taste, already conformed his plans to the topography of the ground, and the winding walks, drives and plats harmonize delightfully with the configuration of the surface."

A number of men and women in and about Indianapolis were present at the dedication exercises, but recollections of the event are vague with most of them. Why should they not be, indeed? It is now, in 1926, more than sixty years ago.

One exception in this list was Mrs. Daniel Stewart, at the time of this writing, 1926, in her ninetieth year, who though feeble in body, is alert in mind, and takes keen interest in recalling her memories, going so far as to write them out, her penmanship being as clear and firm as if she were twenty, and it seems worth while to introduce the little story as first hand testimony concerning the long ago.

Mrs. Stewart writes:

"It was a bright day in June, 1864, when, having gladly assented to my husband's invitation to go to the dedication of the new cemetery, about four miles in the country, he drove up with Lady Lord, the ladies' well-known favorite horse in Indianapolis, from Wood & Foudray's stable on Pennsylvania Street near Washington Street.

"Having minute directions about reaching the Michigan Road, we found our way without accident or difficulty.

"Hitching Lady Lord inside a farmyard opposite the now abandoned entrance to Crown Hill on the west, we walked through green pasture land and shade to an incline west of the site of the present chapel, then unbuilt, where a platform for the speaker had been erected.

“Surrounding it, under the shade of noble forest trees, were assembled prominent public-spirited citizens of Indianapolis, and their families.

“It was an impressive and most interesting occasion. One cannot describe the spirit of the scene. Everyone present had a personal interest. It was an unusual gathering of old friends and neighbors to view and select new grounds for future homes where they might still be near each other.

“After the service they scattered about in groups over the beautiful undulating slopes of green acres and wooded lands.

“It was wonderful to note how different their taste in location for their last home proved to be. Some selected the rounded top of an elevation for the extended view it gave; others preferred the gently sloping hillside where the lengthening shadows lingered in the valleys. Some loved the western sun and the twilight, others wanted the first rays of the morning sun to rest upon their dwellings.

“All looked about them with admiration, their faces bearing an expression of uncertainty and hesitation, each wondering, perhaps, which among them would be the first to find rest there.

“Battles were raging in the South then and fathers were thinking that they must prepare for the homecoming of their sons and praying that swords would soon be beaten into plowshares and peace reign over the country before the singing of the birds should welcome these soldiers to the fair haven in Crown Hill.”

Mrs. Stewart's reference to “Lady Lord,” the livery horse especially intended for the use of women, will recall to many persons an old custom that no well-



conducted livery man would ignore, namely that of having one or more sleepy, old, jog-trot horses "safe for women to drive" and that no self-respecting man would hire for his own use, save in desperation as a last resort.

There was no sale of lots on dedication day; the first formal sale was on June 8, a week later, and lots were auctioned off to the highest bidder. Thirty-five lots were sold on that day for a total of \$11,241.00. Some of the prices were high for that time. James M. Ray paid \$1,500.00 for his choice; James Blake, \$1,056.00; Mrs. Margaret McCarty, \$1,300.00; John C. New, \$600.00; Isaac Coe, \$625.00; Mrs. Caleb B. Smith and Edward King, \$500.00 each; John C. Armstrong, \$425.00; Calvin Fletcher, Sr. \$465.00; S. A. Fletcher, Sr., \$380.00; S. A. Fletcher, Jr., \$540.00.

Meanwhile, the real dedication of the cemetery to its one sacred purpose had taken place, namely, the first burial. Mrs. Lucy Ann Seaton, who with her husband were spoken of as strangers in the town, had died of tuberculosis and newspaper reference to the event urged citizens to attend the services at Crown Hill.

Curiously enough, when that death has been mentioned in local newspapers in recent years, which has happened several times in historical and other sketches, Mrs. Seaton has been spoken of as aged and her years given as eighty-six. One account goes so far as to put the date of her birth as 1777. The Indianapolis Journal of May 28, 1864, says of her that she was born in 1831, which made her thirty-three years of age. That this is correct is shown by the dates on her tombstone. On a thin, little, old-fashioned marble slab in a section near the foot of the hill and southeast from it is this inscription: "Lucy Ann, wife of Capt. John L. Seaton,



born in Halifax, Va., in 1831. Died May 26, 1864, aged 33 years and 2 months."

At the foot of the stone is this farewell cry: "Dear Lucy, God grant that I may meet you in Heaven."

There is at the time of this writing one survivor of the little group of people who gathered at that first interment. Frank P. Johnson, residing at 1509 East Maple Road, Indianapolis, was a boy of fourteen or thereabouts on that June day in '64 and was rather a reluctant member of the small company. From his home some distance northeast of Crown Hill he had been sent by his father on an errand to the farm of Mr. John Armstrong, which lay across the Michigan Road from the lower west side of the cemetery. As incorporator, or perhaps from a sense of sympathy for the loneliness of a stranger on a sorrowful errand, Mr. Armstrong felt it his duty to attend the funeral services, and took the boy with him. Naturally the inclinations of a lad of his age would take him to any one of a thousand places on a June day other than to a funeral, but he nevertheless remembers the event of sixty years ago and of Mr. Armstrong saying to him: "You are the youngest person here today and may see the time when you are the only one living who was present at this first burial service."

It was not a strange thought to occur to an elderly man who realized that the event had a historic interest, but it seemed so to the boy at the time. In recent years when he and the Rev. Hanford A. Edson, in 1864 pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, who officiated at Mrs. Seaton's funeral, discussed the matter, the event had a different significance to him.

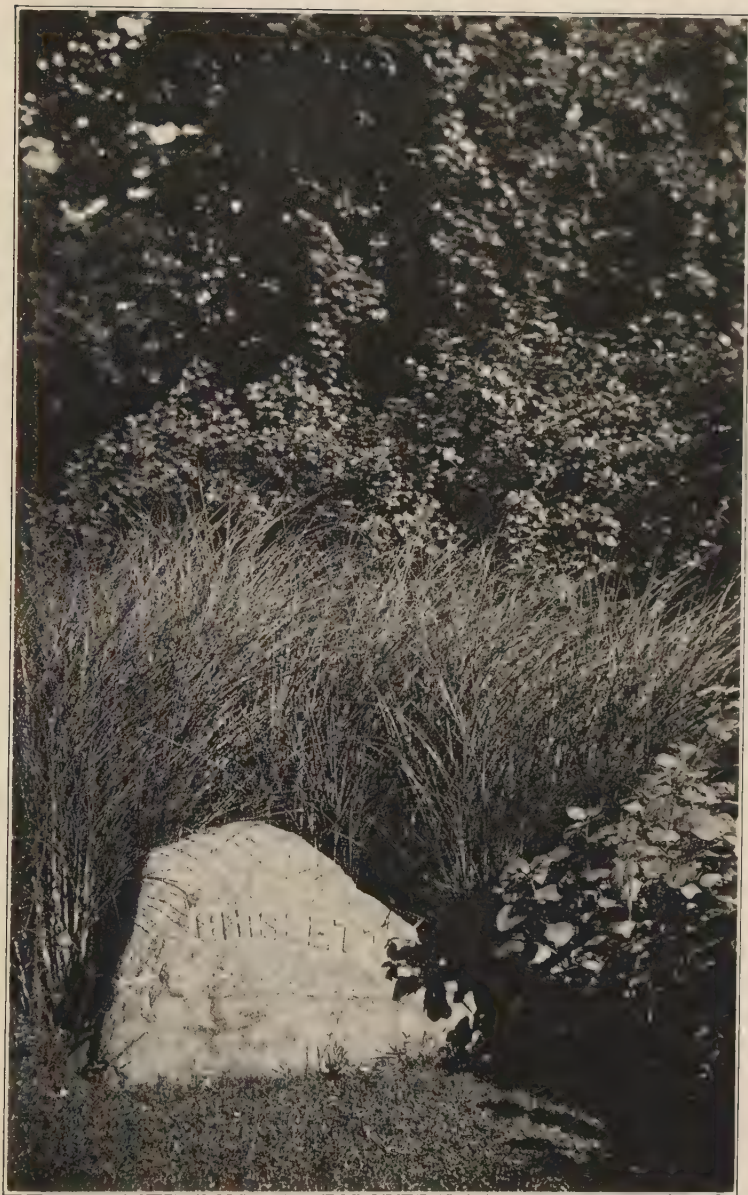
There was a good deal of comment about this funeral. People wondered, disapprovingly, that the be-

reaved husband could bring himself to lay the body of his wife in that lonely place and leave her there alone. It was a manifestation of the common feeling that the departed should be near their own.

This sense of loneliness continued for a considerable time. People were slow to understand that sooner or later Greenlawn Cemetery must be abandoned and its occupants removed. They looked doubtfully at the new burial ground being prepared. It was so large. It was so far and so difficult to reach for those who had no horse or carriage. Though many people did own conveyances, these were far less numerous in proportion to the population than are motor cars today.

Many are the reminiscences of elderly people about the funerals of those early years, the lasting impressions having been mainly of the time consumed in coming from and returning to the city. The customary conventional slowness of the processions on their journey to the cemetery was increased by the bad roads and for the same reason the return was not much expedited.

One Indianapolis woman writes of the funeral of her mother in 1865. There was opposition from her relatives to her interment at Crown Hill, "out in the country," but the husband, the writer's father, insisted. The funeral was at one o'clock, but when home—on East Washington Street—was reached on return, it was quite dark. The roads were rough and muddy and at frequent intervals the horses were stopped for rest. Meridian Street at that time was a narrow country road, bordered on each side with osage orange trees so large and bushy that the branches brushed the windows of the carriages—known then and long after as "hacks."



On the Chislett Lot



Meanwhile Superintendent Chislett went on with his improvements—building driveways, planting or cutting trees as needs required, planting shrubs, developing lawn effects, digging drains—finishing each part of the work as he went, leaving nothing to be completed later. He was aided greatly by the natural conditions—the contour of the ground, the forest trees and the spaces already cleared—in quickly producing visible results, so that it was not long before the park-like appearance began to attract attention and people to realize that the place was to be a very beautiful home for their dead. The sale of lots became gradually active and removals from Greenlawn were begun, though it was years before this first burial place was entirely abandoned.



## THE FEDERAL GROUND

Perhaps few persons who look at the rows of headstones marking the resting places of hundreds of soldiers of the Civil War on that gentle slope north and west of the chapel in Crown Hill think of it as a National cemetery. But that is what it is—not the less so that it is within the borders of a city burial ground; not the less so, except as to number, than the place of the soldier-dead at Shiloh or Gettysburg. For the War Department at Washington purchased from the Crown Hill board the ground, about one and one-half acres, where the soldiers lie who died in Indianapolis hospitals during the progress of the war, and on its records it is officially entered as a Government cemetery. The War Department also controls the extension of the tract to the east where several hundred veterans who died later are laid, though at the time of this writing it has not purchased the added lot.

The bit of history connected with the transaction is that when it became necessary to remove from Greenlawn the bodies of the seven hundred buried there, the Government secured the necessary ground, conducted the removal, set the headstones, and arranged with the Crown Hill management to care for this cemetery within its own.

At that time it was not thought that this little military burial ground would need to be enlarged, but it presently developed that there was a desire on the part of many survivors of the war to be placed near their comrades when their time came to "Go West," as the soldiers of the World War named the final journey, and

the Crown Hill people set apart an adjoining tract for this purpose. The War Department supervises it, and it is in fact a part of the official Government cemetery. Those who may be buried there under the Department rules must have been honorably discharged soldiers and their friends must be able to give the necessary details of service. Soldiers of any of our wars may have a place there. So it has come about that along down the years veterans, one by one, have joined the sleeping ranks of those with whom they marched and by whose side they fought for a great cause. The War Department places the simple headstones at the graves and Crown Hill cares for their resting place as it does for all other plots within its borders.

If the care is possibly a little more reverent and thoughtful there than elsewhere, what wonder? For who can pass by those rows of little white stones without a sympathetic throb of the heart, in which pride and pity mingle, for the boys who, like the men of Oxford, "Gave their merry youth away for Country and for God."

More than sixty years have gone since these young Americans have slept "under the sod and the dew." They were in reality only boys, the great majority of those who fought the battles that saved our country whole, and how they came hurrying with all the eagerness and fervor of youth at President Lincoln's call for troops and Governor Morton's appeal for haste!

There had been rumors and threats of possible secession and there had been much political electricity in the air throughout the presidential campaign that ended in the election of Abraham Lincoln. There was a sense of unrest in Northern states, as well as in the South, but few Northern people actually believed war



would come. It did not seem possible that a land which had been peaceful, at least on the surface so far as its internal affairs were concerned, for half a century, would engage in warfare among its states. There had been the Mexican War, it is true, but that had not touched personal feelings as a civil war would be sure to do.

Governor Morton of Indiana was one who believed that war would come. He indicated this conviction in a speech made in January, 1861, at a flag-raising ceremony at the State House. A legislative committee had arranged a speaking program which had not included the Governor. He was disposed of by assigning him to a review of the militia—not a formidable body at the time. It was planned by the committee in charge that there should be no utterance of any sentiment offensive to the South. The new Senator Lane was a mild man and the other speakers, A. A. Hammond, the preceding governor, and Messrs. Thomas A. Hendricks and Daniel W. Voorhees, could be depended on to say nothing that would arouse excitement or partisan feeling. The general idea of the committee in charge, probably, was not sympathy with the South, but was to avoid arousing animosities and possible violence. But the great crowd present called for Morton and would not be denied. He met the occasion by making one of his most eloquent speeches, the burden of which was that in view of the solemn crisis in which the nation stood, all minor, personal considerations should be banished from every heart, and there should be but one party, and that the party of the Constitution and the Union. There must be no divided house, he said; there must be but one flag with no star erased.

It was an ardent, patriotic plea for loyalty—a

speech that echoed and reechoed over the State and far outside. Following this impromptu address there is said to have been less uncertainty and hesitation in Indiana, less talk of expedients and more of the duty of sustaining the Government.

On Friday, the twelfth of April, word came that Fort Sumter had been bombarded. An account of the effect of that message in Indianapolis says:

“Through the long Saturday that followed business was at a standstill. The streets were black with breathless multitudes awaiting the tidings of the seventy loyal men in an unfurnished fort, bombarded by 10,000 raging rebels. At ten o’clock a dispatch announced, ‘Sumter Has Fallen.’

“Young men and men in middle life looked at the white faces and wet eyes of old and venerated citizens who stood in the streets waiting for tidings, and a great stillness fell upon them. They turned to separate and creep silently to their homes. Another dispatch appeared, ‘Mr. Lincoln will issue a proclamation tomorrow calling for 75,000 volunteers.’ Cheer upon cheer responded.”

People now living who were in Indianapolis in those early days of the war remember them as vividly as if they were yesterday. They have forgotten many things, but the beginning of the Civil War is etched upon their memories. They were young then, children some of them, but without knowing then what it all meant, they recall the repressed excitement, the gloom, the sense of depression, that weighed them down, the talk of war, the strange consciousness of impending calamity.

Indianapolis was a country town in 1861, but because it was the largest town in the state and was the

capital of the state, it had a dignity and importance beyond the rest and was even then by many designated as a city. It had been an enterprising community and there was all the business activity that the times and the opportunities made possible. From that ill-starred day when shots fired by Americans at an American fort manned by Americans, it was not to know quiet or serenity of freedom from anxiety for four years. Indianapolis became a military center.

Governor Morton had not waited for the President's proclamation. On the morning of April 15, he sent to Washington this telegram:

"On behalf of the State of Indiana, I tender to you for the defense of the nation, and to uphold the honor of the Government, 10,000 men."

Indiana's quota under the call for 75,000 men from the loyal states was only 4,683, to be enrolled in six regiments and to serve for three months. Morton felt sure that the 75,000 from the entire number would be inadequate, and on the 16th he issued a proclamation asking for six regiments to be arranged in military companies and to report at once to the adjutant general and be mustered into service. Land, afterward used as a fair ground, and now for years a well-built-up and central residence district, was set apart for the use of the troops and called Camp Morton.

The Governor had been told by doubters that he could not raise 10,000 men. The day after the proclamation was issued 500 men were in camp; within three days 2,400; within a week 12,000. They came from all parts of the state. The contest in every neighborhood was as to who would be accepted. Companies came without orders, hoping to be retained. Men who could not get into companies at home came alone or in

squads to the rendezvous and clamored to be taken. Old men and young made false declarations as to their ages, in order to have a chance to serve. Enthusiasm reigned.

They came flocking in from towns and villages and farms—men who had served in local militia companies, boys under twenty who had known nothing of war. From among the older men company and regimental officers had to be chosen. But the boys were in the greatest numbers—eager, excited, hardly realizing what the trouble meant and with but the vaguest ideas about war, for they had been babies in the middle forties when the Mexican War was fought. Tradition tells that there were farm boys among the arrivals who had left their plowing and had not troubled to be shod, but in their anxiety to meet the Governor's call for haste had come in overalls and with feet bare.

It is likely that few of these boys had ever thought seriously about duty to their country. They had heard Fourth of July speeches, no doubt, and had heard more or less political talk; had perhaps "taken sides," as even small American children will in such campaigns as the Presidential contest; but they had not thought of patriotic service for themselves. Nor did they comprehend the tragedy of war. Yet with the call to defend their country from those who would destroy its unity, anger flamed up in their hearts. What insolence, what reckless and wicked daring! It could not be endured. All at once the United States was their country. In that hour patriotism was born in their young hearts. The overthrow of Sumter became a personal offense. They wanted to go, these boys, and help to punish the defiant men of the South. So they left farms and shops and came flocking to the place of enlistment where they

volunteered for three months' military service, knowing so little about real war that to many it looked like adventure, for they could not realize that more would be necessary than to terrify the foolhardy rebels by force of numbers. Seventy-five thousand men seemed to them like a big army.

They thought the trouble would be over in three months and they would be back in their homes. It looked rather like a prolonged picnic—a little journey into the world. It was in fact little more than that for most of them. It was summer and their lack of proper equipment did not matter. Little did they think that it would be four years before peace came and that Indiana would send more than 200,000 men to fight the battles of the Union. Adjutant General Terrell's official report, published in 1869, puts the total number of troops furnished at 208,767.

But within the three months the rout at Bull Run had taken place, and in July came President Lincoln's call for 500,000 men.

By September Governor Morton had sixteen regiments in the field and then Indiana soldiers began to know what military life meant. They had not been used to strict discipline and it went hard with them. Indiana's finances were in bad shape, the state being practically bankrupt. The Federal Government was slow in supplying uniforms, tents, guns and other necessary equipment. Winter came, an unusually cold season, and though Governor Morton used every possible effort to make the troops comfortable, there was a shortage of overcoats and much suffering in consequence. It was the duty of the Federal Government to supply them, but there was much confusion in army affairs owing to unpreparedness. Some Indiana troops



in the West Virginia mountains were without coats. One shipment of 4000 was appropriated by other troops. Another lot of 4000 was lost in a flood. Morton then took responsibility upon himself and purchased through three different agencies 29,000 overcoats which went to the soldiers for whom they were meant.

The soldiers of the Civil War suffered hardships such as those of later wars have not known. Veterans of that war of the sixties who read of the provision made for the care of American troops in France in the World War, saw a contrast that was wide indeed. They remembered that they were not only often cold and poorly shod, but that they were not infrequently hungry because of the failure of supplies to reach them on account of floods and muddy roads or somebody's blunder or a too-watchful enemy. Miss Catherine Merrill tells, in her history of Indiana's part in the war, of Union troops at Chickamauga who, because of fall rains and the vigilance of rebel cavalry that kept supply trains away, lived on half rations for several weeks, were then for a time reduced to quarter rations, and for eleven days officers and men each received one cracker a day. A major of General Carlin's brigade is quoted as saying:

"I saw many of our men subsisting for days on less than a sufficiency for a single meal. I often saw them, with patient and industrious care, pick from the dirt and break the little bits of half-sound bread from the corners of spoiled crackers thrown away by the commissary. Hunger is not dainty and men not only picked up crumbs of bread from the mud, but grains of corn where horses had been fed days or even weeks before. Three thousand men in the hospitals suffered, and a large number died for lack of proper food."



Civil War soldiers endured another horror of which later wars are free. Anæsthetics were not in such general use or so readily available in the war of the sixties as later, and surgery was often performed without the mitigating use of ether or chloroform. Hospitals suddenly needed were often improvised temporary affairs and ill-equipped. Surgery itself was not the almost perfect thing it has since become, and antiseptic treatment as now used was not then developed. Amputation or other serious forms of surgery were usually only used in emergency cases, and often wounded men suffered the removal of leg or arm or other services of the surgeon in full consciousness of the proceeding except such deadening effect as a liberal dose of alcoholic liquor might supply—a help willingly given even by the most temperate of physicians.

Illness developed early among the newly enlisted soldiers. Even while in camp waiting to be sent to the front, maladies, usually of a mild sort, developed even in that first summer. Men out of their homes, not adjusted to new modes of living, not knowing how to take care of themselves, were afflicted by ailments that called for medical attention. A good deal of sickness appeared among Indiana troops camped in Kentucky and the men were sent up to Indianapolis for treatment. When winter arrived patients became more numerous and as the fighting actually began many wounded men were shipped to the city. Hospitals were improvised and though accommodations were at first limited, the most skillful medical care was given to every patient who came, the list including after a time many hundred Confederate prisoners.

Many of these ailing or wounded men recovered sufficiently to return to their regiments or to be fur-

loughed to their homes. Some died and for various reasons—because transportation facilities for the shipment of such precious freight as the dead to remote towns in the state were not what they are now, because they had no relatives able to provide for their burial, because of their own or their families' wishes—they were laid one by one to rest in Greenlawn, the old burial ground on Kentucky Avenue. As the years of the war went on about seven hundred in all were buried there. In 1866, the bodies were removed to Crown Hill where they now lie, sacred dust never more to be disturbed while memory of the cause for which they died still lives.

They are not all from Indiana, these men who gave up their lives for their country more than half a century ago. On the little headstones may be found occasional inscriptions showing other states—Ohio, Pennsylvania, Kansas, New York. And there are the thirty-six "unknowns."

Much inquiry and research by the chronicler of this record went to the case of these nameless ones. From what battlefield did they come if their lives were lost when in action? Were these bodies sent at one time together, victims of a single engagement, and if so what was it? Or did the bodies come singly? If so, why, when so many thousands of the Indiana dead were by necessity laid in Southern ground near where they fell?

Original Indianapolis hospital records of the sixties have not been preserved, or at least their existence seems to be unknown. They must have been available in '66 when the removals were made from Greenlawn Cemetery to Crown Hill and when Adjutant General Terrell published his elaborate official report in 1868.

But in that published report, in a list of Union soldiers buried at Crown Hill, only one unknown is designated. Citizens living in Indianapolis during the war and veteran soldiers who might have had some information on the subject uniformly express the belief that all the men in the Indianapolis list died in local hospitals. The Terrell report does not show this. Under the column head, "Place and cause of death," many entries are, "Indianapolis, disease,"—many names show a blank opposite them in this column. If they died in the field that fact is not noted. But if, as seems to be the general impression, they were all hospital patients, how could it happen that they were unknown? The records of the War Department at Washington cast no light on the subject.

One explanation, and it is perhaps the correct one, is suggested by an old citizen who recalls that the old cemetery adjoining Kentucky Avenue where the original burials took place, was not carefully supervised and some of the temporary "markers" at the graves were carelessly overthrown by heedless, irreverent boys racing across the ground in their play. If the markers were moved from their original place or carried away entirely, identification of the bodies to which they belonged would be impossible.

The unknowns! Much was said of those who laid down their lives in the World War and left no identifying names. Special honor was paid to them through one of their number to whom beautiful and deserved tribute was offered in behalf of all by Government and people. America's "Unknown Soldier" who represented all his brethren was buried in state in Arlington and his tomb is one of the hallowed shrines of that historic home of the nation's dead. In Madison Square,

New York, is a perpetually burning torch in memory of the unknowns.

The unknown soldiers of the Civil War were many. In the confusion following battles some were buried where they fell and not all could be identified. Others no doubt, like those who lie in Crown Hill, may have lost identification in transportation. The tragedy of the matter then, as it is always where the fate of a soldier is unknown, is the uncertainty suffered by those who wait for him at home. They do not know that he is dead; they fear that he is a prisoner, is perhaps ill-treated and suffering. As time goes on and nothing definite is learned, they hear of wandering soldiers mentally affected from injuries who can give no account of themselves, and wonder if their loved one could have suffered this fate.

Back in the sixties anguish was felt for the sons and lovers and husbands who went out from their homes with courage and hope to fight for their country, and returned no more, but whose fate was known and their names listed in sad record of the fatalities of battle. The prolonged pain of hope deferred until it ceased to be has a bitterness that other mourners do not know. But all that was long ago. It is sixty years since the war for the union ended. Hearts that ached then for their lost ones are stilled now; or if bereaved ones of that day yet remain, only the scars of their grief linger. Yet even the sorrowful ones were not disloyal; they mingled rejoicing for victory won with the tears for their dead. Forceythe Willson, a gifted poet identified with Indiana for a time and himself of short life, expresses this combined emotion in his lament for "Boy Brittan," a New Albany lad, "fairhaired and sixteen," who was killed at the battle of Fort Henry

in 1862. Though he had one youth especially in mind Willson wrote for many. From his poem come these lines:

"The day is ours—thanks to the brave endeavor of heroes, boy,  
like thee!

The day is ours—the day is ours!

"Glory and deathless love to all who shared with thee,  
And bravely endured and dared with thee—

The day is ours—the day is ours  
Forever!

"Laurels and tears for thee, boy,  
Laurels and tears for thee—

Laurels of light and tears of love forevermore—  
For thee!

"And laurels of light and tears of truth  
And the mantle of immortality;  
And the flowers of love and immortal youth,  
And the tender heart-tokens of all true ruth—  
And the everlasting victory!

"And the breath and the bliss of Liberty;  
And the loving kiss of Liberty;  
And the welcoming light of heavenly eyes,  
And the overcalm of God's canopy;  
And the infinite love-span of the skies  
That cover the Valley of Paradise—  
For all of the brave who rest with thee;  
And for one and all who died with thee;  
And now sleep side by side with thee;  
And for every one who lives and dies,  
On the solid land or the heaving sea,  
Dear warrior boy—like thee."

The "warrior boys" in Crown Hill gave up glad youth for their country; they lost their chance for home and family and the joy of living, the hope of giving sons to the world to carry on their names, the hope



of fulfilling some worthy personal ambition. They had not the reward of knowing that what they had done was a greater glory. They died too soon to know that they had not only helped to make their country one and undivided again, but to make it a more powerful, a better, a more wonderful country than they or wiser men than they had ever dreamed would be possible. They made the supreme sacrifice, these soldiers, but they have not been without honor. Nor will they be.

Their resting places are cared for and guarded. At one corner stands an erect cannon with a stone base and a bronze tablet bearing the United States coat of arms and below it the inscription:

UNITED STATES  
NATIONAL MILITARY CEMETARY  
CROWN HILL  
Established 1866  
Interments 708  
Known 672  
Unknown 36

At another point the Woman's Relief Corps erected in 1883 a bronze standard and tablet with the inscription:

"In memory of the unknown dead who fell in our country's service in the War for the Union. A.D. 1861—1865."

These lines also appear:

"Such spirits blaze the pathways of the world  
And stand or fall, still facing forward when  
The Gonfalon of Progress is unfurled  
And valor calls for men."

At intervals on the margin of the ground are tablets bearing each a stanza from O'Hara's pathetic poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead"—inscriptions that mark



all the National cemeteries—perhaps all the Confederate burial places since O'Hara was himself a Confederate.

In the little military burial place in Crown Hill are only a few of the thousands who died for their country in that great war, but they represent, as well as the thousands whose ashes lie elsewhere, the courage, the struggle, the sacrifice, that went into that piteous war over a divided country, which through them became one. Their record will never be less bright. They did their part. Their names may fade, but their fame will last. It is for those who come after to give them even greater glory by building one reunited nation well on the foundation of peace which they laid.

Meredith Nicholson speaks their challenge in his stately and beautiful poem read by him on the battleground of Antietam on the seventeenth of September, 1910, at the dedication of the monument erected in memory of the Indiana volunteers who fell in that battle; he dwells upon the debt we owe:

“It is their right to challenge, from the ramparts of the Lord,  
Demanding, “Keep ye faith with us who strove there in the sun,  
Nor faltered in the crossing of the bullet-rippled ford,  
But set our faces to the flame until the day was won.  
How keep ye faith who speak our praise, O answer us today!  
We charged the bridge, we held the ridge, we perished in the corn,  
But held the fire-swept line against our brothers of the gray,  
Nor answered that September eve the bugle’s cry forlorn!  
Not for ourselves we met the storm there, where in peace ye stand;  
We kept the faith, we held the field by warm blood consecrate;  
’Twas ours to wait, to charge, to die by mandate from your hand;  
What have ye done for us who fought and held as one the State?”

He answers the challenge thus:

“Ours be the task to guard in peace the light  
That led them through the fight,



Looking across the Soldier Section



With deep-ranked phalanx in firm lines arrayed,  
And Conscience, like a picket, posted well!  
For Treason doth not wait  
To win in war the unwatched gate,  
But, cowering past the drowsy sentinel,  
Strikes in the dark with venomous hate,  
And flaunts false banners from the citadel.  
We serve them best  
By serving well in peace the deathless cause  
For which they strove with bayonet at breast."

Mr. Nicholson's warning was spoken before the secret enemies were seriously considered; it has even a greater fitness now. There were enemies who passed the gates and are working evil in the dark today. The task to "guard in peace the light" is lasting.

## FIRST MEMORIAL DAY OBSERVANCE

So steadily did improvements go on that visitors began to exclaim in admiration of the development of the place. Since it was not very accessible to residents of the city without horses and the condition of the streets and roads did not for a long time invite travel in that direction except as necessity called for it, to those who came only at long intervals the improvements doubtless seemed more rapid than they really were. It takes time to build driveways, to clear away trees and stumps where such clearing is necessary, and to grow shrubbery. The official report of 1875 shows, however, that about one-fifth of the area of the cemetery at that time—400 acres or thereabouts—had been improved and sold. The exact figures are 55 acres laid out in sections; 30 acres in walks and drives.

It is also said in that report that the cemetery with the street railway running to its west entrance was drawing the city rapidly out in that direction. This railway enterprise, made in connection with the Indianapolis Street Railway Company, which ran its cars to what is now Sixteenth Street—then Tinker Street—was unsuccessful notwithstanding the building drift in that direction. There was not enough traffic in that sparsely settled region, added to Crown Hill visitors, to make the line other than a constant expense, and it was finally abandoned and the track taken up. Though provided in order to accommodate the Indianapolis public that complained about the distance to Crown Hill, the grumblers who took advantage of the means of transit were not sufficiently numerous to justify the outlay. The statement as to the influence on the de-

velopment of the city in that direction seems to have been rather too optimistic; at least the following summary of the proceedings relating to this street railway enterprise which appears in the files of the present company and was kindly supplied for use in this chronicle seems to convey that idea:

"The Crown Hill Cemetery Association and residents in the neighborhood of the cemetery having become dissatisfied with the service of a line of omnibuses established to the cemetery in 1864, and to secure street car service in lieu of omnibuses, donated \$10,000.00 and right-of-way for such purposes. On account of such stimulus the Crown Hill Railway Company was organized under the laws of Indiana with General Thomas A. Morris as President. On August 9th, 1866, the White River Gravel Road Company granted to the Crown Hill Railway Company a right-of-way of twenty feet off of the east side of its road, and use of the bridge over Fall Creek. It was finally, August 14th, 1866, agreed by and between the Crown Hill Railway Company and the Citizens Street Railway Company that the Crown Hill Railway Company would build and construct complete at their own cost tracks from Tinker (now 16th Street) and Illinois Streets to the west gateway of the cemetery on the Michigan Road. The Citizens Street Railway Company was to stock, equip, operate, keep in repair, and not to charge a fare in excess of fifteen cents for a single trip and twenty-five cents for a round trip. The actual work of construction was begun in the fall of 1866, and opened for travel in April or May, 1867."

In operation at that time for the entire city were thirty two-horse cars which called for drivers and conductors until April, 1868. Operating expenses being out of proportion to the receipts, curtailment of expenses was the only remedy, and the company substituted thirty one-horse cars requiring a driver only, with a fare box at the front end. For the next few years it is related, the old cars were used only on the Crown Hill route, or in case of picnics or unusual demands on the rolling stock of the company.



Then appears this entry in the record of the Street Railway Company:

"The Crown Hill Cemetery Association having acquired the rights and property of the Crown Hill Railway Company sold to the Citizens Street Railway Company on March 18th, 1878, the franchise, road-bed, right-of-way, iron rails, ties, switches, side tracks and turn tables of and pertaining to that part of the railroad line and track of the Crown Hill Railway Company, commencing at the intersection of said railway with the Citizens Railway on Illinois Street at Tinker or Seventh Street (now Sixteenth Street), and running thence north on Illinois Street to Twelfth Street (later Twenty-First Street), thence west on Twelfth Street to its intersection with Tennessee Street (later Capitol Avenue). Some time prior to this sale and transfer, service to Crown Hill was abandoned and the next year the balance of the line not sold to the Citizens Street Railway Company was taken up."

It does not anywhere appear that this Crown Hill line was run at frequent and regular intervals. Its services were at command, according to one account, on certain days of the week, for funerals, or for special gatherings, as on memorial days. One woman recalls that trips on the line were made memorable by the swish on the bottom of the car of grass and weeds growing between the tracks.

An earlier attempt to provide transportation is indicated by an advertisement in The Indianapolis Sentinel of May 30, 1864, making this announcement:

"An omnibus line will commence running this morning, May 30, from the Post Office, Palmer House and Bates House to Crown Hill Cemetery, by way of Camp Carrington, making four round trips daily." The schedule ran thus:

"Leave 7:00 A.M.—Arrive 9:00 A.M.  
Leave 9:30 A.M.—Arrive 1:30 P.M.  
Leave 1:30 P.M.—Arrive 3:00 P.M.  
Leave 3:30 P.M.—Arrive 5:30 P.M.

"Fare 25 cents, or 50 cents for the round trip to either the cemetery or the camp."

The date, May 30, had of course no reference to Memorial or Decoration Day, which did not go into effect until four years later. The enterprise was obviously a private one, but its promoters may have had in mind the dedication of the cemetery heretofore described, which took place on June 1. As the advertisement continued to appear in *The Sentinel* for several days, it was evidently not intended for a temporary arrangement, but it is not of record how long the line was in operation.

About that time James Blake, marshal for dedication day, said in his proclamation and program for the day: "On this occasion the Michigan Road will be generally used, but in a few days the avenue from the Westfield Pike will be opened." This presumably means what was later known as Thirty-fourth Street, the Westfield Road being what has long been known in the city as Illinois Street, and the "Avenue" was the little shaded lane that led from the road to the east entrance of the cemetery, afterward a part of Thirty-fourth Street.

In 1868, when the first Memorial Day, then and for years after generally known as Decoration Day, was celebrated, no specifications are given in the advance program as to the route to be taken by the large parade, or in the later account of the proceedings, but that the main dependence was on private carriages is evident.

On the fifth of May of that year General John A. Logan, Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, had issued an order calling upon the members to do honor to the soldier dead by decorating their graves. It seems worth while to recall the language of his order.

"Let us, at the time appointed," he said, "gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring time; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us, in the solemn presence, renew our pledges to assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldier and sailor, widow and orphan."

The Indianapolis Grand Army Posts and other organizations were quick to respond and elaborate preparations were made for this first observance of the beautiful ceremony, and it seems especially fitting that the record of this first service should be made a part of Crown Hill history. Service of like nature has been held on the same spot every thirtieth of May since, but this one was in a way a special dedication of the ground. Incidentally it may be said that while there might be several reasons for General Logan's choice of this date, May 30, other than the fact that it is in the midst of the flower-blooming season, one explanation to which credence is given is that it was the date for the mustering out of the last Union soldier of the Civil War.

The celebration was arranged with much official formality.

On Thursday, May 28, the following request "to business men" by Mayor Daniel Macauley, written, of course, on the 27th, appeared in the Indianapolis Journal:

"Whereas, in consideration of the fact that the 30th day of May has been set apart throughout the entire country for the decoration with flowers of the graves of those who gave their lives in its defense; and also that the beautiful ceremony in this place may partake of that general public character its interest warrants; therefore, I most respectfully recommend and request that the offices of the city government may be closed upon the afternoon of that day, and that all business men and citizens generally suspend their business during the hours of the ceremony in order that all may be allowed to attend

and witness the inauguration of this annual offering to the memory of our fallen heroes." (Signed) "Daniel Macauley, Mayor."

On the same day (May 28) this announcement with accompanying list of names was published in the Journal.

"The following named young ladies have been selected to assist in the decorative ceremonies, and are very earnestly requested to participate in the exercise assigned them. Should it be impossible for them to serve, they will please notify the executive committee at their meeting this afternoon.

Rebecca Jameson	Alice Morrison	Lizzie Coughlin
Mary Sheets	Millie Morris	Julia Cox
— Dixon	Hattie Owings	Sadie Holliday
Mary Commons	Lucy Brown	Hattie Stedman
Kate Morris	Ella Sharpe	Flora McDonald
Lizzie Williams	Soutie Brown	Mary Catheart
Lingie Dixon	Sue Ketcham	Nellie De Motte
Julia Hammond	Mina Merrill	Lizzie Langsdale
Emma Ridenour	Lora Thorpe	Mary Avery
Alice Nowland	Mary H. Vinton	Mollie Morrow
Aggie Wallace	Julia Hale	Mary Housham
Anna Sharpe	Laura Donnan	Minnie Kendrick
Mary Jameson	Elvira Cole	Sue McIntyre
Sada Campbell	Carrie Bright	Nellie Bradley
Kate Yohn	Anna Kirlin	Lillie Latham
Emma Kregelo	Jennie Wood	Gertie Carey
Emma Alford	Ida Douglass	Clara Hall
Belle Ford	Mollie Vance	Carrie Broughton
Amanda Shoemaker	Louise Ray	Brook Taylor
Allie Gray	Mollie Henderson	Grace Wilson
Annie Young	Mary Beuhrig	Clara Hoyt
Lida Barneelo	Emma Glazier	Fannie McCarty
Belle Marsee	Maggie Hamilton	Minnie Hannaman
Mollie Conwell	May Rodney	Mollie Manlove
Ella Abbett	Sallie Cornelius	Lillie Vinton
Alice Seerist	Tillie Heckman	Mary Rariden

On Friday, May 29, the Journal contained the following official request dated the 28th and issuing from the headquarters of the Department of Indiana Grand Army of the Republic:

"To his Honor the Mayor, Hon. Dan. Macauley, and the Common Council of the city of Indianapolis,

"I have the honor to request your attendance upon the occasion of decorating the graves of our soldiers in Crown Hill Cemetery, on Saturday, May 30, 1868.

"I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

O. M. Wilson

In behalf of the committee of invitation."

In response to this invitation, Mayor Macauley, it is announced, requested the members of the council who desired to attend, to be at the Mayor's office at one o'clock promptly, and join in the ceremony as a body together, with all the city officers.

On the 29th the program was announced and is given here in all its elaboration as a record showing how deep patriotic feeling ran in that period so soon after the war and while its memories and the heart-aches it had caused were still keen.

"In accordance with the order of General Logan, Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, the first annual floral decoration of the graves of the heroes, who gave their lives, a sacrifice for our country, will be observed at Crown Hill tomorrow afternoon, for which the following program has been arranged, and will be strictly followed:

"Minute guns will be fired from the cemetery grounds, and State House Square, alternately from 12 o'clock M., till 6 o'clock P. M., by Captain Rose's Light Battery.

"All the bells in the city will be tolled, commencing at 2 o'clock P. M., at which hour the procession will move, and continue until it is without the city limits.

"The procession will move out Illinois Street, to Crown Hill Cemetery at 2 o'clock precisely, in the following order:

City Band.

Wagon containing orphans of soldiers, accompanied by a guard of mounted veterans, carrying their battle flags.

Ministers of the city, in carriages.

The Governor, Officers of States and Judges of United States and other Courts, in carriages.



County and City officers, and Common Council in carriages.

Officers and members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and their families, and all other soldiers, with their families, in carriages.

Members of Benevolent, and other organizations of the city, and their families, in private conveyances, and citizens in carriages and street cars.

“Upon arriving at the cemetery, the carriages will be left outside of the grounds, and the procession will be formed, and move to the grove in the order as above mentioned, when the following ceremonies will take place:

Sounding the Assembly.

Reading of General Logan's order, by the Adjutant General of the Department. (Major O. M. Wilson.)

Prayer, by Rev. C. N. Sims.

Music by the Band—“Dead March.”

Address by Governor Conrad Baker.

Vocal Chorus, by Professor Black's Class.

Address by Quartermaster General Ekin.

Floral decoration of graves, by eighty orphan children of soldiers, assisted by eighty young women.

Funeral Dirge, by Professor Black's Class.

Wreathing of the graves.

Raising the flag from half mast, salute of thirteen minute guns. Star Spangled Banner by Professor Black's Class, followed by Hail Columbia by the Band.

Benediction by the Rev. H. A. Edson.

“The procession will be formed under the direction of Major General R. S. Foster, assisted by Captain C. W. Brouse, Comrades Daniel Ransdall and Wm. Ketcham.”

As no Sunday editions of the newspapers were published it was Monday that an account of the proceedings appeared. The report is from the Journal of June 1.

“The inauguration of the annual decoration of the soldiers graves at Crown Hill Cemetery, on Saturday last, was all that could have been desired.

“Promptly at 12 o'clock—noon—the salute of artillery at the cemetery grounds and in the city, was fired by Captain Rose's light



artillery battery, which was the signal for the suspension of business throughout the city, and for the assembly of our citizens at, and near, the corner of Washington and Illinois Streets, where the procession was formed. It is a grateful task to acknowledge to our business men, their patriotic kindness in foregoing the ordinary profits of a Saturday trade, for this occasion.

"The procession was very large, and made a fine appearance."

"As soon as the grounds were reached, the line marched to the Soldiers Cemetery, indicated by the staff, from which the National flag was flying at half mast.

"There were at least ten thousand people present—the spectacle was both a sad one, and a most gratifying one, in the indication that the fires of patriotism had been kindled anew upon the altar of every heart, and the mystic chord of memory had united the people to the graves of the dead heroes.

"The exercises took place from the edge of the grove. Mr. Biedenmiester sounded the assembly on the bugle, following which Major O. M. Wilson, Adjutant General of the Department, read the order of Major General Logan under which the ceremonies were undertaken by the Grand Army of the Republic. The Rev. C. N. Sims offered a most fervent prayer. Professor Black's class sang the beautiful hymn, to the tune of "Scotland" commencing:

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,  
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb,  
The Savior has passed through its portals before thee,  
And the lamp of His love, is thy guide through its gloom."

"The effect of this solemn and expressive music was beyond comparison."

"Governor Baker then delivered his address, closing with the words, 'So teach us our duty, O Lord. Amen.' Granville M. Ballard then read a poem prepared by him for the occasion. While Mr. T. L. Rhodes and the class sang the dirge, 'Peace to the Memory of the Brave,' the girls with flower baskets passed through, bedecking each grave, followed by young ladies who hung upon each headstone an evergreen wreath. The scene cannot be fitly described. The class then sang with fine effect 'The Star Spangled Banner,' the chorus rendered by all the voices.

"The exercises closed with 'Hail Columbia,' by the Band, and the benediction by the Rev. H. A. Edson, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church."



Green Lawn and Stately Trees



## THE CORPORATORS—A ROLL OF HONOR

One who delves even in a limited way into the early history of Indianapolis can hardly fail to be impressed by the number of really big men who figured in the development of the city—"big" in the sense of possessing public spirit, a broad outlook, foresight and an unselfish willingness to do their part in promoting the fortunes of their home community. This at least is the view long held by the compiler of this Crown Hill chronicle and the opinion has been strengthened by a review of the lives and achievements of the thirty men who were the founders of the cemetery.

This one transaction alone is enough to put the names of the thirty citizens on a roll of honor, so important an institution has Crown Hill become, so greatly has it added to the city's prestige by the unusual character of the system by which it is financed and by its remarkable natural beauty, aided and abetted by art. It seems worth while, therefore, to say something about these corporators individually so that the people of the large city now benefiting by the wisdom demonstrated by these leaders when the capital of the State was a country town of not more than twenty-five thousand residents may know the manner of men to whom they are indebted.

They were men of vision, these corporators, which is quite a different thing from being visionaries. They looked ahead with prophetic eyes and saw possibilities that to others were not visible. They saw the State capital as a future city, a geographic and political center; railroads were being built and they saw their city

in the line of traffic between the growing riches of the West and the markets of the East; they saw a good class of enterprising citizenship in their town and state; they foresaw growth—and they put their projected cemetery as far out from the existing town as they dared. They did not have the prescience to envisage a city that reached to Broad Ripple miles beyond Crown Hill, or they might have faced greater ridicule than any at first received—for their venture was regarded as impractical and ill-judged—and have chosen a site more than three and a half miles from the town's center. But they did insist on a large acreage. Six hundred acres seemed to some of their fellow townsmen a preposterous over-estimate of future needs. No cemetery in the country, even near the largest cities, had at that time so much ground. Perhaps there is none in the country now of such extent.

It was foresight that was not by any means a common characteristic of the residents of young cities of the West: Chicago, for example, was amazingly slow in realizing the advantages and possibilities of its location at the head of navigation of four great lakes, not to mention Lake Superior, uncharted in the days of Fort Dearborn, around which the town gathered that was afterwards Chicago. Indianapolis had no waterways that could be used for transportation purposes. Its access to the Ohio River was by wagon. It was helping to build canals when the beginnings of railroad development put an end to such undertakings. The National Road, a great government enterprise in its day, had been built from the East and had crossed Indiana before projected railroads stopped its progress. Indianapolis, therefore, with railroads only as means of traffic was in competition with cities that



commanded river or lake transportation, but far-seeing business men believed that their capital city would have its share of prosperity and would not be stranded on a side line.

These men were right. The thirty men who organized the Crown Hill Corporation were only typical of the settlers who had brought Indianapolis through its forty years of life to where it was in the early sixties. In dealing with this group individually, therefore, it is only as representatives of the community at the time, not as distinguished beyond many others for progressive and intelligent citizenship.

These thirty men were unselfish because, when they might have made the cemetery a personal commercial undertaking and an investment for their own profit, as had been and still is a common procedure in many communities, they unanimously agreed that no money from the sale of lots should go to individual or corporate benefit, but as related elsewhere, that all profits beyond expenses of maintaining the cemetery in proper condition should go into a fund for future maintenance and care of the grounds when income should cease. This agreement, which is one of the articles of association, has been scrupulously observed. Its existence has given the place an element of permanence that seldom exists in a cemetery overtaken by the growth of a city, and that no doubt adds greatly to the sense of security and satisfaction with which lot owners and those who have friends sleeping their last sleep there regard the place.

The board of corporators is self-perpetuating. When a vacancy occurs through death or resignation the board elects another to fill his place, giving a preference to a son of the former member when possible.



The consequence has been a harmony of feeling and unity of action quite unusual in so large an association. There has also existed among the corporators a sense of responsibility and a pride in the care and improvement of the cemetery that could not be greater if the undertaking were of personal benefit. Men have a distinct pride of membership.

The record may properly begin with two men who were among the first settlers of Indianapolis and had had an active part in establishing the "city graveyard," afterwards Greenlawn, on Kentucky Avenue.

James M. Ray was born in New Jersey in 1800 and as a boy learned the curious trade of making coach lace. Apparently he never followed this trade, but with his family moved to Kentucky while still a youth and worked there with his father until 1821, when he came to Lawrenceburg and later to Indianapolis. Here his intelligence and his interest in local affairs soon attracted attention, and though quiet and unassuming he rapidly established a character as a man of integrity and ability. His special equipment suggested his fitness for the duties of secretary and his services were soon in demand. He was, for example, one account has it, secretary for the Marion County Bible Society founded in 1825, and it is said of him that for thirty years he was secretary of pretty much every organization in the city. Whether town meeting or bank directory, fire company or missionary society, James M. Ray was made its business manager or secretary.

"It is to his undying honor," says one biographer, "that he always served and never was paid."

Just why it should be considered an honor to do a lot of thankless jobs for nothing that ought to have been paid for must remain a mystery. It is a singular

trait of human nature that when an individual once shows a willingness to accept tasks thrust upon him, the one who unloads the work is disposed to regard it as the other's duty.

The record goes further: "Never idle, vigilant, never careless, his word was as good as any other man's oath and his aid in any good cause was confidently expected. His character brought him public trust and responsibility."

He was the first clerk of Marion County and served there until he became cashier of the old State Bank in 1834. He remained in that position as long as the bank lived, and then went into its successor, the Bank of the State. He was one of Governor Morton's most trusted agents during the Civil War and managed many of the financial affairs during that stormy period. Well as he could do other people's work, it is related, he was unfortunate with his own, having invested unwisely a large part of his savings. He held a position in the Treasury Department in Washington in his latter years.

Mr. Ray was in active life during the Civil War and it was through the casual information given to him by the Honorable Hugh McCulloch, afterward Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, while on a visit to Indianapolis, of the help given by Mr. John Chislett, landscape gardener and cemetery superintendent in Pittsburgh in the laying out of a cemetery at Fort Wayne, that led to the invitation to Mr. Chislett to render a similar service here. Mr. Ray was a leader in this movement for a new cemetery as he had been more than forty years before in the establishing of the city burial ground on lower Kentucky Avenue.

Mr. Ray was an elder of the first Presbyterian

Church and at one time, when that church faced the Circle, lived next door to it. Later, and as most people who remember him recall, his residence was on the northwest corner of Ohio and Meridian Streets, the lot including the entire quarter of the square. He died in Indianapolis in 1881, leaving behind him the record of a useful and blameless life and of good citizenship. In talking of him with old citizens who knew him, the uniform and nearly always the first comment has been: "He was a good man."

Mr. James Blake was the other survivor of pioneer beginnings and promoter of the first cemetery when the malarial epidemic of 1821 created tragic necessity for such a place. Like Mr. Ray he was ready in 1863 to help in the establishing of a new burial place to meet the needs of the growing city. By that time he was so well known and so popular that he was affectionately referred to by all Indianapolis as "Uncle Jimmy" Blake, according to much testimony.

Formal biographical data are to the effect that Mr. Blake, designated as one of the most useful citizens of Indianapolis, was born in York (now Adams) County, Pennsylvania in 1791. He was a volunteer in the War of 1812. In November 1818, he set out for the West on horseback, going as far as St. Louis, but returning to Indiana. It is not related what the inducement was that caused him to establish himself in the Indiana city, but he entered immediately into the life of the town. With James M. Ray and Nicholas McCarty (the first) he built the first steam mill in Indianapolis, and was a pioneer in the manufacturing business. In company with Mr. McCarty he developed a ginseng industry, establishing a factory for preparing it for market and sending it East by way of Madison in large quan-

ties for the China trade. Ginseng, it is said, then grew abundantly in parts of Indiana, but is virtually unknown in the State now. He acted as surveyor in assisting in the platting of the city; he was selected commissioner to receive plans and proposals for the first State House; he was the first to urge upon the Legislature the importance of establishing a hospital for the insane, the location for which he selected. He was a member of the first board of directors of the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad and was also a director of the Lafayette and Indianapolis road. He was a trustee of Hanover College. For thirty-five years he was president of the Indianapolis Benevolent Society. His wide sympathies were shown in the various interests he sustained. He was the first captain of the first militia company organized in Indianapolis and held the same rank in the first fire company. He also started the first dry goods house in Indianapolis. He was a leader in the temperance movement of the time and on all public occasions was looked to as the leader and manager of affairs.

All these are dry details. It was the personality of Mr. Blake that attracted people to him. He was picturesque—a “character” as one correspondent, a former resident, describes him. “Dear old Father Blake,” he writes, “was the representative of the city in the receptions given to returning regiments from the front and to the farewells of regiments who were leaving the camps about Indianapolis. Bland and unctuous, he was the father of the town, giving the “boys” the municipal blessing both as they went and returned for reenlistment as veterans. I can see him now, as with his innocent looking face he beamed upon the “Boys in Blue” through his glistening glasses, and can hear his

high tenor voice piping out his emotional and earnest hails and farewells."

An Indianapolis resident of advanced age who remembers him well, describes him as a man of medium height, broadly and heavily set, and as driving in an open buggy a steady bay horse that would stand without hitching on Washington Street. This outfit, she says, was seen in all parades and important occasions, as he was the accepted marshal of the town. Everything he did or said, she adds, was for patriotism and the good of the community.

Another woman recalls him as riding a black horse on such occasions and intimates that he betrayed a distinct but harmless vanity over a probable consciousness that he made a very striking and handsome appearance. It is also related that he brought his bride from Baltimore in a two-horse barouche with leather springs hung over steel. It was the first pleasure carriage brought to the town, and must have had a severe test, for there were few good roads in those days. It was many years before the National Road was built. Mr. Blake also had the distinction of bringing the first piano to the city. It is known that "Dan" Paine's beautiful poem, "Da Capo," was inspired by the sight of Mrs. Blake sitting at the instrument in her old age.

When Mr. Blake died in 1870, testimony is that the attendance at his funeral was the largest on record in Indianapolis at that time. His old familiar horse and carriage, the carriage empty, followed the hearse.

Calvin Fletcher, Senior, as he was known in his later years, one of his sons bearing the same baptismal name, was born in Vermont in 1798 and came to Indianapolis in 1821, the first lawyer to arrive in the new settlement. He had left Vermont when he was seven-



teen, intent on making his way in the world. He reached Urbana, Ohio, a penniless youth, and remained there long enough to become grounded in law under the Honorable James Conley, an attorney of talent and high standing. Mr. Fletcher found business for his legal talents at once and for more than twenty years traveled twice annually over nearly one-third of the northwestern part of the State, a region which was at first without roads, bridges or ferries. In 1825 he was appointed prosecuting attorney for the fifth judicial district which then comprised twelve or fifteen counties. This office he held for one year, when he was elected to the State Senate where he served for seven years, then resigned and believed himself out of office permanently. While acting as prosecuting attorney he frequently had to explain the law for both sides. For example, he had to acquaint a certain "Squire" that he could not send a horse thief direct to the penitentiary "without bothering the higher court with the case," as the innocent magistrate proposed.

Mr. Fletcher's legal business necessitated a familiarity with financial matters often highly complicated in the era of State banks. He did not, as he expected, escape further office, for in 1834 he was appointed by the Legislature one of four to organize a State bank and to act as sinking fund commissioner. He held that position for seven years and from 1843 to 1859 he acted as president of the Bank of the State. Mr. Fletcher was also greatly interested in agriculture and is said to have made many profitable investments in farming land, his estate being large when he died in 1866. He concerned himself with local affairs and served for seven years as school trustee. Among things that have caused people of a later day, looking



up early history, to regard his memory with gratitude is a diary kept by him for many years that contains much local information which might otherwise have been lost.

A former resident of Indianapolis old enough to remember Calvin Fletcher in his later years, says of him that he was "the" leading citizen. President of the bank of Fletcher and Sharpe, he was the financier in chief for the town, "dividing honors with Stoughton Fletcher, Senior, the banker par excellence." It is likely that the Crown Hill Corporation found Mr. Fletcher useful as legal adviser. He had a family of nine sons and two daughters, several of whom spent a considerable part of their lives in Indianapolis.

Mr. William H. Morrison will be remembered by many Indianapolis people of these years in the 1920's as the owner and occupant of the fine old residence on the Circle which, after his death in 1881, was purchased by the Columbia Club and transformed into a club house. He will also be recalled as a dignified gentleman with a professional look, yet his life occupations were wholly commercial. Born in New York in 1806, he came to Clark County, Indiana, when he was fourteen years old, and nine years later was called to Indianapolis to act as deputy Secretary of State under his brother, Judge James Morrison.

When he left that office he "engaged in merchandising" with John G. Brown, a well-known and wealthy citizen, according to Nowland's "Reminiscences," though precisely what sort of mercantile business they were engaged in does not appear. Their place of business was on the northwest corner of Washington and Pennsylvania Streets. He was a successful merchant and enjoyed public confidence, but as Wil-

liam Wesley Woollen says in his "Historical Sketches": "Properly to estimate the character of a man other things besides his business career ought to be considered." Mr. Morrison's influence was for good, Mr. Woollen says. He was free from the smaller vices, as well as the large ones. His daily walk was above reproach, and his activity in the building of churches and in supporting the ministry was proverbial. He was instrumental in building Christ Church, and to him more than any other man must be ascribed the erection of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church. It was in this church that he worshiped in his latter days, and for years before his death, according to Mr. Woollen, "no stranger entered there without noting an elegant and dignified man near the chancel. It was Mr. Morrison." He was senior warden of St. Paul's when he died.

With all his good qualities his several biographers reluctantly admit that he had failings which interfered with his popularity; but these, summed up, seem to have been nothing worse than a strain of obstinacy born of a strong will and a too great readiness to take offence. These combined with a certain coldness of manner caused him to be misunderstood by many. He is counted as one of the most useful and upright of Indianapolis citizens. In his later years he was president of the First National Bank.

Mr. Woollen makes this rather noticeable comment on Mr. Morrison—noticeable because no modern biographer would be likely to think of the comparison:

"He (Morrison) was often seen upon the streets of Indianapolis taking his regular walks, with a son of his old age beside him; and the elegant old gentleman and the bright boy side by side, engaged in thoughtful

converse, brought to mind those great creations of Dickens—*Dombey and Son*. Had the great novelist known Mr. Morrison and his boy many would have thought that they were the originals of his picture.”

What young novel reader now would think of *Dombey and Son* on seeing a father and young son walking and talking together?

Thomas H. Sharpe, born in Kentucky, came to Indianapolis with his parents in 1826, then eighteen years old, and for two years became assistant to his father Ebenezer Sharpe, who was supervisor of the schools of the city. He was employed for a year in the office of James M. Ray, then was an employe in William H. Morrison's store. Later he became identified with the land office and in 1835 was appointed as teller of the Indianapolis branch of the State Bank, afterward being made cashier. From that time he was in the banking business to the end of his life. It is a matter of record that under his management the State Bank reached such a degree of prosperity that it paid an average annual dividend of eleven per cent. until the close of its career. He engaged with Calvin Fletcher in a private bank and the latter before his death expressed the wish that the bank should be continued by Mr. Sharpe without change, just the same as if he, Fletcher, were living. This was considered one of the highest possible testimonials to Mr. Sharpe's integrity, worth and merit. He engaged in other important public enterprises, one being as director and treasurer of the old Bellefontaine road, now a part of the New York Central system. Mr. Sharpe served as school commissioner of the county at one time and was greatly interested in advancing the material interests of the city. He was active in meeting the needs of the poorer

people of the community and acted as president of the Benevolent Society.

Mr. W. O. Rockwood had much to do with advancing the interests of Indianapolis. He was of New England birth and education and his first business experience in the West was in Quincy, Illinois, and in St. Louis, Missouri. He came to Indianapolis in the early forties where he became active in the promotion of the Indianapolis rolling mill. The development and success of this industrial concern is said to have been largely due to his business sagacity. Eventually a rail mill was established as an outgrowth of the rolling mill. Mr. Rockwood's mechanical talent aided him in the promotion of these industries. His activities illustrated the fact that a successful individual commercial enterprise may be one of the most important and desirable elements in the development of a community, making a basis for new homes, the building of schools and the growth of general culture. A recent much over-praised novel which holds the people of a new and growing town up to ridicule because of their crudeness and lack of interest in "beauty" and esthetics in general fails to consider that the builders of new towns are necessarily chiefly absorbed with the problem of physical living. Beauty and art are later considerations. There have been experimental communities in this country—a noted one in Indiana—where intellectual and esthetic interests were given first place, but they failed.

Mr. Rockwood was associated in various other enterprises, among them the Franklin Fire Insurance Company and the Industrial Life Association. He was characterized by high integrity, calmness of judgment and agreeable social qualities. His capacity for last-

ing friendship was characterized by the fact, as related, that for years in the midst of a crowded business career he wrote a daily letter to a man he loved, and looked each day for a reply. This man was Charles Parkinson, a cousin. This is a remarkable record and his letters must have contained much concerning Indianapolis that would be interesting history now. For though, as an educated man of intellectual taste—he had been a student in both Amherst and Yale, at the latter taking a classical course—he may have wished to keep in touch with outside interests, he could hardly have failed for his own part to touch on local affairs.

Mr. William S. Hubbard, a native of Connecticut, was rather noted locally for his building up of a comfortable fortune on a basis of industry, perseverance and economy. He came to Indianapolis in 1837 at the age of twenty-one as clerk to the Board of State Fund Commissioners—Dr. Coe, Caleb B. Smith and Samuel Hanna—at a salary of five hundred dollars a year. The money to pay his traveling expenses from the East was advanced to him by Dr. Coe, who was a relative. Out of the first year's salary he was enabled to save two hundred and fifty dollars. This sum he invested in a lot and a cabin, thus laying the foundation of a fortune, for his business came to be mainly in the handling of real estate, though he was engaged in other activities sufficiently to prove his possession of unusual executive ability. It is told of him that as a young man he never allowed himself to spend more than thirty cents a day for food; but in the 1840's thirty cents would probably buy two or three times as much substantial food as it would today, and as Mr. Hubbard in his later years had every appearance of health and vigor, there could have been no occasion for solicitude on his account.



Stories of his economical ways, many doubtless apocryphal, were told to the end of his life; but as he accumulated a fortune based on savings within a reasonable time, he seems to have set an excellent example. His real estate business involved many large transactions; he was instrumental in the erection of a number of business houses and also in the building of handsome residences. His effort was to sell acre tracts in order that their beautification might add to the appearance of the city. The first home built for himself was on Circle Street where the English Hotel was built later. As early as 1864 he built a large residence at the northwest corner of Second (now Eleventh) Street and Meridian—the first of the handsome homes that afterwards made Meridian Street attractive for many years. His home when built was outside of the city limits. He was highly respected in business circles as a man of ability, integrity and public spirit, always ready to promote the interests of the city.

Mr. Hubbard was an active churchman, a Presbyterian, and had a part in the building of the Second Presbyterian Church at the corner of Pennsylvania and Vermont Streets, of which church he was a member until his death in 1907 in his ninety-second year. Notwithstanding his habits of personal economy he spent money liberally when it was needed, but said little about it. It is related of him that on one occasion when a well-known woman went to him for a contribution in aid of an afflicted family and was indignant over the refusal of her request, she learned later, but not from him, that he had already given to the family a sum three or four times as large as she would have asked for.

Almus E. Vinton, was born in Cincinnati in 1821,



and owing to the early death of his father and the subsequent marriage of his mother, had little opportunity for formal education, but he read extensively and was regarded by his friends who had enjoyed better advantages as a well-informed and companionable man. He learned the trade of a machinist in the foundry operated by his stepfather, who removed from Ohio to Lafayette. Shortly after his marriage in 1846 to Miss Theresa Stallo, of Cincinnati, whom he had known from childhood, he came to Indianapolis at the suggestion of his early friend, L. W. Hasselman, and together they purchased what was known as the Washington Foundry and embarked in the foundry and machine business. They carried on a highly successful business until 1853, when their building was destroyed by fire and Mr. Vinton had virtually to begin at the beginning again. However, the two men purchased what was known as the Eagle Machine Works and in a remarkably short time recovered from the blow to their trade.

In 1865 Mr. Vinton retired from active business, but became a partner in the wholesale drug house of Kiefer and Vinton. He was also part owner of the Indianapolis paper mill then in existence. With Judge Martindale he originated the idea of buying tracts of land—what are now called “additions”—and dividing them up into building lots. The bulk of his investments was in fine business property and as showing how his name has lived, the block at the southwest corner of Pennsylvania and Market Streets is still known to old citizens after fifty-five years as the Vinton Block, for though its title still remains in the family, it is not held by anyone of the name.

Mr. Vinton, though a quiet and retiring man—self-effacing is a term applied to him—was a useful citizen,

well liked and ready to do all in his power for local benefits. He was governed by a high standard of justice and honor, and was noted among business men for his phenomenal energy and activity. His inclusion as one of the corporators of Crown Hill was a matter of course.

The practical interest taken by him in the development of Crown Hill is indicated by an extract from a memorandum book in possession of a member of his family. It is of some interest as showing how the cost of ditching in 1868 compares with prices nearly sixty years later. The notes read:

“Wednesday, June 10, 1868. Went to Crown Hill Cemetery with S. A. Fletcher, Jr., to see about some ditching. Fletcher said to me to dig the ditch, employ men to work, pay them and render the account to the corporation, and it would pay.

“Tuesday, June 14, 1868. Mr. Williams agrees this day to dig a ditch and lay tile in same in Crown Hill Cemetery ground from old ditch in the woods to a stump in the margin of pond, to be four feet deep at the stump with proper fall to outlet at \$2 per rod, and across the pond to fence at 35 cents per rod; to furnish his own tools and board himself and hands.

“Saturday, June 20, 1868. Paid Williams for ditch.....	\$20.
Saturday, July 4. W. Williams to cash c/o Cemetery..	7.
Saturday, July 18, 1868. Paid Williams for ditching	
Crown Hill.....	25.
Paid board to Mr. Chislett for Williams.....	12.
Friday, July 24, 1868. 473 feet of deep ditching for	
Cemetery makes 28¾ rods at \$2.....	\$57.37
Extra on Same.....	\$10.
600 feet ditching at 35 cents per rod, 36½ rods.....	12.71
	<hr/>
	\$80.08
Paid for tile.....	75.
	<hr/>
	\$155.08”

The price of drain tile, as supplied by E. B. Carter is thus specified in the notes:

“5 inch  $4\frac{1}{4}$  cents per foot  
4 inch  $3\frac{1}{4}$  cents per foot  
3 inch 2 cents per foot  
2 inch  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cents per foot”

Mr. Vinton died in 1870 at the age of forty-nine and is buried in the cemetery he helped to found.

Theodore P. Haughey came to Indianapolis in 1848 from Baltimore, where he had acquired a business education, and obtained immediate employment as an accountant, soon advancing to lucrative and important positions. In 1854 he was connected for a time with John D. Defrees in the publication of the Indianapolis Journal. For a number of years he was secretary of one of the leading railroads centering in Indianapolis. During the Civil War he was appointed by President Lincoln Collector of Internal Revenue for the Indianapolis district. He resigned this office in 1864 to become president of the Indianapolis National Bank. At one time in his career he was a member of the city council for six years and was chairman of the finance committee. Just previous to the Civil War he had the distinction, never enjoyed since by a successor in the council, it is said, of reporting the city entirely free from debt. Throughout his active career he was a public-spirited and useful citizen. He was personally much liked.

Stoughton A. Fletcher, Jr., was the fifth son of Calvin Fletcher. He was born in Indianapolis and as his father believed in an industrial as well as an academic training for his sons, young Stoughton was tested on a farm. Then he became a telegrapher. After a partial

course in Brown University he became a conductor on the old Bellefontaine Railroad, now a part of the New York Central system. He rose to be superintendent of the road. Later he became teller in the bank of S. A. Fletcher, Sr., and afterwards partner in the same bank with F. M. Churchman. Among his later activities was service as president of the Gas Company and still later as president of the Atlas Engine Works—a great industrial plant in its day, with orders from all parts of the world. Mr. Fletcher was never so busy that he could not consider public matters and he is on record as being among the first to agitate the question of a new cemetery. He was made president of the Crown Hill board of directors in 1874.

Mr. John Chalfant New was born in 1831 in Jennings County, Indiana, his parents later removing to Greensburg. After such education as he could obtain in public schools he took a four years' course in Bethany College, West Virginia, Alexander Campbell, famous founder of the "Campbellite" or Christian Church, or Church of the Disciples, as it is variously known, being then president of the college. Meanwhile John C.'s father had removed to Indianapolis, and the son, after a year's study of law under Governor Wallace, was admitted to the bar in 1852. He never engaged in practice however. Because of his aptitude for system and other qualifications he was employed as deputy county clerk and made himself so popular that when the clerk died a year before his term expired Mr. New was appointed to serve out the term. Notwithstanding his youth he was elected to succeed to the office. This experience of course gave him a wide acquaintance.

When the war broke out Governor Morton made Mr. New quartermaster, in which office he rendered useful service. He resigned and on election to the State Legislature, where capable Republican members were needed and as chairman of the finance committee, was of great aid to the State and to Governor Morton in obtaining funds to carry on the war. The Governor called him into conference and it was largely through his influence and personal guarantees that the banking house of Winslow, Lanier and Company, of New York, advanced all the funds that Morton needed except a fractional part, which was provided by William Riley McKean, a banker of Terre Haute. After the war he served as cashier of the First National Bank for ten years, at which time he was appointed Treasurer of the United States by President Grant, succeeding Treasurer Skinner in that office. He resigned at the end of a year and returned to the bank as vice-president, later becoming its president. He was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under President Arthur.

Always interested in politics, he became owner of the Indianapolis Journal in the late seventies, some years later transferring the paper to his son, Harry S. New, who later became Senator of the United States and Postmaster-General of the United States under President Harding. In 1880 John C. New became chairman of the Republican State Committee. He was also the Indiana member of the Republican National Committee.

Mr. New worked actively for the nomination and election of Benjamin Harrison for the Presidency and was considered by many to have deserved a large share of credit for both results. In 1889 he was appointed to the office of United States Consul-General



to London and remained in that position for four years. He returned to Indianapolis and retained his residence here until his death in 1906.

Mr. New was always interested in the development of Crown Hill and was much elated over a purchase of some additional ground that was made not a great while before his death—the Foley farm, as here recalled. In response to some inquiries addressed to Mr. Harry New in regard to his father's connection with the corporation, he wrote:

“My father died on a Monday. On the Thursday preceding he asked me to bring him his ‘Crown Hill Book’—a book brought out quite a while before by the Cemetery Association. He looked down the list of the original incorporators and had some comment to make on a number of them, but finally referred to some sort of a preliminary meeting that had been held by a few of them in 1863 and remarked that Herman Lieber was the only man left alive, except himself, who had attended that meeting. He then spoke in quite an affectionate way of Herman Lieber, for whom he entertained a very high regard, and I afterward communicated this to Mr. Lieber himself. Following his reference to Mr. Lieber an idea seemed to completely take possession of him, which was that he would immediately resign as one of the managers in order that I might be elected to succeed him. Realizing as I did how much my father thought of Crown Hill and of his intense interest in it, I very strenuously objected to this and did my best to dissuade him from it, but all to no purpose. He made me get him some paper and he then and there wrote out his resignation as a member of the Board of Managers and sent it in. This was on Thursday. He died on the evening of the following Monday and on the next day, Tuesday, there was the usual annual meeting of the corporators of Crown Hill at which the fact was stated and I was elected to succeed him as a corporator and member of the Board of Managers. His resignation said nothing of his desire on that point.

“One other thing that I very well remember was that when my father was appointed Treasurer of the United States in 1875 and had decided after quite a little consideration to accept, someone said to him, ‘Well, John, if you are going to be so much in Washington,



you will probably have to resign your place as Treasurer of Crown Hill Cemetery.' That was something that father had not contemplated at all and he immediately exclaimed that he would do nothing of the kind. He said, 'I'd rather be Treasurer of the Crown Hill Cemetery Association than Treasurer of the United States and if I can't hold both I'll keep the one I have.' The duties of the treasurer-ship, however, were almost purely nominal, the funds being deposited in a bank named in a resolution by the Board of Managers and there was really no reason why matters should not be left as they were, and they were so left until years later."

Mr. New was a man of wide reading and found his great library a source of much satisfaction. The circumstances of his life gave him an acquaintance with many persons of note and he had a fund of information that was extremely interesting on the rare occasions when he could be persuaded to indulge in reminiscences of the Civil War, of his acquaintance with General Grant, of great and near-great celebrities all along the way, including his experience in London. It is matter for regret that he did not write and publish these recollections. Mr. New died June 4, 1906.

Nicholas McCarty, the second of the name in Indianapolis, was the son of a pioneer who came to the little settlement in 1823 and by his enterprise and activity in business and his wisdom in land investments laid the foundation for a fortune that has benefited the second and third generations. The McCarty of this sketch was an only son and upon his shoulders fell the responsibility of looking after the estate following his father's death. He proved to be a good business man and highly respected by those who had dealings with him; he also had a circle of warm friends who liked him for his dry wit and keen common sense. Not being brought before the public in any conspicuous way and being rather reserved in character, he was not

widely known personally, but by reputation ranked as one of the substantial citizens with people in general in the city where he was born.

A personal friend says of him:

"The public did not understand or know of the underlying goodness of his heart toward his fellowmen. I know of several instances in which he showed this trait of character. One, for example, is the case of a young man who was in my employ but wished to go into another business—one requiring certain training which he did not have. Mr. McCarty sent him to Purdue for three years, paying most of his expenses. He was graduated with high honors, is now married, and has charge of one of the largest corporations (Western business) in the United States. Another case within my knowledge was that of a crippled colored man with a family whom he helped for ten years. I could name several similar instances."

He made a useful member of the Crown Hill board, and according to members of his family frequently expressed his interest in the improvements being made.

Mr. McCarty never married and lived a quiet, somewhat retired life. He was a consistent member of the First Baptist Church. He died in 1916, aged eighty-two years, less one month.

William Wallace was born at Brookville, Indiana, in 1825, the son of Governor Wallace and brother of General Lew Wallace. He was a lawyer, highly respected for his legal ability and personal qualities. A published sketch describes him as "a quiet unspectacular citizen but one who by force of character created a confidence in himself that gave him many positions of responsibility in private affairs." It is also said of him that no citizen had a better title to native generosity and unspotted honor than William Wallace. Such a man, it was remarked, would naturally be called on in such an enterprise as Crown Hill. He served as postmaster in Indianapolis for several years and died

while in office in 1891. He is well remembered in Indianapolis as a man of high character and influence and as one who left a record of "kindly deeds kindly done."

Many of the early comers to Indianapolis from other states entered Indiana by way of Madison, which, in the first half of the nineteenth century, was a flourishing town and was easy of access by way of water. John M. Lord arrived from his home in Vermont by that route in 1844, at the age of twenty-nine. He had been engaged in mercantile pursuits in Vermont, but in Madison began the study of law under Judge Jeremiah Sullivan. His studies were interrupted by his enlistment as a private for the Mexican War in the third Indiana regiment of Indiana Volunteers. Before leaving the State he was made second lieutenant. He served to the end of the war, a re-enlistment after the end of the first year taking him into the fifth Indiana regiment as adjutant.

He resumed the study of law after his return to Madison and was admitted to the bar, but was not long engaged in practice. He was principal clerk of the Indiana House of Representatives during the session of 1849-50, and at the session of 1852-53 was elected agent of the State and sent to New York City, where he remained until 1858, the time for which he was elected having expired. He then became a resident of Indianapolis and was elected and continued as president of the Indianapolis rolling mill, which he conducted successfully for ten or more years. He was the first man to use Indiana block coal for manufacturing iron. The rolling mill did a large business. After his retirement from the presidency of the mill, Mr. Lord engaged in real estate business. He was nominated

by the Democrats for Congress in 1866, but was defeated.

As a business man Mr. Lord was well liked and socially was popular, being genial and agreeable in manner. He had married Miss Margaret Pugh of Madison, and after they came to Indianapolis their home became a place of pleasant and hospitable entertainment. They occupied a large brick house at the southeast corner of Pennsylvania and North Streets, now torn down, where Caleb Mills Hall was erected. Later the Lords went to New York for residence.

When Thomas A. Morris came with his parents from Kentucky to Indianapolis in 1821 he was ten years old. He attended public school and as a boy learned the printer's trade in the office of the Journal. He went later to West Point as a cadet, where he was graduated as fourth in a class of thirty-six, was appointed second lieutenant and assigned to service in the regular army. After a year or two he was detailed by the War Department to assist the engineering corps in building the National Road in Indiana and Illinois and had charge of the division between Richmond and Indianapolis.

Not long after, he resigned from the army and became resident engineer in the State service, having charge of the construction of the Central Canal. He was a versatile man and is said to have been first in more enterprises of different kinds than often fall to the lot of any one person. Among other original plans credited to him is that of taking land for railroad building. He helped to put a bill through the Legislature authorizing the procedure.

The Madison and Indianapolis Road had been undertaken as a part of the State's system of public im-

provements, but had been abandoned at Vernon. When work was taken up again by private enterprise under the new law lands were received by the road at an appraised value. Upon these lands scrip was issued to the amount of the appraisement. The scrip was used to pay for the construction of the road, being redeemed in lands on presentation. This procedure is on record as the first instance where land was used as a basis for railroad construction. General Morris had much to do with other railroad building and as lines increased in number in Indianapolis he conceived the idea of a union station and union tracks. He drew the plans and superintended the construction of the union edifice, which was completed in 1853 and was the first union station in this country, some authorities say, in the world.

At the beginning of the Civil War General Morris was appointed quartermaster general by Governor Morton and had charge of the equipment of the first regiments, but was transferred to the military service almost immediately. As general he commanded the first brigade of troops. The service of these three months' men was in West Virginia, and while there were a number of minor engagements, there was no important battle. General Morris had reason to expect a major generalship but the appointment was so long delayed at Washington that he declined to accept it when it came. He was active in railroad building, however, being chief engineer, in succession, of several lines, and his service in that line was valuable, for transportation facilities at the beginning of the war were limited.

It is told by a citizen of good memory that when Mr. Morris became a member of the Second Presbyterian



Church he wished to be baptized by immersion. The rite was performed by Henry Ward Beecher, then pastor of the church. They went to the river followed by crowds. Some small boys who climbed a convenient sycamore "for to see," observed from their advantageous position that Mr. Morris—not then a general—had not been completely immersed, his head not having been wholly under water. They spread the news and for a long time afterward there were people who expected that the ceremony would be repeated, as the repentant sinner was a very thorough man. But it never was.

Up to the end of his long life, General Morris's advice was sought by his fellow citizens on all manner of problems, personal and public. He was a useful citizen in the promotion of the city's interests. He took deep interest in the development of Crown Hill and was considered an especially valuable member because of his technical knowledge.

John Armstrong was a farmer who came to Indianapolis from Ohio in 1847 and established himself on a farm of two hundred and forty acres west of what is now Crown Hill Cemetery. He joined with Martin Williams later in the purchase of ninety acres to the east of this farm, but as it was sold later to a private purchaser, a Mr. Condy, it does not appear to have been a part of the original Williams farm that was sold to the Crown Hill incorporators. Mr. Armstrong lived on his farm for many years, but long before he died the city had reached him and he sold his farm to William L. Elder, who divided it into city lots and it is now well built-up and an attractive section of the city. He was a successful farmer and stockraiser and an intelligent and progressive citizen. He took a direct per-

sonal interest in Crown Hill and, as his near neighbor, was in close touch with Superintendent Chislett. Mr. Armstrong lived to the age of ninety-one, dying in 1902.

Jesse D. Carmichael is listed in the Indianapolis city directory of 1864 as a farmer and as residing at 22 West Pratt Street. An old citizen recalls that he lived at the northwest corner of North Meridian and Pratt Streets. Whether his residence was on his farm is not clear, yet it might have been so, for though the city was laid out at that time up to what is now Sixteenth Street, it was by no means built up to that limit west of Meridian Street. Later, Mr. Carmichael and Charles N. Todd, another corporator, formed a partnership and opened a book store at Number 2 North Pennsylvania Street, but it seems not to have had a long life. Both men were recognized as public spirited and progressive and their cooperation in the cemetery enterprise was desired. Mr. Todd, in 1860, succeeded his father-in-law, the Reverend C. G. McLean, as head of the "Female Seminary," better known as McLean Seminary for Girls. It was a very successful school, on its opening in 1852 receiving one hundred and fifty pupils. The school, which was a boarding and day school was in a building erected for it on the southwest corner of Meridian and New York Streets. Mr. McLean died in 1860 and the school remained under Mr. Todd's management for five years.

William Sheets, born in Virginia, came in the year 1817, when quite young, to Madison, Indiana, where he studied law and for a few years practiced his profession. In 1831 he was elected as one of the clerks in the Indiana Legislature. In 1832 he was elected by the Legislature Secretary of State and took up his



A View along the Main Driveway



residence in Indianapolis. During his term of office he was married to Miss Randolph, formerly of Virginia, a relative of the famous "John Randolph of Roanoke" and an adopted daughter of President William Henry Harrison. He held the office of Secretary of State for eight years, meanwhile building and establishing a paper mill—the first in the city. He manufactured quantities of paper, supplying, it is said, nearly all the paper used in the western part of this State and the eastern portion of Ohio.

He built a home on the square at the southeast corner of Pennsylvania and Ohio Streets, where it is joined by Massachusetts Avenue, and on the ground occupied at the time of this writing by the old Denison Hotel—a building likely before many years to give way to further progress. The family lived in that house for thirty-five years. It is described as having been a picturesque and home-like place. Mr. Sheets acquired a good deal of property before his death.

He is described as a good man, unexceptionable as a public officer and possessed of great dignity.

The characteristic, or quality, or peculiarity, whichever it may be called, that seems first in the minds of those who remember Mr. Sheets is his aristocracy. That element was never at all common in new Western towns and when it appeared did not long survive. But Virginia representatives of "old families" can seldom wholly conceal, no matter with what gracious effort, a slight suggestion of the feeling of superiority to the less fortunate members of the community. These less fortunate ones are usually more or less impressed.

At all events, the Sheets aristocracy was at once recognized by Indianapolis people, apparently, without the least resentment, and because of his courtly man-



ner, his extreme dignity and certain fastidious habits that differed from those of the many rough and ready Western men about him, he was an object of interest. Said one woman in speaking of him:

“We laughed among ourselves a little at the idea of the introduction of aristocracy in our little muddy Western town, but after all, I think we liked it. It was something different that we could not all live up to, but we secretly admired it. Maybe we were snobs,” and the speaker gave a little reminiscent laugh, “but we could not help it.”

Mr. Sheets was one of the first to bring to Indianapolis a family carriage. It is related that the turnout attracted much attention. He drove a pair of horses, “odd matched”—one a glossy black, the other pure white. The narrator regarded this incident as an illustration of Mr. Sheets’s love of originality and independence of action.

In politics Mr. Sheets was a Republican after the disruption of the Whig party. In religion he was a Presbyterian and a member of the First Presbyterian Church.

Dr. John M. Kitchen was one of the prominent and highly esteemed physicians of Indianapolis for many years. He was born in Piqua, Ohio, and gained his medical education at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and the University College of New York City, being graduated in 1846. He entered into practice first at Fort Wayne, Indiana, but three years later he became a “forty-niner.” He did not go overland, however, but as second physician on an emigrant ship. There was no canal at the isthmus then and the voyage in the sailing vessel took seven months.

Dr. Kitchen began practice in San Francisco and remained there until 1850, when he went on foot to a remote mining region and established a small hospital for the miners, constituting himself cook, nurse and physician. The experience gained there proved valuable in later life. It was extremely difficult to get medical supplies and he was compelled to rely on nature to furnish him remedies. The often unexpected favorable results that followed were regarded by him as useful lessons in his later practice. He came to Indianapolis in 1851 and for more than forty years continued to perform the duties of a general practitioner of medicine and surgery. In his later years he retired from general practice and confined himself to office consultation and to rest and recreation. He held in the course of the years many honorable professional positions—president of the board of trustees of the City Hospital, trustee of the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, physician at the State Institution for the Blind, consulting physician at various public institutions, examiner for various life insurance companies, and so on. It is told of him that his interest in Crown Hill led him to go in company with another of the cemetery directors, Mr. John Spann, as the narrator of the incident recalls, to Tennessee to select the timber of which the first cemetery fence was made—a paling fence of lasting quality as it turned out.

From 1861 to 1865 Dr. Kitchen was surgeon in charge of the United States General Army Hospital at Indianapolis. He married in 1853, Miss Mary Bradley, of Indianapolis. His only son, John Bradley Kitchen, is a resident of New York City.

Robert Browning was one of the leading druggists of Indianapolis for many years. He was born in Mason

County, Kentucky, in 1827, and after a short stay in Madison and Shelbyville, came to Indianapolis in 1840, while yet a schoolboy, to live with his uncle, Edmund Browning, who kept the old Wright House, afterwards the Browning Hotel on the ground where the Pettis Dry Goods house (New York Store) has at this time stood for more than two generations. At the end of his school days his uncle found employment for him in the David Craighead drug store and he remained there until Mr. Craighead took him into partnership.

Mr. Craighead died in 1854, after which event Mr. Browning conducted the store alone until 1862, when he formed a partnership with George W. Sloan, who had been a clerk in the store. In 1866 the store was moved from 22 West Washington Street to 7 and 9 East Washington next to where the Merchants Bank building now stands. Mr. Browning died January 13, 1891, at the age of sixty-four years. He was three times married. His first wife, who lived but a few months, was a Miss Moss. His second wife was Mary Taylor, of Madison. After her death in the late eighties he married her sister, the widow of Aaron Ohr, who survived him for a number of years.

Much of the foregoing statistical information was supplied to the compiler of this record by Winfield Scott Lynn, a prescription druggist in the employ of Mr. Browning for twenty-five years and well known to all patrons of the store. He testifies further, as a personal tribute, that when Mr. Browning died he felt himself to have lost his best friend, so considerate had the departed merchant been to his employes, so solicitous for their welfare. Such testimony goes far as an indication of a man's character.

Mr. Lynn adds that Mr. Browning had an interest in public affairs and had a part in many good causes. He was generous and kind-hearted and never let a patient go out with an unfilled prescription because he was without money to pay for it.

From other sources it is learned that as a dealer in chemicals and drugs Mr. Browning was known and patronized by druggists throughout the State. Also that he was known as a charitable and generous man. He was a member of the First Presbyterian church, to which he was a liberal contributor. He was a member and president of the school board for a number of years and was especially interested in getting the children of poor and struggling parents into the schools. Mr. Browning was altogether a good citizen.

Judge Addison L. Roache was described by a biographer years ago as a man who possessed common sense to an eminent degree. The writer continued: "To this in Judge Roache's character, is added the finish and poise which a strong intellectual temperament gives. By profession a lawyer—or, rather, it should be said, by nature—he is not merely a lawyer. If it be that this profession is the Rome to which all roads lead, it is certain that he has trod many of them, and as a political and a historical student as well as a lover of general literature, has the ripe fruits of a well-stored mind to attest." He is further described as one of the strong men of Indianapolis.

Judge Roache was born in 1817 in Tennessee, but came to Bloomington, Indiana, with his parents when he was eleven years of age and gained his education in the district schools of that town and the State University. After his graduation he studied law, was admitted to the bar and began practice at Frankfort,

Indiana. In 1852 he was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State and remained on the bench for six years, when he resigned and formed a law partnership with Joseph E. McDonald, remaining in that firm for eleven years.

Throughout his career he took a keen interest in Indiana University and used every effort to promote its interests. His desire was especially to secure a strong faculty. He acted as a trustee for the institution for a number of years. He ranked high in his profession and was much respected in the community.

His family became scattered and he removed to California twenty or more years previous to this writing, and died there. A personal friend speaking of him lately, said: "Judge Roache was a pioneer lawyer, successful and popular. A man of considerable wealth, loyal to Indianapolis, with great faith in its growth, he regretted to leave his old home, but when his daughter married and removed to California he said, 'I like Indianapolis, I should like to stay here, but my dear daughter has gone to California and I find that my love for her is stronger than my loyalty to Indiana.' "

George Tousey was born in Boone County, Kentucky, and came to Lawrenceburg, Indiana, when quite a young man, and in 1826 started a dry goods and general store there, which he conducted for many years, not coming to Indianapolis until 1854 or 1855. In 1828 he married Hannah Ann, daughter of Judge Isaac and Frances Piatt Dunn. After his removal to Indianapolis he engaged in the dry goods business with his cousin, Oliver Tousey, who had come to the capital before him. The store was on Washington Street in the square between Pennsylvania and Delaware Streets, on the north side. The George Tousey



residence for some years was on North Delaware Street in the second square above Washington Street on the east side. Later in life he purchased a house on the northeast corner of Meridian and St. Clair Streets, where he spent the remainder of his years.

After some years Mr. Tousey entered the banking business and the dry goods firm was changed to the Tousey, Byram and Cornelius Company, eventually becoming a wholesale house. George Tousey in 1857 became president of a branch bank of the Bank of the State. In 1866 he was made president of the Indiana National Bank in which the remains of the branch bank were absorbed. Its affairs were wound up in 1867. The Indiana National occupied the room at the northeast corner of Meridian and Washington Streets. Mr. Tousey was successful in business and attained a competence. He was an ardent and active member of Roberts Park Church—in the early days known as Roberts Chapel.

Mr. Tousey is described as a typical banker, absorbed in his work and feeling the responsibility resting upon him. He and his wife were very hospitable in their home, always glad to have their friends around them and giving especial welcome to ministers. Mr. Tousey was twice married. There were six children by the first marriage—Ralph, Omer and Woodford; three daughters, Mary Frances, Eudora and Lillie—all married, but none living at the time of this writing. Several grandchildren survive. One of them, Jessie Clair McDonald, daughter of Ezekiel, son of Senator Joseph E. McDonald and Lillie Tousey McDonald, is head of the National Cathedral School in Washington.

Mr. Tousey married, as his second wife, Miss Louise

Bugbee. The widow and two children, a son and a daughter, George and Omera (in 1926) are living.

Ovid Butler is a name made permanent in Indiana as the chief founder of what is now Butler University. It was originally called Northwestern Christian University, but in honor of Mr. Butler the designation was changed at the end of twenty years.

Mr. Butler was born in Augusta, New York, in 1801 and came with his parents to Jennings County in 1817, where he remained until the years of manhood. He taught school for a few years, studied law, and settled in Shelbyville, where he practiced law until 1836, when he removed to Indianapolis, which was afterward his home. On account of his health he gave up his practice in 1849 and thereafter devoted his life to educational interests.

The church of the Disciples, of which Mr. Butler was a member, desired a school and the present university owes its existence to him. He was at the head of a committee appointed at a State meeting of the church in 1847. He formulated the plan, drafted the charter, donated a large part of the endowment and gave the school his personal attention through life. He gave to the institution as a site twenty acres of fine woodland at the corner of College Avenue and what is now Fourteenth Street. It was then far outside of the residence district. Mr. Butler was made President of the institution and held that position for twenty years. His heart was in the undertaking and to his energy and determination are credited the fact of its surviving early financial difficulties and the loss of students during the Civil War.

Mr. Butler retired from the presidency in 1871, when he was seventy years of age. He died ten years

later. His interest in public affairs was not confined to the university interests, however. He belonged to the far-sighted element of the community and naturally fell in with the plan to acquire a large territory for a cemetery. He was twice married and left numerous descendants.

John Henry Vajen was born in Bremen, Germany, in 1827. His father, John Henry Vajen, Sr., was born in Hanover, in 1805, while Hanover was still attached to the British crown, and when he left Bremen for the United States he renounced allegiance to William IV of England.

John Henry Vajen, Sr., was graduated at the University of Stade and subsequently became a professor in that university. Later, he became pastor of the Lutheran church at Bremen, where John Henry Vajen, Jr., was born in 1827.

In 1835 John Henry Vajen, Sr., emigrated, with his family, to the United States, and settled at Baltimore, where he became an instructor in an educational institution and occupied the pulpit of a Lutheran church. He moved from Baltimore to Pittsburgh, and in 1838 to Cincinnati. In 1840 he accepted the business and pastoral direction of the German Lutheran colony, which finally located in Jackson County, Indiana. Here his son, John Henry Vajen, Jr., passed his boyhood days. In 1848 he came to Indianapolis and established himself in the hardware business, and in 1850 married Alice Fugate, daughter of Thomas Fugate, a Scotch pioneer. Mr. Vajen's success in business in Indianapolis was marked and rapid, and in a few years he became one of the leading citizens.

When the Civil War broke out, Governor Morton, recognizing his superior business abilities, appointed

Mr. Vajen quartermaster general of Indiana. That he met the duties of this important office in a highly creditable way is evidenced by the fact that the Indiana troops were the first and best equipped for the war. Adjutant General Terrell in his invaluable statistical history of Indiana in the war gives high praise to Mr. Vajen. He succeeded General Morris, who had occupied the office but eleven days before he was commissioned brigadier general and assigned to command the Indiana three-months' troops. The office of adjutant general had been little more than a nominal one before the war. Consequently there was no system or plan of operations. Mr. Vajen, being an experienced business man and haste being necessary, had the task of getting the department in operation. It was vast and intricate in its details, yet he soon had it in easy working order. The first six regiments were filled and waiting to be equipped and everything required by them had to be supplied without any previous preparation. So great was the sudden demand all over the country for military goods that it could not be met. Cloth for uniforms, blankets, tents, camp equipage, and even arms and accouterments had to be manufactured from raw materials, and it was considered remarkable that Mr. Vajen succeeded in procuring the required stores. But it was only a few days before the troops were fully uniformed and equipped. During Quartermaster Vajen's incumbency and while the State was exclusively required to clothe and equip its troops, twenty-two regiments of infantry, two regiments and two independent companies of cavalry and three batteries of light artillery were furnished with clothing, wool and rubber blankets, tents, tools, and complete camp equipage. This was in about three months' time.

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The haste was important since the troops were able to render service at a critical stage. In August of that year an assistant quartermaster of the United States Army was stationed at Indianapolis who took over from that time the charge of clothing and equipping troops subsequently raised. Work remained for the State quartermaster's department to do throughout the war, but the services for which Mr. Vajen was sought having been completed, he resigned, and re-entered business life as a member of the banking house of Fletcher & Vajen. In 1876, on account of constant ill health, Mr. Vajen retired finally from business, devoting the remainder of his life to travel, recreation and the supervision of his large and varied interests. He died in June, 1917, bequeathing to his family the heritage of an honorable and useful life, crowned by substantial rewards.

It is said of Mr. Vajen that in character he was religious without being narrow, that his morals were strict and he never deviated from them. He was frugal without being penurious; just but not indulgent. He had a vast fund of humor and philosophy, which in his declining years enabled him to look out on a rapidly changing world serenely. He was intensely American, and a pronounced Republican. He died in the year 1917 in his ninetieth year and is buried in Crown Hill Cemetery.

There were seven children, four of whom are living at the time of this writing and are residents of Indianapolis.

Judge Elijah B. Martindale was born in Wayne County in 1828, the tenth child and fifth son of a family of fifteen children, all of whom lived to maturity; but when he was four years old his parents moved to



Henry County, where he lived until his removal to Indianapolis in 1862. His school attendance was limited, and as many boys did in those days and do today, he learned a trade—the saddler's—afterward developing an ambition for another sort of occupation. He decided that he wished to be a lawyer and while working at his trade applied himself to study and well-directed reading.

In 1847 young Martindale left his work and attended Winchester Seminary for a year. In the next two years he studied law under the direction of the Honorable Lucian Barbour, at the time a representative of the Indianapolis bar. In 1850, after an examination before Judges Blackford, Dewey and Sullivan, members of the Supreme Court of the State, he was licensed to practice. He entered upon the practice of his profession in New Castle, where after a successful record of ten years he was elected prosecuting attorney for a district composed of four counties, of which Henry County was one. In 1861 Governor Morton appointed him common pleas judge and he presided over his district, which comprised Henry, Hancock, Rush and Decatur Counties. At the end of his term he removed with his family to Indianapolis.

Meanwhile he had become interested in politics, had gained a reputation as an effective speaker, and had become a leader in the Republican party. During the war his relations with Governor Morton were close. In 1869 he was elected to the Indiana State Senate and his practical business sense was of value there in promoting needed legislation. In 1875 he became the owner of the Indianapolis Journal, the leading organ of the Republican party of the State at that time and

for many years. In 1880 he sold the paper to John C. New.

After he came to Indianapolis he did not resume the practice of law but became identified with both life and fire insurance activities. He was the first president of the Union Fire Insurance Company and of the American Central Life Insurance Company as well as one of the incorporators.

Judge Martindale's chief interest, however, became the development of real estate. He was a man of foresight and in many respects ahead of his time in his comprehension of Indianapolis possibilities. He made real estate investments that conservative citizens often considered reckless and caused them to regard him as visionary. He was not moved from his views, however, and within twenty years made more than twenty additions to the city, aggregating a thousand acres of land, and more than fifty streets bear names given by him. The city has grown miles beyond these additions and his judgment is more than justified. He also saw the possibilities of Indianapolis as a trade and manufacturing city. He believed in advertising its attractions and gave to it the name "City of Concentric Circles"—a title that clung to it for many years.

It may readily be supposed that Judge Martindale, as a Crown Hill director, was one of the strongest advocates for placing the cemetery at what was then regarded by many as an unreasonable distance from the little town, and for securing a large acreage.

Judge Martindale was a man of strong and positive character, rather autocratic in disposition, public spirited, outspoken in opinion and altogether a good citizen. His qualities caused him to be recognized as a man who must be considered, and he served his com-

munity well. He was a member of the First Presbyterian Church. He died in Indianapolis in 1910, aged eighty-two years.

Herman Lieber was born in 1832 in the city of Dusseldorf, Germany, and as a boy of seventeen became stirred with ideas of freedom through the German Revolution of 1848 and when he attained his majority in 1853 he came to the United States to seek his fortune. His father was a manufacturer and well-to-do, so that the son had enjoyed good educational advantages. Before he left Germany he had learned the bookbinder's trade, but found on reaching New York that there was little chance for employment. He then came to Cincinnati on the strength of an advertisement and there obtained work as a bookbinder and maker of pocketbooks at seven dollars a week. Business of all kinds was depressed, but with six hundred dollars sent him by his father he came to Indianapolis in 1854 and opened a small shop which he stocked with stationery and modest facilities for bookbinding. His credit exceeded his cash and he started with two thousand dollars worth of goods. His shop was a room fourteen by twenty-five feet in dimensions, on the south side of Washington Street, east of Meridian. He paid rent at the rate of fourteen dollars a month, which was high considering his limited trade.

It was uphill work to keep going, but he did, and it meant courage and confidence and a real love for art that caused him even to venture to establish an art store in a town where more practical things were, of necessity, the first consideration of the majority. But Mr. Lieber lived to see his little stationery shop expand into a big retail art store, together with a factory for picture frames and other art accessories, and he

must have realized that he had done much to encourage an appreciation of fine pictures and a growth of the art spirit in Indianapolis.

Mr. Lieber was a progressive, public-spirited man and interested himself in local education, helped to found the German House, now the Athenaeum, and was an influential member of the North American Gymnastic Union. He was an agnostic in his religious views, but was tolerant of the opinions of others and broad-minded in his attitude.

Mr. Lieber stood high in the community and was personally much liked. He died in March, 1908.

Daniel Yandes, born in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, in 1793, came to Indianapolis as a pioneer in the spring of 1821. He had previously enlisted under General William Henry Harrison in 1813 in the war against Great Britain, but was not engaged in battle. In 1814 when Washington City was threatened he enlisted again and at the age of twenty-one he was made major of his regiment.

Meanwhile he had heard of the fertile soil of Indiana and with his wife, mother and two children floated down the Ohio in a flat boat to Cincinnati. Indianapolis was then a mere settlement, but had already been made the State Capital. He came to the town and remained until his death in 1878. His services to the community, which were numerous, were therefore largely performed before the Crown Hill enterprise was undertaken.

The Yandes's first home, built in 1822, was a double log cabin at the northeast corner of Washington and Alabama Streets. In 1823 he erected in the same locality a three-room frame house. A few years later he built a two-story brick residence on Washington

Street, and in 1837 he owned an acre of ground on the northeast corner of the square on which the Federal building now stands, and there erected a large two-story brick residence which he occupied until it was sold in 1863 to the congregation that built the First Presbyterian church on the lot.

Meanwhile Mr. Yandes had been engaged in various enterprises. When he came to Indianapolis he brought about four thousand dollars, which included all his patrimony and earnings, and it is asserted that this sum constituted the largest individual capital in the young settlement for the next ten years.

Mr. Yandes is described as the typical pioneer—healthy, hopeful, enterprising and confident of the future. When he came to Indianapolis he engaged with his brother-in-law in building mills. On what has since been known as McCarty land southwest of the city, he built a saw and grist mill, the dam being built across White River at the head of the island which was opposite the city cemetery. It is said to have been the first mill in the “New Purchase.”

Later, in company with a partner, John Wilkins, a man known for his “uncommon merits,” he established a tannery and continued in that business for thirty years. Meanwhile Mr. Yandes engaged in various other enterprises, mercantile, factory building, milling, etc. Among other undertakings was a cotton-spinning factory on Fall Creek, the first in the region, Samuel Merrill, then Treasurer of State, being his partner. In 1847 he joined with Alfred Harrison in building thirty miles of the eastern end in Indiana of what was originally known as the Bellefontaine Railroad.

One of Mr. Yandes's traits was his seeming indif-



ference to his enterprises after they were once in operation. He was willing to leave them to the management of his partners after he had exerted every energy and shown enthusiasm in getting them started, but lapsed, it is said, into seeming indolence and inattention to details until another venture.

Unfortunately, with his many irons in the fire, so to speak, he was caught by a financial panic and because of his various unfinished enterprises and pending obligations lost much property in his later years. He can, however, be classed as one of the most useful of citizens in the upbuilding of the new community and his progressive spirit naturally led to his inclusion among the Crown Hill corporators.

Early in the history of the cemetery he purchased two lots in Section 6 as a final resting place for himself and his descendants and there the stalwart pioneer lies buried, surrounded by his mother, ten of his eleven children and numerous grandchildren and other relatives.

His mother, Ann Catherine Yandes, it may be mentioned, who came to Indiana with her son at the age of sixty-five, and died ten years later, was the widow of a Revolutionary soldier. Two other American wars are represented on the Yandes lot: Daniel Yandes, a Veteran of the War of 1812 and his son, George Bush Yandes, who was in the Civil War as a corporal (a hundred days man) in Company A, One hundred thirty-second Regiment of Indiana Volunteers.

Jacob A. Crossland, born in Washington, Pa., died in Indianapolis, March 4, 1882, aged about sixty-nine years. When quite young he came to Piqua, Ohio, and engaged in the "notion" business with much success. In 1852 he came to Indianapolis and established a no-

tion and dry goods house in Blake's Block on East Washington Street, where he remained about twelve years. In about 1864 he sold the business and, with Douglas Maguire and W. T. Gillespie, purchased a grocery house of A. and H. Schnull. He remained in this business for several years, then having accumulated a competence, retired from active business, though he subsequently became interested in a wholesale house. He is described as a man of great shrewdness and energy and in his day one of the best merchants the city had known. He was decided in character, cherishing warm likes and dislikes. He was straightforward and aggressive. He had a handsome home at the southwest corner of Illinois and St. Clair Streets and was an earnest promoter of the establishment of a street railway company.

General John Love, who was born in Culpepper County, Virginia, in 1820, was the grandson of Richard Henry Lee, an active figure in the Revolution. John Love was a West Point graduate, having been graduated from that institution in 1841 and was appointed second lieutenant of the 1st dragoons. He was assigned to frontier duty in Indian Territory in 1842, but was in Kansas from 1843 to 1845. In the war with Mexico he distinguished himself in the battle of Santa Cruz and in the forties won credit for himself in the Indian service in the protection of overland emigration to Oregon.

After the Mexican War, General, then Captain Love, resigned from the army and engaged in railroad building. At the beginning of the Civil War, though a Virginian and a Democrat, he took the side of the Government and rendered efficient service in the campaign in West Virginia as chief of staff under General

Thomas Morris. When that campaign was over he was assigned to command of the Indiana Legion—in reality a sort of military training school.

After the war General Love acted as representative abroad of the Gatling Gun Company, of which he was a member. His appointment to West Point came from President Jackson, who had a personal acquaintance with him as a youth. Mrs. Love, a lady of many accomplishments, was a daughter of United States Senator Oliver H. Smith, of Indiana.

Mr. Frederick W. Chislett, who was chosen as superintendent of the cemetery, October 17, 1863, and held that position until his death, November 11, 1889, was such an important factor in the development of the place that it seems fitting to mention him in the chapter with the corporators.

As previously mentioned, he was a son of John Chislett, at that time a landscape gardener of Pittsburgh and superintendent of a cemetery there, who had advised the Crown Hill corporators to buy that ground.

The selection of the son proved to be most fortunate. He showed himself to be equal to the task before him and it was no easy one, for much of the land was wholly unimproved. He worked in harmony and cooperation with the board of directors of course, and as these gentlemen were naturally anxious that their enterprise should be wisely carried out, there were doubtless many discussions and perhaps differences of opinions expressed. But that good judgment prevailed is shown by results and all must have credit.

Mr. Chislett was a man of much intelligence and information. He had also an agreeable personality and made many friends as years went on.

His career is epitomized in the inscription on the back of the monument in Crown Hill where he lies—an inscription, it is said, written by Mrs. Chislett, whose death occurred soon after that of her husband. It reads:

“Frederick W. Chislett came to Indianapolis in 1863 and took charge of Crown Hill Cemetery as its first Superintendent. For 36 years he devoted himself to the development and adornment of these grounds, and by his wise and prudent management laid broad and deep the foundations of this his life work and last monument.”

On the front of the monument is the promise

“Because I Live Ye Shall Live Also.”

and the names, Frederick W. and Margaret D. E. Chislett, with the dates of birth and death.

## FURTHER DEVELOPMENT

As people became better acquainted with the added improvements of walks, drives, and carefully studied vistas, and interments became more frequent, lots began to sell freely. While it was yet a new institution an incident occurred that Superintendent Chislett related long after as a joke upon himself. The narrator tells it in the Superintendent's own words as she heard it from her father:

"I was sitting in my little office by the gate when up drove an old-fashioned 'Victoria' drawn by an old-fashioned horse. Upon the box sat a colored driver. I said to myself, 'Here comes one of those old Hoosiers to buy a lot.' Out stepped an old gentleman and a young woman with that very thing in view. No introduction was given and I betook myself to showing these unpretentious, simple western folk what I felt they would be able to afford. They followed and looked with interest at everything I showed them, beginning with moderately priced lots. Nothing was said except when the old gentleman suggested, 'Shall we go a little farther, Betty?' Finally he pointed to the knoll beyond."

"'Those,' I explained, 'are our first lots and are held at rather high prices.' I knew he wouldn't want one of those.

"'Shall we see them, Betty?' he asked.

"I took them over. They inspected the lots carefully, then turned and we walked slowly to the carriage. 'Betty' stepped in. 'The old man is not going to buy at all,' I thought, but he followed me into the office and drawing a book from his breast pocket, said gravely, 'We'll take that last one,' and handing me a check for \$6,000 said 'Good morning,' and I knew when I read the name 'Hervey Bates,' that he was one of the leading men of Indianapolis, but only learned later that he had previously chosen his lot and had come out that day to pay for it and to see how the Superintendent conducted his affairs."

"Betty's" niece writing from her California home, makes the comment: "I recall the old horse, Frank, very well—a dignified animal



and a great deal of him. Also I remember John Porter, the driver, as if it were yesterday. Indeed, I think all of old Indianapolis knew him."

Mr. Chislett did not tell this story until after the death of the purchaser of the lot and then related it to the son, Hervey Bates second, who became a member of the Crown Hill board of directors.

The records of the board show that the amount named was actually paid. It was a high price in that early day, but lots have sold for a much higher figure since, though moderately priced ones may be found in the same sections. It was rather a large plot that Mr. Bates purchased.

It was found necessary early in the history of the cemetery to establish certain rules to be observed by lot owners. There was a curious fancy among a class of people for placing on graves articles that had belonged to or been used by the persons there buried. Children's toys were not infrequently seen. Pictures, under protective glass, of sleepers below were not uncommon. It was a fashion suggestive of the custom of some American Indian tribes in placing on graves food and articles especially treasured by the departed, on the theory that the late owners would need them in the happy hunting grounds. The ancient Romans, whose civilization equaled our own in many respects, had a custom at one period of placing painted portraits of the dead in the graves with them. Just what was the theory connected with this proceeding is not clear. Those who put the portraits there could hardly have expected that the graves would be feloniously opened, though this has happened in frequent instances—that is, if excavating archeologists can be classed as felonious. In the Crown Hill case the purpose was of course

the pathetic association of the objects with the children who were gone. Though the "little toy dog was covered with dust and the little toy soldier red with rust," the mourning mother loved them on the low mound because they brought her "little boy blue" nearer to her.

But all these memorials had to be forbidden. And there were other matters that required regulation, among them the planting of flowers and shrubs upon the lots by their owners. This was a time-honored custom in country burying grounds and was begun as a matter of course at Crown Hill. But flowers were apt to be neglected and become unsightly; shrubs needed occasional trimming that they did not always get; ivy and myrtle spread beyond the boundaries, and weeds were likely to grow up among them. Besides, they interfered with the grass cutting, which was, and is, a service performed by Crown Hill employes. Therefore the appearance of the cemetery and the beauty of the lawn effects called for an abandonment of growing plants unless they were planted in vases or urns, and such rules were adopted by the management. This latter practice is being given up in large part—voluntarily, it may be assumed, because of a realization of the beauty of trees and grass alone. Cut flowers may be placed on graves at pleasure but the rules permit their removal when they become unsightly.

So it has come about that the decorative effects are chiefly these controlled by the cemetery management and are comprised in the landscape gardening—the grouping of trees and shrubs, the occasional masses of color, the vistas, the smoothness and greenness of the sward, the winding driveways. It is better so. The result is more harmonious and artistic. The manage-

ment has certain strict rules as to the placing of tombstones or monuments on lots such as reserving the right to remove any memorial of offensive design or bearing an objectionable inscription; and it asks that it be consulted by lot owners before the placing of any elaborate monument or memorial. In recent years it has issued a rule prohibiting the use of "markers" or small sloping headstones more than six inches high unless for the duplication of existing markers.

Without official information on this point, the supposition is here hazarded that the rule came about through observation of these low markers chosen by certain lot owners for use on their own plats. For there are "fashions" in tombstones as in most other products of man's hands. The old-time high marble slab, with space enough on its broad surface for more than one name, say of a man and his wife, with dates and places of birth, besides an inscription of goodly length, gradually made way for smaller stones. Of the larger ones there are now comparatively few. A majority of the stones that were removed from Greenlawn to the new burying place were of the smaller type, and they are to be seen in some of the older sections of Crown Hill, the names sometimes dimmed by disintegration of the surface finish through wearing processes of time and weather. Many of these old stones bear at their top the carved image of a lamb or a dove; or sometimes a willow tree is represented. But as the old stone-cutters were not artists, imagination is sometimes needed to determine precisely what was meant. This would be true in most cases as to the tree designs except that the willow is, or was so universally known as a mourning emblem—this of course because of its drooping branches—that any carved tree was accepted

as of that species. One writer speaks of it as a tree of gloom. Thackeray took that view, asking,

“Know ye the willow tree  
Whose grey lips quiver,  
Whispering gloomily  
To yon pale river.”

Other writers take a more cheerful view. Discoursing of lost friends, another old time poet says:

“The willow hangs with sheltering grace  
And benediction o’er their sod.”

Still another laments of a dead friend that,

“men less brave  
Have left great names, while not a willow bends  
Above his dust—Poor Jo, he had no friends.”

Some of the early deeds for Crown Hill lots bear a melancholy engraving in one corner representing what must be accepted as a weeping willow in the foreground. It has scant foliage and a tall bare trunk apparently several inches in circumference, but in wavy lines from root to top. A widow kneels by a tombstone in the background. This quaint little design was considered important enough for the engraver’s name to appear in the corner. It was of Philadelphia origin.

To return to the monuments: The shaft of varying heights, alike on its four sides and placed on a substantial base was the favorite style of memorial erected in the early development of the cemetery by those who could afford the more costly forms, white marble being used almost exclusively. A number of handsome structures of this kind are now to be seen, the most conspicuous being those of William H. English, and John C. New, though there are several of noticeable grace—the

unadorned slenderness of the Eddy shaft for example. The flag draped shaft of moderate height at the grave of General Jefferson C. Davis is noticeable for its artistic beauty.

The fancy for these high shafts seems now to have passed and perhaps it is well from an artistic standpoint that they are not more numerous, but as they stand at present they add to the beauty of the place as their white columns gleam high among the trees. There has for a long time been a tendency to the erection of low-standing monuments of styles varied in accord with individual fancies. They may be of white marble or of red or gray granite, or Indiana limestone. They may be square and solid, of conventional shape, or they may have but one polished side, the rest in the rough; here and there a lot owner has chosen a large native boulder for his central stone. Merely the family name may be inscribed on the monument or there may be individual names and inscriptions. But the preference seems to incline to markers for the single names. The effect of this plan is far more pleasing than the old time fashion of a separate upright slab for each person.

The number of mausoleums—tombs above ground—is increasing and, scattered at irregular intervals as they are, they add an element of stateliness to the city of the dead. It is related by a member of the late Mrs. Adolph Schellschmidt's family that she was the first person to introduce the stone-lined grave into Crown Hill. She had the European idea of burying the dead in mausoleums, but as that was not possible for her to arrange at the time, she conceived the idea that a stone-lined grave would serve as a substitute. Accordingly, at the burial of a son in 1886 she found a



stone-cutter to carry out her plan and for several years this grave was the only one of its kind in the cemetery; but as time went on such places of interment became numerous. Later, cement took the place of stone. Mrs. Schellschmidt took a great interest in the beautifying of the cemetery and is said to have planted the noticeably beautiful tree that stands in Section 18.

Elaborate epitaphs are less numerous than in an earlier time in proportion to numbers. In fact, they are exceptional on the newer monuments. Where they appear they are usually brief scriptural quotations—"He giveth His beloved sleep," "She hath done what she could," "The memory of the just is blessed,"—the little comforting words to which yearning humanity clings in its dark hours.

There are other changes in mortuary matters—in the undertaker's equipment for one thing. It is long since it was the chief object of the average undertaker to own a hearse of a blackness hardly to be described—a black without glint of gloss, a hopeless dull black such as seemed suited to the expression of deepest woe. That hearse was surmounted by tall plumes of equal blackness and was drawn by black horses.

As time went on hearses lost their depth of darkness and were enlivened by brilliant polish. Plumes vanished also. The white hearse came into use for children's funerals and the color relieved a little of the gloom of occasions that must always be tragic above all others to the bereaved.

Hearses with horses attached moved slowly on the way to the cemetery as be seemed the dignity and solemnity of such occasions. Nor, though there was a hastening of movement in going back, was there anything that could be truthfully called speed, and the

deliberate pace strained nerves of the sorrowful passengers, already at the breaking point. James Whitcomb Riley understood the feeling:

"A thing that's 'bout 'as trying as a healthy man can meet  
Is some poor feller's funeral a-joggin' 'long the street:  
The slow hearse and the horses—slow enough to say the least,  
Fer to even tax the patience of the gentleman deceased!  
The slow crunch of the gravel and the slow grind of the wheels—  
The slow, slow go of every woe that everybody feels,  
So I ruther like the contrast when I hear the whiplash crack  
A quickstep for the horses  
When the  
Hearse  
Comes  
Back."

Then came the time when horses were dispensed with and the sacred dead were carried to their last resting place in motor hearses. Many persons felt a shock when they noted this innovation. They were used to private motor cars and they had moved slowly in them behind horse-drawn hearses, but a hearse that could, and did, travel swiftly going out and coming back—ah, that was change indeed! But who is the worse for it?

Even personal habiliments of woe have seen great modification. Voluminous draperies of crape are yet seen, but they are the exception. Even widows refuse to wear heavy black garments and lugubrious veils. They may don black of an inconspicuous sort for a time to meet lingering conventional opinion perhaps, but they do not continue it for life, knowing as they do that the garments do not lessen their grief, but, rather, intensify it and that the sight of them is depressing to their families and friends. Common sense reigns in that direction.





The Main Entrance

Meanwhile Indianapolis began the growth that has transformed it from a country town to the largest inland city of the United States. With about 18,000 inhabitants in 1860, the census of 1870 showed 48,000 and in 1875 there was an estimated population of 75,000. This meant that by the inevitable law that death keeps pace with life, a corresponding demand came for space for the "low green tents" in "God's acre." It is Longfellow who says:

"I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls  
The burial ground, God's acre! 'Tis just;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust."

The citizens of the town who had criticized the corporators for their purchase of the large acreage, saying it never would be needed, now began to see the wisdom of the course; also they ceased to grumble about the distance from the city. It was long before car service was established, it is true, but as street extensions began in that direction and new streets to open; when the "Westfield Pike" became Illinois Street out to what was later Thirty-fourth Street and the Crown Hill Corporation opened a lane to what has become its main entrance, the situation was changed. Driving was more direct and the distance shorter; there was at least a spasmodic attempt on the part of enterprising livery men to conduct an omnibus service.

A new attitude toward the cemetery had come about. It began to have associations, to develop what might correspond to a personality. To the people who had lain their dead under its sod, it became a sacred place; while those who, wandering about its fair spaces, found everywhere names of those they had known—neighbors, friends of past days, men and



women who had been a part of the community, an element in their own lives—these visitors had the sense of a peopled space, a spot where despite any questioning thoughts they may have had of the world to come, lingered yet something of the personality of the men and women they had known in active life. They did not think of the poor worn out mortal body of the one by whose tomb they paused, but of the one who had cast it aside and—gone on. Briefly, it became a place of shrines.

To a man who had been expressing his skepticism as to the “going on” to a friend in the hearing of a child who was supposed to be occupied with his own affairs and anyway “would not understand,” so little do their elders comprehend the mind of childhood—to this man came his young son later: “Why, father, don’t you know,” he said wonderingly, “that there is a natural body and a spiritual body? Mother says so.”

The father, startled and rebuked, could only stammer:

“What do you know, son, about a spiritual body?”

“Why its the ‘me’ in me, father,—it’s what thinks and makes my natural body do things, and some day when we get old I won’t need the natural body any more—and—and—”

“And what?”

“Why, we’ll all of us be able to float or fly, we’ll be so light and we’ll go into a different world where there won’t be any poor lame bodies. It will be fine,” added the child carelessly, as if he had been talking of any daily matter of fact.

The father could neither set himself above St. Paul, the great interpreter, or above “mother,” and could

only say, as the child turned to his play, "It's a great thing, son. Don't forget it."

Within two decades Crown Hill became a place of history. Generals, colonels and other officers of the Civil War, shaken by the war more than any one realized, died, some of them prematurely, so far as age was concerned. Many privates went, too, in the early years after the war. "Shell shock" as a cause of disability was not heard of then, nor was war shock really the right name; but war shock existed, and why not?

Taken, the great majority of them, from the routine of quiet lives, knowing nothing of rigid military discipline and little of real hardship, the Civil War soldiers were hurried into a service that meant long marches, often scant rations for a considerable period, insufficient equipment, at least in the first year or two of the war, and into battles and bitter fighting for which they had had little training. Our troops in the World War had their troubles, but science, not developed in the sixties, and a limited territory in which the battles were fought worked for them and made their condition widely different from that experienced by Civil War soldiers.

In these two decades a number of the men in civil life who had done much for the development of the capital city, came to the end of their years, strengthening the bonds between the city in the valley, as Indianapolis was sometimes called, and the city of the hill.

The cemetery had become a place in which the people felt a pride. They followed the old custom of little towns and brought their visitors out to see it. One visitor is on record as saying, when something was said about his entertainment: "If you are thinking of taking me to Crown Hill, please don't. I have been

there five times already since I came!" There were no parks in those early days; the country roads were seldom in condition to invite pleasure driving, and Crown Hill was sought, not necessarily because it was a cemetery, but because it was a beautiful spot. And though it may be suggestive of the old village fashion of taking visitors to the graveyard, Indianapolis people still include Crown Hill in their drives when they have out-of-town visitors because they are proud of it and think it a place worth seeing.

In 1875 the board of directors arranged for the building of a needed vault and a chapel, and adopted the plans and specifications for the structure designed by Mr. D. A. Bohlen, a well-known Indianapolis architect of that period. The result is the picturesque Gothic structure of stone near the center of the cemetery, its ivy covered walls, from the tender green of spring to the bronze reds of fall, adding to the picture. In this chapel funeral services may be held, and bodies temporarily placed in its receiving vault. The statistical information is that the cost of the chapel was about thirty thousand dollars—a sum that would be far too small for the erection of such a building today, no doubt.

A great addition to the cemetery was the stately stone gateway at the east entrance and its iron gates—both conspicuously beautiful in design and adding much to the dignity of the approach. They are together a real work of art and were designed and built by Mr. Adolph Scherer, an Indianapolis architect, whose death took place in 1925. Completion was hastened at the last in order to admit the funeral procession of Vice-President Hendricks—the first to pass through the new gates.



The Ivy Clad Chapel





The west gate now used was built in 1900. It was designed by Mr. Herbert Foltz, an Indianapolis architect. It is of good but more simple design than the east gate, is well suited to its purpose, with the accompanying waiting and office space, and as it is likely to be permanently used as a secondary entrance, or perhaps exit, for funerals will probably continue to enter by the east gate, it is admirably adapted to this service.

A comparatively recent improvement apart from the work constantly going on in the development of new sections of the ground and the care of the landscape gardening features, is the erection of a strikingly handsome fence about the cemetery tract. The original fence of high wooden palings was serviceable, but not decorative. This new fence has both merits. It is high enough and substantial enough to discourage any one seeking irregular entrance, yet has none of the forbidding suggestions of a solid wall.

Not many years of the cemetery's life passed before anecdotes began to accumulate, most of them based on fact, a few perhaps mythical.

There is the story of the burial of a dog on one owner's lot—a true story. There is in fact more than one such true story. The Rev. Oscar C. McCulloch's dog is buried at his feet. Dr. Sollis Runnels also is said to have a dog buried on his lot. The Rev. Myron Reed's dog probably found a grave in Denver. The first incident of the kind that became known created quite a ripple of disapproving criticism. It must not happen again, said shocked and fastidious people of this one true animal friend of man, and a rule was promptly passed by the management against it. It would have jarred upon the prejudices of too many people to do otherwise. People who own dogs have a different feel-

ing. Who that has had the companionship of a faithful dog—it is really companionship with an understanding dog—has not mourned the loss of the animal almost as if he were a human member of the household? Who has not wondered, as he looked at the questioning eyes of a dog, what he would say if he could speak?

Once upon a time one of the most brilliant ministers Indianapolis has known—why not name him?—the Reverend Myron W. Reed—owned a dog, or partially owned him, a liver-and-white spotted animal of dejected and unattractive appearance whose charm was not evident to others than its owner. But that dog was dear to Mr. Reed and he was heard to say more than once and more than half in earnest, that he expected—not merely hoped, but expected—to meet the dog on the other side. Does it transcend the proprieties of this record to fancy that gifted but rather lonely soul, weary at times of angelic society, seeking a solitary path in the happy hunting grounds accompanied by the joyous shade of his loved dog? It is entirely irrelevant to this narrative, but may not be uninteresting to recall that the dog's name was Spot, and he was jointly owned and esteemed by Mr. Reed and the late William Pinckney Fishback, and when his presence was not desired he was addressed by them with a quotation from Macbeth: "Out, dam-ned Spot!"

There are stories of women who have lost their way among the winding paths and have suffered hysterical fright on finding themselves locked in and the attendants gone when they finally reached the gates. Doubtless these happenings have occurred more than once, but one time may be multiplied by rumor into many and rumor into tradition, yet nothing more serious than fright could happen, since night watchmen regu-

larly patrol the grounds and would escort the bewildered one to freedom. The gate keepers take pains to notify late visitors to the cemetery of the hour for closing and keep them in mind as the time approaches. One authentic case, and probably the most serious one in the history of the cemetery occurred twenty years or more ago, when a young widow with a baby in her arms, a stranger in the place, was unable to find an exit. Her wanderings finally took her to the north boundary of the cemetery, through a district but little improved and containing a large tract of natural forest. She reached the fence facing on what is now Thirty-eighth Street—a well-lighted boulevard—then a country road, unlighted and but little traveled, especially at night. That there must have been some passers by is a natural inference. Probably there were, but what man, on a dark night, passing a cemetery surrounded by a fence he cannot climb, will stop to investigate the cause of a wail from within? Even priding himself on his lack of superstition, will he not go hurrying by with a shuddering thought of a banshee? They found the woman and her child when daylight came, the child, at least, none the worse for the experience.

An intelligent, faithful colored man, one of the cemetery's night watchmen and an old acquaintance of the compiler of this chronicle, being asked if he recalled any events of interest in his experience replied that in his twenty-two years of service in patrolling the grounds, always with a lantern, he had never seen anything to cause him to have fear of the city of the dead. The inquiry had reference to possible felonious entrance into the place for grave robbing purpose—a crime that was once not infrequent in small cemeteries,

but has never, it appears, been attempted in Crown Hill. The watchman, however, evidently interpreted the question to relate to supernatural events, for, after reflection, he told this story, which is here given in his own words:

“At one time we (the watchmen) had each a Scotch collie dog. My dog’s name was Shep. Shep generally walked behind me, but when he and I started out one very dark night he was in front of me a few paces. All at once he stepped aside as though letting some one pass. I felt a warm air touch me, but whoever Shep saw that night I did not see. He stepped back into our path again, so by his actions we were probably not alone on our route.”

There is a story told briefly that includes much. What words of comment could add to it?

Bits of information come from other authorities in position to know the facts. For example, the largest Masonic funeral held in Crown Hill up to that time was that of Colonel Nicholas Ruckle, a Civil War veteran, a Mason of high degree and possessing many friends.

As time went on Crown Hill came to be the last home of a great part of the population of the Indianapolis of the sixties. At first each year added but a score or so to the number brought there, but the list steadily grew longer until the average of yearly interments is now more than two thousand and the total reaches nearly eighty thousand—truly a city of the dead. Those who wander through the older sections find old familiar names on every hand—members of three generations on many a lot. It is a common thing to hear an elderly citizen say that he has more friends in Crown Hill than in the city of the living which has stretched out until it has grown beyond and sur-

rounded the place of the dead. Nowhere could Lowell's lines be more fitting than in Crown Hill where people who came early to Indianapolis, continued their lives there, as their children and children's children did after them, and one by one were laid to sleep at last among their neighbors:

"As life runs on, the road grows strange  
With faces new—and near the end  
The milestones into headstones change  
'Neath every one a friend."

This is why Crown Hill is dear to thousands; it is why they drive often through its winding roads; it is why, preferably, they ramble over the grassy plats, a name here bringing a pleasant memory of one whose living presence brought good cheer, another name there of one whose friendship was a thing to cherish. They pause, too, where one sleeps whose name brings no personal associations, but who was an element in the growth of Indianapolis recognized by all. Little do men and women, active in the life of a community, realize how well they are known or how highly esteemed by fellow citizens with whom they have no personal acquaintance; nor do they guess how long a memory or consciousness of their personality lingers after they are gone. As one Indianapolis woman remarked, "For an old resident like myself, it is like renewing acquaintances and friendships to wander about Crown Hill." A name on a handsome monument may recall an orator's speech on a notable occasion and an utterance in it that made a lasting impression. It is really a public address of moment which contains a lasting thought.

Nearby a stately monument may be the low headstone of one who served her fellow beings in humble



ways, faithfully, tirelessly, and with a cheerfulness that made her always welcome—a woman whose virtues were not fully appreciated when there was time to prove to her in life the regard in which she was held. Her like is not often found and she has been deeply missed and mourned. Across from her is the name of a woman of high social standing whose friends knew that under a surface of calm and serenity she bore a heavy load of care and anxiety yet never murmured—an example of proud endurance that few so burdened could follow. A few steps farther on is the tomb of the merchant one had known pleasantly in business life for many years. It is not in social life only, perhaps not mainly, that the traveler on earth's highway learns to know best the quality and character of his fellow pilgrims. At another turn is the resting place of a little woman whose patient eyes in life had been wont to flash at times with a strange, eager youthfulness—a widow who through toilsome years had brought her three children to promising maturity. When the eldest son became a wanderer over the earth—now a sailor, now adventuring into Central Africa, now joining a polar expedition—not to a word of blame that he did not stay with his mother and care for her would she listen.

“I could have kept him here,” she said, “but I would not. He wanted to go. He was born with the wandering foot. You did not know that I had it too,” she added with a little laugh. “I knew what it meant to wish to go, go, go. I have felt it all my life. And I have stayed here because of my children and have been nowhere. That is why, when I had time to read at all, I read the books of travel and adventure over which you used to wonder.

"People forget," she went on, "that a woman is often more the daughter of her father than of her mother. My grandfather was an early pioneer, his father was an explorer; my father was a man who could not be contented to remain long in one place, but continually 'moved on.' It is a fever in the blood. How could I, who had known the fever too, be cruel enough to hold my son?"

She might have added that it was a woman who wrote a poem of action in which is this line:

"A short life in the saddle, Lord; not long life by the fire!"

So one may go straying among the homes of the departed—age and those in the so-called prime of life side by side with youth. "Whom the gods love die young. O bright elect!" The visitor if he is in touch with the spirit of the place is not sad. He may not reflect that he has in a sense experienced at least an echo of old companionships, but he is the better for the thought of them and he is glad that nature and art have done so much for the last resting place of his own loved ones and his friends. For though that which reposes there is only the mortal clothing of the soul that is man, it has served its part and deserves honor. Therefore he is glad as he looks at the flickering shadows of the leaves over the sod where the sleepers lie. He is glad of the splendid trees that help to make the place beautiful. He sees the grace of a slender marble shaft and the artistic beauty of a guardian angel surmounting another shaft. He understands the sorrow that inspired the creation of the bronze figure of hopeless grief, admired by many, though he may not accept hopelessness as a proper symbol. He likes the fitness of the simple monument that marks the grave

of a man who stood "four square" to the world. He can look upon the white walls and fine architectural lines of a mausoleum, not as a memento mori, but as a piece of human handiwork well adapted to its purpose. He can complete his walk, not oppressed with gloom, but with a peaceful sense that, after all, mother earth is kind and the knowledge that he will be taken to her bosom in fair Crown Hill when his time comes is not a sorrowful thought.

## THE DISTINGUISHED DEAD AN OBJECTION ANSWERED

A good man said when the subject of this chapter was casually mentioned in his hearing, “‘Distinguished dead’! Why say it? There are no such. There is neither high nor low when we enter the last resting place. Death levels all. It is for the Lord, not man, to judge us then and to say, ‘Stand here, or stand there.’ ”

All of this may be true, but it is not all of the truth. All that one can do in taking the measure of his fellow beings is to note the place they have reached in their earthly life. One does not estimate moral and spiritual qualities except as they are indicated by the general acts and achievements of their lives. These may or may not seem to have been based on the highest principles of conduct, but if a man’s career has been such as to win for him a more than common degree of public interest, attention and approval, he has done that which distinguishes him. Has he made a discovery in science? Has he reached a high place in political life and shown powers of statesmanship and leadership? Has he risen in his profession above the common level? Has he written a great book or painted great pictures? Has he been a popular orator or actor? Has he shown heroism in war—or in civil life, where to be brave is sometimes more difficult than in battle? In short, has he left an outstanding honorable record?

It is not such men alone that make the record of a community—far from it. The great majority of com-

monplace, every day citizens who do not seek celebrity, whose lives do not call for great deeds, but who perform their duties to family and neighbors honestly and justly according to the light that is theirs—these as a body make the character of a town or city.

The history of Indianapolis shows that the light which has been given to its people has been fairly clear and illuminative, but who shall say that it has not been the easier to follow because of the high standards set by many leaders? It is by the number and character of its leading and prominent men that the standards and quality of a community are largely judged by the outside world.

An Indiana visitor at a convention of librarians in a southern city in 1922 reports that a speaker of the occasion made the statement—in what connection is not recalled—that Crown Hill Cemetery at Indianapolis contains a greater number of distinguished dead than any other burial ground in the United States. This, of course, is an assertion that could hardly be verified owing to the differing definitions that might be given to the term “distinguished.” No one, however, at all familiar with Indianapolis history can, in wandering among the quiet paths of this city of the dead, fail to be impressed by the number of men and women whose names and whose fame, for one creditable cause and another, went beyond the boundaries of their city and state, some to high and lasting distinction.

In the enumeration and comment that follow here no attempt is made to offer a complete list of those whose work and services have been of more than ordinary importance or value or prominence. That would be impossible. Crown Hill is truly a city of the dead;



nearly eighty thousand people now, in 1926, sleep their last sleep under its green sod. Each and every Indianapolis reader of these pages may discover omissions. The list offered is made up of those who were known to the compiler of this record through printed historical annals, through the reminiscences of those who had known them and through the compiler's personal acquaintance. In addition to these sources of information is a curious merging of the pioneer history of Indianapolis with the later periods, a sort of lingering influence or atmosphere of a past time that makes it seem hardly possible for a newcomer to the city long to remain in ignorance of the past.

At least, if a personal note may be permitted, that has been the experience of the writer. Coming to Indianapolis from another state many years ago, an entire stranger, with no knowledge of the history of the town and a youthful indifference to it, it seems, in looking back, but a little time before the old names took their place in the consciousness; individuals, gone to their reward, stood out as personalities who had been a part of the community hardly less distinct in character than those who yet lived. All this still without effort or the exercise of curiosity on the stranger's part. It was as if it were a knowledge absorbed from the atmosphere, from the composite personality or character of the community.

As years went on the knowledge extended to include marriages and inter-marriages among old families and newcomers, the notable achievements of people of the day until past and present of Indianapolis merged into a fabric that, like a mental background, was the city. There is of course the simple explanation of these involuntarily acquired impres-

sions. The Capital of the State a hundred years ago was a little village in a swampy clearing. Most of the settlers then and for years after were young. The generations lapped. Children and grandchildren yet living "carry on" the influence of the pioneers, inherit their characteristics, quote their wisdom, honor their names. Is it a wonder that the stranger should come to feel that the town had a distinctive character? Perhaps today when the population is large the newcomer does not so readily feel the local character and characteristics as in the seventies and eighties. Yet after all much of the old Indianapolis remains.

## NATIONAL FIGURES

Where to begin is the question. Names as they come to mind seem to present themselves in groups. Men in political life, military men, religious leaders, physicians, writers, both men and women, teachers, social workers—these and others not readily classified make a formidable list.

It may be well to take first those who were most prominent in the public life of city, state and nation, not in chronological order of their services, but their achievements, their character and influence as it has been given to the judgment of their contemporaries, their associates and those who have come later to estimate them.

In official rank, as worldly honors go, Benjamin Harrison comes first. He had the experience in earlier years of the average American of his day, knowing neither poverty nor riches. He had the benefit of the best educational advantages obtainable near his home at the time, becoming a graduate of Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, and gaining his legal training in Cincinnati. If there is anything in ancestry, and there is, of course, his inheritance was of the best America could give. A great-grandson of Benjamin Harrison, signer of the Declaration of Independence; grandson of William Henry Harrison, Governor of Indiana Territory, soldier, Indian fighter and President of the United States; son of John Scott Harrison, who, without reaching especial distinction in life, was a respected and honorable citizen of his state (Ohio), and was a Whig member of Congress for two terms. Benjamin

had a lineage on which, notwithstanding the melancholy theme of what is said to have been Lincoln's favorite poem, "O Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" he could at least reflect with satisfaction.

Benjamin Harrison came to Indianapolis and entered into law practice, soon attracting attention to his professional ability. He was made official reporter of the Supreme Court by election in 1860, but soon gave up that office to become a soldier. He was among the first to enlist. He commanded the Seventieth Indiana regiment as colonel until his promotion as brigadier general and was greatly liked by his men. He made a fine military record, serving with especial distinction at Peach Tree Creek and also at Nashville. On his return to Indianapolis he resumed the practice of law and was long regarded as one of the ablest and most successful lawyers of the State. He served in the United States Senate from 1881 to 1887 where he was prominent as a debater. He was at the time of his election to the Presidency in 1888 one of the most finished orators of the United States and his extemporaneous campaign speeches, made day after day, half a dozen a day, to visiting delegations, with a special fitness for each group, were a revelation to the nation. In clearness of thought, variety of theme, grace of diction, ease of delivery, they have not been equaled in any presidential campaign before or since.

General Harrison's administration was wise and able. Numerous difficult problems came up for settlement, especially in the diplomatic field, entire responsibility falling upon him in numerous instances, it is said, owing to the disability of his Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine.

General Harrison was of a reserved nature and

lacking in the quality known as personal magnetism, which means in fact a social gift that wins friends on all sides. This caused him often to be misunderstood and to be regarded as cold and unsympathetic—some said aristocratic—whereas the reverse was true. His reticence with strangers was not unlike that of President Coolidge. Gifted as an orator, a brave soldier, a wise statesman when statesmanship was needed, and noted among lawyers for his tactfulness in handling his cases in court, General Harrison was nevertheless the least spectacular of men. Of quiet tastes and lofty principles, he lived the simple life of a good citizen, a good neighbor, a man equal to every emergency all along the way from youth to the presidency, and he came nearer than most men to filling the role of the ideal American.

Serious and methodical in his goings to and fro in life he was not a man to whom anecdotes attached themselves. This was illustrated in the experience of the writer of this sketch. Assigned during the General's campaign for the Presidency to collect a group of anecdotes of the lighter order for a New York paper, an industrious canvassing of a large number of his professional brethren and other friends and acquaintances disclosed the fact that humorous stories were not associated with him. He was respected and admired by most persons interviewed, but there was a singular lack of humorous or picturesque incident, of anecdotes of any sort, for that matter. Nearly all the material obtained came from a lawyer of high standing, who frankly admitted that he was not Harrison's friend, but said he could not be other than fair, and thereupon gave reminiscences that were not only friendly in tone, but appreciative of the General's fine qualities.



No adequate biography of President Harrison has been written, but it is perhaps just as well that the work should await a time when the friction of political life, its passions and passing prejudices shall have taken their unimportant place and the true estimate of the man will be possible and will show him to have ranked high among our presidents for his intellectual qualities, his unimpeachable moral character and wise statesmanship. Even today biographies of some of the early presidents are being published that give a clearer idea of these men than do the books written before life's mists had cleared away.

General Harrison sleeps his last sleep on the east slope of the hill that gives the cemetery its name. At his head is a simple granite slab in keeping with his unpretentious life. On it is inscribed:

BENJAMIN HARRISON

August 20, 1833

March 1, 1901

Lawyer and Publicist

Colonel 70th Regiment Ind. Volunteers

1861-1865

Brevetted Brigadier General 1865

U. S. Senator 1881-1887

President 1889-1893

Statesman, yet friend to man:

Of soul sincere

In action faithful and

In honor clear.

Next in order of official standing are Vice-Presidents. Three rest in Crown Hill.

Thomas A. Hendricks was the first to find a place there. He died during the first year in the Vice-Presidential office, but the career that caused him to be known and fixed his status as a political leader was

made long before that time. His record was in some respects parallel to that of Benjamin Harrison. Like him he was of Ohio birth and came to Indiana in early manhood. Like him he soon established himself as a lawyer of ability and a man who took an active interest in politics. Like Harrison he became a leader of his party and they opposed each other as speakers in many campaigns. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1848 and to Congress in 1850 and 1852. He was a candidate for Governor in 1860, but was defeated. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1863—the election then being made by the Legislature. He was again defeated for the governorship, but was elected to the office in 1872. He was nominated for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with Tilden, and was again nominated for that office in 1884 with Grover Cleveland, and was elected.

This record might seem to indicate that politics was Mr. Hendricks's chief interest, but though political campaigns seem of rather abnormal frequency in Indiana even now, and in the middle nineteenth century were periods of high pressure and often dramatic, they did not prevent Mr. Hendricks from taking active part in a prosperous law firm or from performing the duties of a good citizen.

Mr. Hendricks was an urbane gentleman who made few enemies. Of high personal character, dignified bearing, and courteous and kindly manner, with a face that bore the impress of intellectual power, he was a man in whom Indiana people regardless of party felt a definite pride of possession, and there was sincere and general mourning when he died.

Political parties came often to Indiana for vice-presidential candidates. Four of them were fortunate

enough to be elected; three were on tickets that were defeated. The next successful one to follow Mr. Hendricks was Charles W. Fairbanks, who was elected to the second office of the nation on the ticket with Theodore Roosevelt in 1904.

Mr. Fairbanks was born in 1852 on a farm near Unionville Center, Ohio, a descendant of one of the first settlers of Dedham, Mass. He was educated at Ohio Wesleyan University and after his graduation in 1872, studied law. He came to Indianapolis in 1874 and entered into practice. He was successful in his profession and being fortunate in his investments, he became a wealthy man comparatively early in life. For some years before his death he was chief owner of the Indianapolis News. Always actively interested in politics, and well-known throughout the State, he was elected in 1897 to the United States Senate by the Indiana Legislature. In 1903 he was re-elected to the Senate, but in 1904 resigned from that office, having been elected to the Vice-Presidency. At the expiration of his term he returned to private life and took up his residence again in Indianapolis, where he died in 1918.

Mr. Fairbanks was a man of much dignity and self-possession, yet affable and agreeable in manner. He was a forcible and logical talker, and though not an orator in the accepted sense was in demand up to the end of his life as a public speaker when a formal address was desired. He was a prominent layman in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

When Thomas Riley Marshall was elected Governor of Indiana in 1908 he was probably less well known to the people of the State than any man who had been chosen for that office before him. He had the distinction of being the first man to go direct from private life

to the highest office in the State without any intermediate steps. He had been a candidate but once before in his career, when in 1880 he was induced to take the nomination for prosecuting attorney in his district. He was defeated.

He was well known in legal circles in the State, for though he took up his residence in the small town of Columbia City and maintained his home there until called to official life, his practice extended over much of Northern Indiana. It was said of him at the time of his nomination for the office of governor that he served corporations and all other clients alike and was not of the sort to forget principle and duty to his fellow men in furtherance of the interest of a corporate client who "seeks to array greed against public interest." That this estimate was accurate was proved by his freedom from unfair party bias when he was in office and his genuine independence and democratic spirit. It was also said of him at that time that he had been an important factor in many of the most famous criminal trials in his part of the State.

It is probably true, too, that no governor while in office gained the friendship and favor of all classes of people regardless of party so rapidly as Mr. Marshall. When he was placed by the Democratic convention on the presidential ticket with Woodrow Wilson there was sincere gratification among his Republican friends, knowing as they did that the division in the Republican party would in all likelihood insure the election of that ticket.

It is probable that never were two men on the same presidential ticket more widely unlike in character, experience and temperament than Mr. Marshall and Mr. Wilson. They had little in common and it was

perhaps more the natural differences between the two that kept them from more than purely formal affiliation than any purpose on the part of either not to seek close relations.

Unpretentious, unaffected by Washington life, approachable, with a Western friendliness of manner, yet never without dignity, Mr. Marshall presided over the United States Senate for eight years and lived the quiet life of a Vice-President in a way that gained for him honor and friends.

To know Mr. Marshall as he was, man and Governor and Vice-President, there is no better way than to read his book of "Recollections" published shortly after his death. It is a delightful volume and its special charm is the way in which a fine character is unconsciously disclosed. The book is full of anecdotes of life in Indiana, of his experiences as governor of the State and later of his life in Washington for eight years as Vice-President, all mingled with philosophical observations, humorous comment, serious reflections on matters relating to the war and to matters in general. It was an especially difficult time for Mr. Marshall during the last sixteen months of the term when for much of the time President Wilson's life hung in the balance. There can be no doubt of the truth of the Vice-President's assertion that he never wished to succeed his chief, but under the circumstances he was afraid to ask about the President's health (the facts about which were concealed by the doctors) for fear some censorious soul would accuse him of a longing for his place. Men who came to know Mr. Marshall well believe that if the test had come and it had been necessary for him to fill out the presidential term, he would have been equal to the situation. They knew



the sternness of his integrity, the common sense that actuated him and the high principles that formed the basis of his character. He was a true American gentleman of the type that has gone to the making of Indiana and the nation.

Mr. Marshall was born in North Manchester, Wabash County, Indiana, on the fourteenth of March, 1854, a son of Dr. Daniel M. and Martha E. Patterson Marshall. On both sides he was descended from families who figured in our national history in the colonial period. John Marshall, famous Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was his grand uncle. His grandfather, Riley Marshall, was founder of the family in Indiana and was a pioneer in Randolph County. Thomas R. Marshall was an only son. His educational training was in the public school and at Wabash College. He was a graduate of the class of 1873.

A man who is sufficiently prominent to be chosen by a national political party as its candidate for high office is distinguished above the great majority of his fellow citizens and his name becomes for a time a household word and is entered in historical annals even though his ticket be defeated. Three Indiana men who each received a nomination from his party for the Vice-Presidency but were not elected have found their last home in Crown Hill.

The first of these was George W. Julian, a radical of his time, an abolitionist when to advocate the banishment of slavery was to court opposition and unpopularity, not always because people disagreed with him, but often because cautious and conservative members of the community feared that trouble might arise from agitation of the subject. Julian was not politic;

what he thought, he said, and his speeches directed toward his opponents, the chief of whom was Oliver P. Morton, were vitriolic, it is related. They were rivals in the political field. Both were from Wayne County and their political controversies are reported to have been fiery.

Mr. Julian served one term in Congress previous to 1850. In 1852 he was nominated by the Free Soil party as its candidate for the Vice-Presidency, with John P. Hale of New Hampshire as the head of the ticket. Public opinion was not ready at the time for a fight against slavery and the Free Soilers had not even one electoral vote.

Mr. Julian was far ahead of his time in many of the opinions he expressed and was impatient because people were slow to adopt his views. Some of them, however, were soon advocated by the new Republican party. He lived long enough to see radicalism of speech go much beyond any dream of his—speech that must have shocked him with its unsoundness. His was a voice of truth crying in the wilderness so far as slavery was concerned, but to many who heard his speeches in the early day they seemed as dangerous as bolshevism is to the normal American today.

Mr. Julian spent his last years in Indianapolis in semi-retirement, having long outlived the most of his early political associates and opponents.

William H. English was a man of influence in Indiana for many years. Born in Scott County, he always lived in the State and was devoted to its interests. He received a college education and studied law, but like most lawyers in the State at that time he gave much attention to politics. He was a member and secretary of the Constitutional Convention of 1851, the

constitution then adopted being still the organic law of the State. He was a member of the first Legislature that assembled under this constitution, and was Speaker of the House. In 1852 he was elected to Congress and served his district for four terms. He was a member of the committee on territories, then very important because of the slavery question. Kansas wished to come in as a State and a territorial legislature had adopted a pro-slavery constitution. Mr. English opposed his party on this question. There was a great controversy over the subject in Congress and out. He became the author of a bill requiring the ratification or rejection of the proposed constitution by a vote of the people of the State and it became a law. The people of Kansas rejected the constitution offered and a new one was adopted that made the new State free territory. This act, in antagonizing the leaders of his party, indicated Mr. English's possession of courage and independence and gave him much prestige with thinking people.

Mr. English was with that branch of his party known as "War Democrats" and was of much service to Governor Morton in procuring the funds for financing that large division of war work—the enlistment, equipping and transporting of troops—which fell to Indiana. After the war he devoted himself to business and established a reputation as a financier of ability. In 1880 he was nominated by his party for Vice-President with General Hancock, and in the campaign he made a favorable impression on the public. He was a man of strong character and much deferred to in business and politics. He spent much time in his later years in gathering historical material relating to the State and compiled and published two volumes entitled

“Conquest of Territory North of Ohio River.” It was his intention to assemble the matter “in the rough,” so to speak, to serve the use of future historians.

John C. Kern was the vice-presidential nominee of his party in 1908 on the ticket with William Jennings Bryan. In 1911 he was elected to the Senate of the United States and was made floor leader on the Democratic side of that body in 1913—showing a rapid recognition of his peculiar talents. He died while in office and was sincerely mourned, not only by his colleagues but by a host of friends in Indiana. He was widely known, for he had been reporter of the Supreme Court, twice candidate for the governorship, a member of the State Senate, and had figured as speaker in many campaigns. He was companionable, and made friends easily. Witty and keen in argument, he was much sought after as a speaker. Mr. Kern was of Holland-Dutch descent, his first ancestor in this country having settled in Pennsylvania in 1750.

On a central knoll in the cemetery, near neighbor to high marble shafts and costly tombs is a gray sandstone mausoleum that might easily be passed without attracting attention. But it has unusual historic interest. On it is carved the name “Caleb B. Smith” and the date, “1864,” but unless they are especially well versed in local and national history to younger Indianapolis visitors, glancing at the quaint structure, looking more ancient than it is and carrying an Egyptian suggestiveness, the name would convey no information. Yet Caleb B. Smith, for whose last resting place it was built, had the distinguished honor not only of being the first Presidential cabinet member from Indiana, but of being in Abraham Lincoln’s Cabinet.

Smith was a native of Massachusetts, born in 1808. His father having moved to Ohio, the son was educated at Miami University, and after studying law he went to Connersville, Indiana, and soon established himself as a lawyer of ability. He entered politics early and was elected to the State Legislature in 1833 and again in 1836, at the latter session being made Speaker of the House. In 1842 he was elected to Congress and served until 1849. He was a member of the commission to settle the Mexican claims arising under the treaty of peace with that country. At the conclusion of the labors of the commission he became interested for some time in railroad building, but later resumed the practice of his profession. Yet at no time did he lose interest in politics and became known all over Indiana as an orator whom people delighted to hear. He had a reputation as an orator beyond the boundaries of the State and one biographer says of him that he was "one of the most fascinating stump speakers the State has produced." Fine oratory was perhaps more in demand in those days than now for the reason that few of the speeches were published by newspapers. Another historian describes Smith's influence over juries as "almost magical." Oliver H. Smith, in whose office in Connersville Caleb began his law practice (they were not relatives), says that he was one of the most eloquent and powerful stump speakers in the United States.

Governor Morton appointed Mr. Smith as a member of the peace conference called by the General Assembly of Virginia for the purpose, if possible, of adjusting the controversies between the North and South before actual war should come. The Governor had objected to the plan, but the Legislature had ac-



cepted the invitation and attempted to take the appointment of delegates out of his hands. This it could not do, and he of course selected men in sympathy with his own policies, Smith being among them.

Mr. Smith had been an elector from Indiana after the election of William Henry Harrison to the presidency in 1840 and figured again in presidential politics when he became a delegate to the Chicago convention in 1860 and worked for Lincoln. He also made campaign speeches in his behalf. The story goes that he and Lincoln, who were in Congress at the same time, formed a warm personal friendship which was never broken. This and his campaign services led President Lincoln to select him as Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Smith, however, proved, according to account, to be lacking in administrative ability and after a year in the Cabinet was transferred to the District of Indiana as Federal judge. He lived about a year after the transfer, dying suddenly in the court room on January 7, 1864.

The foregoing is the outline of Caleb B. Smith's life but there is a strange supplementary chapter.

The mausoleum described, bearing his name cut in the stone, with the date, 1864, does not include his body among its occupants and so far as known, never did.

As previously related, Crown Hill Cemetery was not open for burial until six months after his death and the published record of the funeral shows that the body was placed in a vault in old Greenlawn burying ground—a vault presumably belonging to an undertaker. Records kept by the management of that cemetery, now long since abandoned and largely built over, are no longer available. Presumably it was the intention

of the widow to remove his body to Crown Hill as early as possible, but of this there is no Crown Hill record. At that early time, doubtless still in the latter part of 1864, the system of bookkeeping, now and for many years remarkably complete in every detail, was not begun. There are only vague memories and traditions among the cemetery people and few if any outsiders now living seem to have known anything about the matter. As it is, the knowledge of the Crown Hill Superintendent and other attaches is summed up thus: A son of Superintendent Chislett, superintendent of the cemetery, then a young boy, remembers a "stormy time" over Caleb B. Smith and the removal of a body, but whose body and where it was taken he does not recall. From another source the information comes that Mrs. Smith, apparently without formal permission, had directed the building of a tomb or mausoleum, partly set into a hillside and had placed her husband's body therein. When the management became aware of this she was ordered to abandon the tomb as insanitary and thereupon she took the body away. Where she took it and why it was not returned some person living may know, and may come forward with the information when his attention is called to the matter, but industrious research on the part of the compiler of these annals in the hope of solving the mystery has been in vain. A tradition places his body in Connersville, his family home before he went to Washington, but Connersville authorities say emphatically no. A granddaughter thinks he was buried in a Cincinnati cemetery, but inquiry brings an official denial. Mrs. Smith must have intended to bring the body back, for she built the gray stone structure later, but why she did not is a secret and a mystery so far as this compiler

goes. Mrs. Smith lived for twelve years after her husband's death and her body, together with that of her daughter, Mrs. Hovey, wife of Governor Hovey, and that of a young man, a relative of Mrs. Smith and no others, are within the stone walls.

The grim solution that presents itself as at least a possibility is that the body was taken back to Greenlawn and buried there with the expectation of an early return to Crown Hill. Greenlawn at that time was not carefully guarded. Boys raced across it, according to abundant testimony, and occasionally pushed over a tombstone or "marker." In view of early removal there was perhaps no stone placed at the Smith grave and when the time came, if memory of surrounding identifying landmarks failed, the spot where the body lay could not be found. If this were true the fact became a tragic secret with Mrs. Smith and her family. The entire episode was not to be made public by the few persons aware of it. Such information might easily enough come to the newspapers now, but not then. It is at all events, a weird mystery—this disappearance of the mortal remains of Abraham Lincoln's friend and Indiana's first cabinet officer.

Since Caleb B. Smith's time Indiana has been almost continuously represented in the presidential cabinet, but only one member besides Smith has his grave in an Indianapolis cemetery. This second member who rests at Crown Hill is William Henry Harrison Miller, Attorney General of the United States in the Benjamin Harrison administration. The two men had been law partners and neighbors for years and the President doubtless felt the need in his official family of a man with whom he did not have to become newly acquainted.

Mr. Miller was born in New York State in 1840 and was educated at Hamilton College. After his graduation he went to Ohio and taught school for a short time. He studied law in the office of Morrison R. Waite, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States. Before he was admitted to the bar he spent a year at Peru, Indiana, as superintendent of public schools. He went from there to Fort Wayne and began a successful career as a lawyer, remaining there until he came to Indianapolis as General Harrison's partner. His reputation as a lawyer of exceptional ability was sustained while he was in the Cabinet. He won the respect of the bar of the country by the learning and energy he displayed in handling the legal business of the government.

One dramatic incident occurred during his occupancy of the office. The threat was made by Judge Terry, of California, that he was about to make an assault upon Justice Field of the United States Supreme Court on Field's arrival in California to hold session of the court. Attorney General Miller directed the United States Marshal of California to protect Field at all risks. In doing so the Marshal shot and instantly killed Terry. A hue and cry was raised by Terry's friends, but Mr. Miller's course in ordering the protection was fully justified by the court.

Personally Mr. Miller was of the quiet, conservative type, with the full courage of his convictions. He took little part in politics, but his opinions when expressed gave no doubt as to his views. A man of the highest character, he was highly respected and liked by his legal associates and by the public so far as it came to know him.

But three representatives of the United States in

the diplomatic service in foreign countries have found their last resting place in Crown Hill, though several have been appointed from the State, and are buried elsewhere, as General Lew Wallace at Crawfordsville, and the Honorable John W. Foster at Evansville.

Albert Gallatin Porter was the recipient of numerous political honors, ranging from attorney for the City of Indianapolis, reporter of the State Supreme Court, a membership of two terms as representative in Congress, Controller of the Treasury at Washington, to the governorship of Indiana, the honors culminating in his appointment by President Harrison as United States Minister to Italy. Governor Porter, by which title he was commonly known throughout all his later years, was a very popular man in the State, his attractive personality, friendly manner and his unusual and happy faculty for recalling names and faces of men met even casually in his political campaigns and in the practice of his profession, readily accounting for the regard in which he was held. Doubtless, realizing its value, he wisely cultivated what must have been a natural gift of memory, and it greatly enhanced his popularity. In 1856 Mr. Porter was nominated and elected to Congress by the Democrats. In the meantime he had joined the new Republican party and in 1858 was nominated and again elected to Congress. He resumed the practice of his profession after his return to Indianapolis. In 1877 he was made Controller of the Treasury under Secretary Sherman, an important office whose duties were strictly legal. He resigned from the office in 1880, when he received the nomination for Governor and returned to Indiana, where he conducted a remarkably skillful campaign, prospects of a favorable result having been doubtful,



At the time it was called one of the most exciting campaigns the State had ever known.

Credit is given to Governor Porter for having given the impetus to the growth of the northern counties of Indiana by urging the drainage of a million acres of swamp lands. He was granted authority to secure a survey of the lands and a report on the possibility of their reclamation. The report and estimates of cost were made, but the Legislature failed to make an appropriation for the work. The agitation of the subject, however, had brought it before the people, and as Mr. Francis W. Trissal says in his "Public Men of Indiana," it "was left to individual enterprise and sacrifice to do what the State in its sovereign capacity should have done, and which it had obligated itself to do when it accepted the grant of swamp lands that was made to it in 1850."

Soon after General Harrison became President Governor Porter received and accepted the appointment of United States Minister to Italy, a place he filled with dignity and honor. After his return to Indianapolis he began the writing of a history of Indiana, for which he had been gathering material for several years. He died in May, 1897, leaving his work unfinished. This is a matter for regret, since he would doubtless have made a valuable addition to the annals of the State.

Addison C. Harris was for many years one of the leading members of the Indiana bar. Born in Wayne County, one of the fourth generation of his family in the State, he was educated at Northwestern Christian University, now Butler University, in Indianapolis, and after his admission to the bar in 1865, continued in practice in the capital city until his death, with the exception of three years spent in

Vienna as Minister to Austria-Hungary. He took a great interest in politics and was recognized as an influence in public affairs. In 1876 he was elected to the State Senate and served in the sessions of '77 and '79, and during his term made an admirable record as a member of the judiciary committee. In 1899, with no solicitation on his part, he was appointed by President McKinley Minister to Austria-Hungary and ably represented his government there for three years. Not enjoying the life, he resigned at the end of three years and returned to Indianapolis.

Mr. Harris served as president of the Indiana Bar Association in 1904-5 and also for a number of years as president of the Indiana law school. He was also at one time president of the board of trustees of Purdue University. His name has a place of honor in Indiana in the annals of his profession and as a citizen of public spirit and high character.

The third representative of the United States in the diplomatic service who sleeps his last sleep in Crown Hill is W. D. McCoy, who was appointed by President Harrison minister resident and consul general to Liberia in January, 1892. Professor McCoy, as he was known, was a negro who had been a teacher in the Indianapolis public schools and had shown an intelligent and active interest in educational matters and in politics that had attracted the attention of local leaders in public affairs, and when a vacancy in the Liberian service was to be filled influential friends of Mr. McCoy suggested his selection as that of one who would do credit to his country. He was an educated man, well informed on public questions—a man of good address and an agreeable personality. "A gentleman if ever there was one," said Postmaster General New in a

recent reference to him. At a meeting to indorse his appointment held by the Colored Republican League, speeches of congratulation were made by several white citizens. The Honorable Stanton J. Peele, afterward Judge of the Court of Claims in Washington, among them, said: "My acquaintance and friendship with Professor McCoy has extended over a number of years and I want to say to you that I never knew a more reliable, upright, honorable man in all my acquaintance than he is. He is an honor and a credit to the colored race, to the city of Indianapolis and the country he is going to represent, and I predict for him a brilliant administration at the United States Legation in Liberia."

Unfortunately Professor McCoy's term of service was short. He lived but a little more than a year after his appointment, dying of the fever of the tropical country. His death took place May 16, 1893. His body was brought to Indianapolis after several months and was placed in Crown Hill. Even in his short term of service he is said to have taken preliminary steps in two or three movements for Liberian benefit. Public School No. 24 in Indianapolis, known as the McCoy school, was named in his honor.

## SENATORS AND GOVERNORS

So many of the senators of the United States from Indiana were also governors of the State either before or after service in the Senate that the brief outlines of their careers possible in this chronicle must include the two records. It should be explained here that though all the men mentioned in this list of governors and senators who died before 1864 are interred in Crown Hill, they were removed to that cemetery from Greenlawn, their first burial place.

Noah Noble was fourth governor of Indiana, not counting Ratliff Boon, appointed to fill a short vacancy. He was born in Virginia in 1794. When he was a small boy his father, with his family, removed to Kentucky and Noah grew to manhood there. About 1816 he came to Indiana, where a brother had previously gone, and established himself here. He soon became popular in the county and was twice elected to the office of sheriff, then was sent to the Legislature, with but twenty votes cast against him. His local popularity was such that his friends believed it would easily spread over the State and so started a movement that eventually made him Governor. Although Mr. Noble was a Whig in politics and the Democrats had a large majority in the State, he was elected. This was in 1831. In 1834 he was reelected. Previous to his first election he had been placed in charge of the land office in Indianapolis and his acquaintance became extensive through the State. He aspired to become a United States Senator, a place where his elder brother, General James Noble, had distinguished himself. Polit-

ical complications prevented. He had purchased a farm east of Indianapolis, now for many years a built-up part of the city, and after his retirement from the governor's office, took up his residence there and engaged in farming. He, however, held several other important offices, serving in all with great credit to himself.

Governor Noble was one of the most active supporters of the internal improvement system for the State and he lost popularity when it broke down and left the State in bad financial shape. There was never any reflection on his integrity, however. The situation was one incident of too rapid and costly development schemes advocated by many citizens when prosperity seemed a permanent thing, with no one to blame for anything but poor judgment. It was a depressed condition of public affairs and was a shadow on the succeeding administrations of Governor Bigger and Governor Wallace.

The biographers of the time give warm praise to Governor Noble. Oliver H. Smith says he was one of the most popular men with the masses in the State. John H. B. Nowland describes him as warm and devoted in his friendships and confiding to a fault. Always of frail constitution, he died of tuberculosis in 1844.

David Wallace who succeeded Noah Noble as governor of Indiana, was born in Pennsylvania, but when he came with his parents to Ohio and settled near Cincinnati, General William Henry Harrison lived near by and the families became friends. When young David was a youth General Harrison was in Congress and through his influence the boy secured the appointment of cadet at West Point, an educational privilege



greatly valued in those days, as now. In after years he was able to pay this debt with interest. Young Wallace, after his graduation at West Point, became a lieutenant of artillery, but resigned after a year and came to Brookville, to which place his father had moved, and studied law. After admission to the bar he soon gained a large practice. He entered politics, which was almost a matter of course in that day.

For several years Mr. Wallace represented Franklin County in the State Legislature and in 1834 was elected lieutenant governor. In 1837 he was the internal improvement candidate against John Dumont, a man opposed to that policy, and was elected. But hard times were at hand. The improvement system tottered to disaster and the policy that had made him popular cast him into disfavor and he was not re-nominated. In 1841 he was elected to Congress as Representative at the special election for the special session called by President Harrison.

As an incident of his governorship it is noted that he issued a formal proclamation appointing a day for thanksgiving and prayer. It was the first paper of the kind issued by a governor of Indiana, and established a precedent which has ever since been followed. Governor Wallace merely followed the custom of governors of New England states in the matter.

When he was in Congress he was a member of the ways and means committee and gave the casting vote in favor of assisting Professor Morse with a donation in order to develop the magnetic telegraph. This act was ridiculed by his opponents and cost him many votes when he became a candidate for re-election.

Governor Wallace, who was much liked for his agreeable personal qualities, was not a money-maker,

and he is quoted as having said to his son at one time in his later years when he had lost the greater part of his property through a bad investment:

“William, I want you to remember that it will be a good deal better to have a few thousand laid away for old age than to have been Governor of the State or member of Congress.”

William Wallace, his eldest son, who died a number of years ago in Indianapolis, was a lawyer of high standing and a much respected citizen. General Lew Wallace, famous in military life and as the author of “Ben Hur” and other books, was also his son. A number of Governor Wallace’s descendants live in or near Indianapolis.

Albert S. White, who is mentioned in another chapter of this record as having delivered the chief address at the dedication of Crown Hill in June, 1863, had served in the United States Senate from 1837 to 1843, after a hotly contested election, thirty-six ballots being taken. He afterward was elected to Congress, and at the time of the dedication was Federal Judge for the District of Indiana, having been appointed by President Lincoln to succeed Caleb B. Smith. He died three months after the dedication at his home in Stockwell, and was taken to Lafayette for burial. He was greatly beloved there and a monument was erected in his honor.

Oliver Hampton Smith, first senator in point of his term of service to find a resting place in Crown Hill, does not belong on the roll of governors. All the published biographical sketches and personal recollections of aged citizens are to the effect that he was one of the really great men of his day in the State. Certainly he was very popular, a fact for which a keen sense of

humor, a happy disposition and a marked social and companionable quality distinguishing him may partially account. The contest for the Senate was waged in 1836 and was memorable for the warmth of the campaign carried on by the four Whig candidates before the party convention made the nomination. Senators were elected by the Legislature at that time and almost invariably good men were chosen.

With all his popularity it had not been thought that Mr. Smith would win the nomination, as this prize was in a way conceded to Governor Noah Noble because of his services to the State, but as one chronicler briefly explains the result, "Governor Noble had austere manners, while those of Smith were exceedingly pleasant." He made a good record in the Senate, being chairman of the committee of public lands, at that time a committee of much importance. He tells in his book, "Biographical and Historical Sketches of Early Indiana," of being the first to carry the news of his nomination into Ohio. On the second day after his election he took a drove of hogs from his farm to Cincinnati. Covered with mud, he went to the hotel and when it was learned that he was from Indiana, he was questioned about the election. On telling that he was the new Senator they thought he was joking; they knew Noble, but had never heard of Smith.

Previous to his election to the Senate, Mr. Smith had spent two years as Representative in Washington and while there made a speech in support of the Cumberland Road project which is given credit for being the ablest address delivered and of carrying the day against opposition. This was later known as the National Road—the thoroughfare of which Washington Street in Indianapolis is a section.

Mr. Smith came to Indianapolis in 1839 to make his home. He practically abandoned law practice after his senatorial term ended and devoted himself mainly to railroad building and to writing. He is credited by one authority with having projected and built one complete line, namely the old "Bee Line" from Indianapolis to Cleveland. During these years he contributed to the Indianapolis Journal a series of sketches of early Indiana life, that, together with some never before in print, are included in the volume previously mentioned. It is an entertaining book and of much value for its glimpses of primitive life in the State when it was young.

Mr. Smith died in 1859 and high tribute was paid to his memory by leading public men.

James Whitcomb was both governor and senator. He was elected twice to the governorship, serving from 1843 to 1848. He was then elected to the Senate and served from 1849 to 1852. He died in the latter year after a long illness. He is classed by many as one of the ablest governors the State has had. A Democrat, he had been in the State Senate and had opposed the plan of internal improvements favored by the Whigs—a plan that had kept the State in debt; creditors were pushing, there was no money in sight, and public opinion had changed. Whitcomb was elected. The depression of the panic of 1837 was still felt and the prospect was dark. Also the Mexican War developed and it was necessary to raise troops for it. The Governor found a way to redeem the credit of the State and also ably supplemented the movements of the Federal Government in its war preparations. During his term he also gave much attention to the needs of the insane and to the welfare of the deaf and dumb and

the blind people of the State. The constitution had imposed this duty on the Legislature but nothing had been done.\* Largely through his efforts institutions were erected for the care and education of these wards of the State.

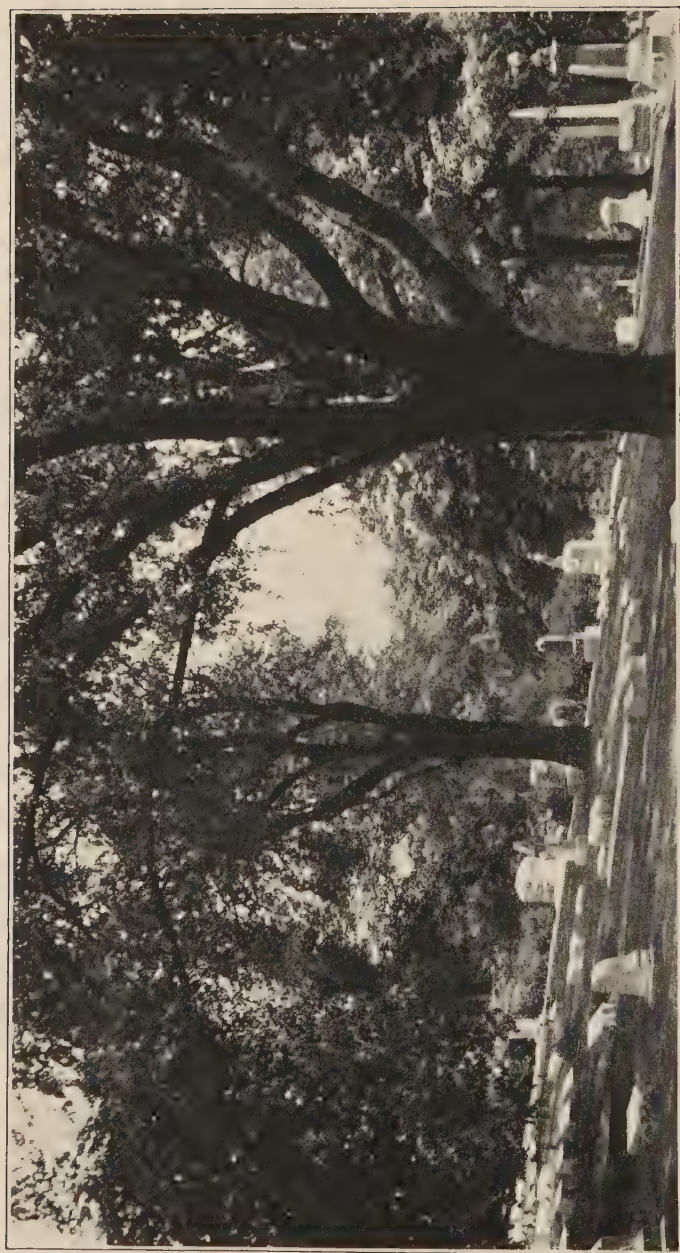
Before the Governor's second term was ended he was elected by the Legislature to the United States Senate. His health was not good, however, when he went to Washington, and he died in New York in October, 1852. He is said to have possessed few of the arts of the politician, but is described as having been a powerful political writer and speaker. He made a good impression for his State while in the Senate and while he was governor. A statue of Governor Whitcomb is placed at the foot of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument in Indianapolis in recognition of his services in the war with Mexico.

Babies were numerously named after Governor Whitcomb, a sure proof of his popularity. James Whitcomb Riley is an example, his father having been an ardent Democrat and the son's birth coming in 1849, at the height of Whitcomb's career, it was in honor of the elder Riley's favorite party leader that the future poet was named.

Governor Whitcomb, whose death took place long before the opening of Crown Hill, was buried in Greenlawn Cemetery, and a grim story is connected with the removal of his body forty years after to Crown Hill and its re-interment there. It was found, as the case was described at the time by old citizens, that the long departed Governor's face was "like life." Mrs. Matthews, daughter of Whitcomb and wife of Claude Matthews, then governor of the State, was an infant at the time of her father's death. She was noti-







On the Slope below the Crown

fied of the remarkable circumstance. As the story goes, she went and looked upon her father's countenance for the first and only time within her memory. It was a strange experience.

Oliver Perry Morton—greatest of them all! He became, like a number of others, both governor and senator, but while he served his nation and his state honorably and well in the Senate, it was his career as governor of Indiana that most distinguished him and placed both state and national government in his debt. As Riley wrote of him, he was one,

“Whose glowing reason towered above the sea  
Of dark disaster like a beacon light,  
And led the Ship of State, unscathed and free,  
Out of the gulfs of night.”

If a weaker, less courageous and less determined man had been governor of Indiana in those perilous days of the Civil War, when a pro-Southern sentiment was strong in the State, when the Legislature was opposed to war measures and was ready to antagonize any and all steps to prevent disunion—what might have been the result had the Southern sympathizers and other opposing elements succeeded in officially expressing sympathy with the seceding states and in aiding their movements? Such a course seems now to have been hardly possible. Governor Morton knew that it was possible, and he knew the demoralizing effect it would have on the Union cause everywhere. He had comparatively smooth sailing for two years, the majority of the Legislature and all the State officers being of his party. But while even in 1861 there had been both open and indirect opposition to his policy and to the war, it was in 1862 that his worst troubles came. The election had resulted in a Demo-

cratic Legislature. It refused to make appropriations to carry on the State Government or to pay the interest on the State debt. Criticism of the Governor's policies and proceedings were more open than before. On every side were opposition, treachery, treasonable proceedings, difficulties purposely laid in his way, secret organizations planning mischief. Several attempts were made on his life.

Only a man of power could meet the emergency and Morton was the man. He rose to the occasion. He had in '61 called for volunteers before Lincoln's first call came and had exceeded the allotment to the State. He was more farseeing than the President in that particular and knew that seventy-five thousand men for the nation would not be enough. Before the war was over Indiana had supplied more than two hundred thousand men to the Union army and Morton had never ceased to give special attention to Indiana troops. He was watchful of every Union interest and was a tower of strength to President Lincoln.

The story of Governor Morton's great public service cannot be told here. It is too long; it means the history of Indiana in the Civil War, for Governor Morton was the center of events in the State so far as the war activities were concerned. Far-seeing, vigilant, filled with a passion of patriotism, tremendous responsibilities were laid on his shoulders. He was equal to them as a man of less force of character and a less indomitable will could not have been. He was a man of powerful physique, but the unbroken strain of those years shattered his health and he was so physically disabled when he went to the Senate in 1867 that he walked on crutches and continued to do so until the end of his life. But his mental powers were not weakened and he

became a leader in the Senate almost at once. It seemed inevitable that, with his dominating character, he should lead in any body of men. As one biographer says of him, "As a party leader he stood like Saul, the son of Kish, among his fellows." He was reelected to the Senate in 1873, but died in November, 1877, before the end of his term. In 1870 he was offered the English mission by President Grant, but declined the position for the reason that if he should resign, a Democrat would be elected in his place.

The interest shown in him by the people of the entire country was intense. Bulletins concerning progress of his illness were issued every hour, telegraphed over the United States and posted at newspaper offices. The death of no public man except that of President Lincoln, who had figured in the Civil War, ever created so much grief in Indiana as that of Morton. His funeral services were attended by thousands and many distinguished men were present. Many and eloquent were the tributes spoken in his memory. His political opponents conceded his greatness.

Governor Morton's story is told in the two-volume "Life," by William Dudley Foulke. This biography is really a dramatic chapter of Civil War history and no one can know well Indiana's part in that history who has not read the record of those stormy years.

Oliver Perry Morton rests where it is most fitting that he should—close to the soldiers who volunteered at his call and found their graves in the little national cemetery within Crown Hill. Like them he gave himself to his country.

Joseph E. McDonald, long a political leader in Indiana, was a self-made man, in the sense that as a young boy in Crawfordsville he realized that if he



obtained an education it must be through his own efforts, his father having died when he was an infant. At the age of twelve, therefore, he apprenticed himself to a saddle maker. He pursued his trade diligently, but devoted all his spare time to study. At the end of his six years' apprenticeship he was an expert workman. In 1838, when he was nineteen, he was able to enter Wabash College, and it was there and at DePauw, then Asbury, that he obtained his education, though he did not become a graduate. He followed various occupations for a time after leaving college and in 1842 entered a law office in Lafayette. So earnestly did he apply himself that after one year he was able to pass the required examination and receive his license to practice. Before he received his license he was elected prosecuting attorney and served for four years and was counted one of the best occupants of the office up to that time—a rather remarkable record for a beginner in law.

In 1847 Mr. McDonald removed to Crawfordsville and gained a large practice. Like most lawyers of his day he became actively interested in politics. In 1849 he was elected to Congress, defeating Henry S. Lane. Because he was opposed to the radical demands of the South, which region was dominant in the Democratic party, he served but one term. In 1856 he was elected by the people to the office of attorney general, the first one to be chosen, the previous incumbents having been appointed by the governor.

Mr. McDonald was a strong advocate of the vigorous prosecution of the war and in harmony with Governor Morton in many things, but he was brought into direct political opposition to him when each became the candidate of his party for the governorship in

1864. It was the fashion of the day for political opponents to engage in debates from the same platform and Morton and McDonald made a series of such speeches. McDonald's ticket was defeated. In 1875 he was elected to the United States Senate and almost at once took a commanding position in that body. It was at that time that the greenback financial craze took strong hold in his party, but Senator McDonald fought it earnestly. He was talked of as a candidate for the Presidency in 1880 and except for certain minor political considerations might have been nominated instead of General Hancock and might have had a better fortune than that gentleman.

After the end of his senatorial term Mr. McDonald opened an office in Washington and was employed in many important cases. Previous to his election to the Senate one of his legal triumphs was in securing the release of Milligan and his associates who had been tried before a military court in Indianapolis in the Civil War for treason and condemned to death. Their sentence had been commuted by President Johnson to imprisonment for life in the Ohio penitentiary. The Supreme Court, after a long argument by McDonald gave the prisoners their liberty, holding that under the circumstances a military court was illegal.

Mr. McDonald, throughout his career, was held in great respect by the public and by his professional associates. He was regarded by all parties as a statesman of ability, a man of the highest integrity, strength of character, and nobility of purpose. He left a strong impression on his Indiana contemporaries. Mr. McDonald was three times married. He died June 21, 1891.

David Turpie, born in 1829, a native of Ohio and a

graduate of Kenyon College, studied and practiced law at Logansport, where he soon attracted attention by his ability. He was twice elected to the Legislature—in 1852 and 1858—and served on the bench of common pleas and of the circuit court. He did not become generally known in the State until the campaign of 1860, when he was made a candidate of his party for lieutenant governor, his opponent for that office being Oliver P. Morton. Henry S. Lane and Thomas A. Hendricks were the nominees for the office of Governor for their respective parties. It is said by an Indiana historian that probably never in any other Indiana State campaign were there four nominees of such ability pitted against each other—Hendricks and Turpie against Lane and Morton. Turpie, then a little more than thirty years of age, had already developed fine powers as a debater and possessed a brilliant flow of thought and language. He made a series of speeches from the same platform with Morton.

The Democratic ticket was defeated but Mr. Turpie had added to his fame. Nevertheless, it did not get him into Congress, for which he was a candidate in 1862, 1864 and 1866. In 1863 the Democratic Legislature sent him to the United States Senate to fill out the unexpired term of Jesse D. Bright. The period was only forty days, but in it he found time to make a bitter speech attacking some of the Civil War measures. It attracted much attention and increased the feeling against him of war supporters in Indiana, where he had been a leader of those opposed to certain war policies.

Mr. Turpie came to Indianapolis to reside in 1878 and made the city his home until his death. He was elected to the Legislature two years later and was

chosen as Speaker of the House. In 1884 he sought the nomination for the governorship, but was defeated by Isaac P. Gray. Under President Cleveland he served as United States Attorney for the District of Indiana, continuing in that office until 1887, when he was elected to the United States Senate, where he served two terms.

After his return to Indianapolis, he lived rather a retired life. He was a student and scholar and was noted throughout his career for his profound knowledge of law, his marvelous memory and his extensive acquaintance with languages. Even when passions ran high during the Civil War, Mr. Turpie's opponents did not doubt the honesty and sincerity of his beliefs. He was a master of invective and sarcasm, more often publicly indulged in in those fierce political days than now; but as war animosities died away his unusual endowments and acquirements were more generally recognized and he became known for what he was—a man of whom the State had reason to be proud. In the Senate he was held in high esteem and his opinion was sought as authoritative on many things.

While Mr. Turpie had a host of friends, it is doubtful if more than a few reached intimate terms with him. He never married, and gave the impression of being a lonely man—or, rather, by preference a lover of solitude. This may have arisen from having found few who were sympathetic companions intellectually, and preferring the society of his books.

In his last years he published a volume, "In My Own Times," descriptive of conditions in Indiana in his youth. Senator Turpie's patriotic quality is indicated by this excerpt from his writings:

"In thirty years I made addresses at different

places in our State on the Fourth of July. These celebrations were always enjoyable and it is somewhat singular that observance of the day is not more general. This anniversary is celebrated by Americans abroad, wherever they may be sojourning, although its commemoration has in a partial degree ceased at home."

David Turpie was truly one of Indiana's great men. Carved on his tombstone, suggested by some sympathetic friend, are these old-time tender words:

Sit tibi terra levis.



## OUR UNION GENERALS

In the scattered family plots in Crown Hill are many soldiers who won rank and distinction by their gallantry and military skill in the Civil War. Eleven Union generals of that war take their last sleep here. Perhaps not in any cemetery in the United States outside of Arlington are there so many. Nearly all were volunteers. Indiana had few representatives among the officers of the regular army at the opening of the war, the South, for years in control of official machinery at Washington, having received the preference in appointments. General Thomas A. Morris, a sketch of whose career appears in this chronicle in the record of corporators, had been graduated from West Point and had served for some time as a lieutenant, but had resigned, and in 1861 was engaged in business pursuits. He volunteered his services, which were at once utilized. General Jefferson C. Davis, General Edward R. S. Canby and General John P. Hawkins were the only active regulars from Indiana who came into service at once.

Party feeling ran high in Indiana, but though there were disloyal citizens whose objection to the war developed in secret schemes of mischief later, they dared say little when the great struggle all over the State was to get into the ranks and avoid staying at home. There was no such thing as party animosity then. Governor Morton was strongly partisan when engaged in a political campaign, but he was a big, far-sighted man who saw that this conflict was one that was above party; it called for universal patriotism. As W. H. H.

Terrell, Adjutant General of the State at the time, says in his war reports:

“The Governor of Indiana was neither a feeble man, nor a selfish man, nor a bigoted partisan, nor a man of narrow intellect or irresolute character. He selected his military advisers indifferently from either party, or, if there was a difference, it was in favor of his past political opponents. He appointed his agents for the purchase of arms with a like disregard of the political chances of the future. He commissioned field officers as his own knowledge, or the recommendations of candid friends directed him—in many cases not knowing, in all cases not caring, what their party connections had been.”

Plainly he chose well, for the record of the advancement of many of these men, when promotion came from other authority than his own, proves that his policy and his judgment were good. So it was that the names of the officers of that war who lie at rest under Indiana sod is a roll of honor. They, too, held their country first and were brave and faithful and equal to their trust.

General Ebenezer Dumont was, according to all accounts, something of a “character”—this term being used, however, with the utmost respect. For notwithstanding a temperament that did not develop patience, and a great freedom of speech which led people to look for the unusual and the amusing, he was highly respected for his legal ability, his integrity and his patriotism, and entertained his audiences with his queer humor that ran like a thread through all his public speeches. He had spent a year in the war with Mexico and when Sumter fell he gave himself up with heart and soul and tremendous energy to the Union

cause. He presided over the first grand rally of the people of Indianapolis on the night of the bombardment of Sumter, and by his fiery speech helped to give form to public sentiment. He was sent to Washington by Governor Morton to ascertain the wishes and plans of the President so that, if possible, the State could proceed promptly to meet government needs. When he returned he was appointed colonel of the Seventh regiment of Indiana Volunteers. He served with distinction in the three months' campaign. At its close he came home, reorganized the regiment for three years, and at its head returned to West Virginia, participating in the battle of Greenbrier under General Joseph B. Reynolds. Soon after this engagement he was appointed a brigadier general of volunteers and ordered to Louisville. His health was extremely poor, but he clung to his command. It was while he was at Nashville that he organized and led his famous pursuit of General John Morgan—this was long before Morgan's raid into Indiana—and came near capturing him. He did capture Morgan's pet horse, and many soldier prisoners. The story is told that while the chase after Morgan was going on a Kentucky colonel of cavalry sent an adjutant forward to inform General Dumont that the pursuit must stop in order to give his men rest, for they were sleeping in their saddles.

The General looked sternly at the messenger and said to him, "Ride back to your Colonel and tell him for Heaven's sake not to wake the men up." The pursuit went on.

His health disqualified him for further service in the field, but in the fall of 1862 he was elected to Congress and was re-elected in 1864. He died in Washington in the spring of 1871, just after having been

appointed to the governorship of Oregon—then a territory.

General Dumont was born in 1814 in Vevay, Indiana, his father having been one of the early pioneers. He came from New Jersey, however, and did not belong to the Swiss colony of grape-growers that distinguished the little settlement.

General Dumont's mother, Mrs. Julia L. Dumont, is described as having been the most distinguished woman of her day in Indiana. She was at once a teacher, a poet and an author. The writing of verse was not the almost universal accomplishment it is today and one who possessed it in Indiana a hundred years ago had a distinction that few shared.

Mrs. Dumont was her son's teacher until he was ready for college.

Jefferson C. Davis was born in Clark County, Indiana, in 1825. He was studying law when the war with Mexico began, but at once left his studies and enlisted in the Second Indiana regiment under Colonel Joseph Lane. For gallant services at Buena Vista, he was made second lieutenant in the First United States artillery, where he served with distinction and became known as one of the bravest of young officers. He was made first lieutenant in the same service in 1852 and was at Fort Sumter, with Major Anderson, when that fort was bombarded and was there at the surrender. Very soon after, he was commissioned as captain, and Governor Morton appointed him colonel of the Twenty-second Indiana regiment. One biographer classes him as the most brilliant soldier from Indiana. His record is certainly one of fine achievement. He soon became known as a fighting officer and in recognition of the capture of a superior force of the enemy in Missouri,

where he had been assigned and where he had commanded a brigade, he was made a brigadier general. He did gallant service in the Stone River campaign at Chickamauga under Grant. In the Atlanta campaign he had command of the Fourteenth corps, having been brevetted major general. He captured Rome, with an immense quantity of stores. At Jonesboro he made the most brilliant and successful attack on fortified works made by either army in the Atlanta campaign. When General Johnston made a last desperate attempt to destroy Sherman's army in detail, it was upon Davis's corps that the force of his blow fell at Bentonville. To the skillful handling of the Union forces by Davis, the defeat of Johnston is ascribed.

After the war was ended Davis was made colonel of the Twenty-Third United States infantry and served in California and other western states. After the murder of General Canby by treacherous Modoc Indians, General Davis took command and forced the hostile Indians to surrender. He died in Chicago, November 30, 1879, and was brought to Indianapolis for burial in Crown Hill.

There was an unhappy occurrence in General Davis's life in 1862 that cast a shadow over his later years and is only mentioned here because it is so often referred to in a way to convey the unjust impression that it was an unprovoked crime—as, “he killed a man once”—that it seems only proper to give the facts as known at the time and as set forth in Foulke's biography of Morton.

After the disastrous battle of Richmond, Kentucky, in September, 1862, when a small body of raw Union troops, largely Indianians, was mistakenly allowed to meet the attack of General Kirby Smith, who had ad-



vanced into Kentucky with thirty thousand men, and was defeated with much loss, though the men fought gallantly, there was a hasty gathering of Union forces at Louisville with General William Nelson in command. General Davis was ordered by General Buell to report to Nelson, which he did and was assigned to the command of citizen soldiery. New men were arriving every day, and it was difficult for Davis, at any particular time, to know the exact number of troops under his command.

Davis called on Nelson at his hotel—the Galt House, famous in its day—to confer in regard to the defense of the city. Two previous interviews had been marked by the abrupt and dictatorial manner that distinguished Nelson. Nelson asked Davis how many guns he wanted. “About twenty-five hundred,” was the answer. Nelson sprang to his feet and with violent profanity asked, “Don’t you know how many men you have in your command, sir?” Davis replied that he had not come to make a requisition, but to know where he could get arms and would then present the exact number.

With more oaths Nelson exclaimed, “You are a pretty general to talk ‘about’ how many men. You are not fit to command. Get out of my sight. I will relieve you and send you to Cincinnati under guard, you puppy.”

Davis withdrew. In order to avoid arrest he went over to Jeffersonville, but was relieved of his command. Four days later he and Governor Morton who, interested in seeing that Louisville and consequently Indiana’s borders were protected, had arrived with an offer of troops, came out together from breakfast in the Galt House and found Nelson in the office. Davis came

up and requesting Morton to listen to what was said, asked Nelson to explain the causes of his removal. Again Nelson fell into a furious rage, swore at Davis, called him a contemptible puppy and slapped him in the face twice with the back of his hand. Davis turned and went out, but re-entered in a few minutes with a revolver in his hand as he saw Nelson approaching called to him to defend himself, then fired and Nelson fell. He was carried to his room and died in a short time.

Nelson was known throughout the army as the possessor of an ungoverned temper and an overbearing disposition. He was considered in many respects a good soldier and though he was disliked by his subordinate officers and his men they, nevertheless felt a confidence in his leadership and resented his death. He had influential friends. He was a native of Kentucky, but his brother, Thomas H. Nelson, of Terre Haute, Indiana, was prominent in Indiana politics for many years. There was agitation over General Davis's act and he was arrested and held in confinement for a short time, but he was not tried, and was released and sent back to his command in Tennessee. It seems to have been the opinion of both the military and civil authorities that he had sufficient provocation for his deed.

It has been many years since this soldier of the Union went before the Great Tribunal of Eternal Justice, Who knoweth the hearts of men and "hath compassion according to the multitude of His mercies."

General Edward R. S. Canby, was born in Kentucky in 1818 but came to Indiana with his parents. He was a graduate of West Point in 1839 and had an honorable part in the war with Mexico. He was a colonel in 1861

when the Civil War broke out and was at the time stationed in New Mexico. He at once set about organizing the militia and had the faculty of inspiring such patriotic enthusiasm that he is given credit for having saved New Mexico to the Union. By February, 1862, he had collected a few thousand volunteers—raw troops—and a small force of regulars at Fort Craig, on the Rio Grande River. There he was attacked by two thousand well-trained Texas Rangers under the command of General Sibley and a bloody battle took place, resulting in a decided victory for the Union troops. For this service he was made a brigadier general and was afterwards promoted to be a major general of volunteers. Unlike other generals of Indiana origin he was not in special command of Indiana troops, though detachments doubtless served under him in his various important movements. His achievements were so many that they cannot be outlined here. He was in active duty throughout the war both in the West and South and at the close of the war was placed in command of the military district of North and South Carolina and afterward of the Department of the Gulf. He was considered one of the ablest and most efficient officers in the Union army, and his administration in the difficult work of adjusting affairs when the fighting was over brought approval through his conciliatory yet firm methods. He was regarded as the best read man on military law in the army.

General Canby's last service was on the plains against the Modoc Indians. He had driven them into close quarters and the leaders asked for a consultation with a view to surrender. With two or three officers he advanced to meet them and was fired upon, dying at once. This was in April, 1873. His body was

brought to Crown Hill for burial. His tombstone stands near that of Governor Morton.

General John P. Hawkins was not in charge of Indiana troops during the Civil War, though in the course of his services he was often in close association with them, but he was born in Indianapolis and after his retirement from the regular army in 1892 and, following a period of travel and a year or so spent in Washington, his heart turned to his birthplace, where he had old friends and relatives, and he and his wife came to this city and established their home. It may be, too, that in the unsettled life of the soldier, with no permanent abiding place, the fact that the graves of his parents and his grandparents and of an only child were in beautiful Crown Hill formed a tie that drew him.

Young Hawkins attended Wabash College but did not complete his course, leaving when he received an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point. He was graduated from West Point in 1852 and served upon the Indian frontier until the beginning of the Civil War. All accounts indicate that he rendered gallant and efficient service. His record is summed up in the complimentary order of the Secretary of War in 1894 at the time of General Hawkins's retirement. After outlining his army career in some detail, the order reads:

"He received the brevets of Major for gallant and meritorious services during the siege of Mobile, Alabama, and of Lieutenant Colonel, Colonel, Brigadier General, Major General, and also Major General of Volunteers, for gallant and meritorious services during the rebellion. After long service, which carried him to every portion of the country, from the Atlantic

to the Pacific and from the British boundary to the frontier of Mexico, he became Commissary General of Subsistence with the rank of Brigadier General in December, 1892.

“Correct in all the relations of life, dignified and modest in deportment, of sterling character, an able officer and gallant soldier, the honors which have come to him in his profession have been worthily bestowed.”

Of one duty assigned to General Hawkins he speaks with some pride in a book of reminiscences published not long before his death for private circulation among his friends. This was an organizing of the refugee negroes who came in great numbers to Grant at Vicksburg. The best way to care for them was to transform them into soldiers and this was no small task, for there were regiments of them. When this division marched through New Orleans in 1865, says General Hawkins, General Sheridan remarked that it was the best command of colored troops he had ever seen, and that he had seen a good many.

This book mentioned contains genealogical records of the Hawkins family and connections that must have involved much time and labor in their compilation. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the wife of General Canby was General Hawkins's sister.

The General published a manual of physical exercises that he recommended every one to take for the preservation of health. To this little book he gave free circulation. General Hawkins became a familiar figure in Indianapolis during his last years. The death of Mrs. Hawkins took place in April, 1913, ending a married life of forty-five years. General Hawkins died in the following year.

General George F. McGinnis was a familiar figure



in Indianapolis for many years after the Civil War which gave him his military title was over. He was born in Boston in 1826 and was the seventh of eight sons. His mother died when he was a small child and he was brought by his father when he was eleven years old to Chillicothe, Ohio, where he grew up. He learned the hatter's trade under his father and followed it until he came to Indianapolis in 1850 and became a hat manufacturer. He had served two years in the Mexican War with Ohio volunteers, first as lieutenant, then as a captain. In 1861 he raised Company K, Eleventh Indiana Volunteers and was elected lieutenant colonel of the regiment. Soon after he was commissioned as colonel of the regiment. In 1862 he was appointed brigadier general of Volunteers and served until the close of the war. He was at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Port Gibson, Champion Hills, the siege of Vicksburg and many smaller battles. He won the title of "hero of Champion Hills" by his brilliant handling of his troops.

After General McGinnis's return to Indianapolis he could apparently have had any office he liked. He engaged in farming, but was elected county auditor, later to be county commissioner and in 1900 was appointed postmaster of Indianapolis, though he was not an applicant.

In the army, General McGinnis had the love and respect of his soldiers and in private life he was as highly esteemed by his associates. Notwithstanding his military bearing, which distinguished him until the last, and his dignity that forbade undue familiarity, he was genial in manner, very companionable and hospitable and was much liked not only by his veteran associates but by young people who only knew the echoes

of war. Their private "pet name" for him, given out of sheer liking, was "Pap" McGinnis. In the volume of "War Papers" of the Indiana Commandery of the Loyal Legion, published in 1898, is an interesting account, accompanied by maps, of the battle of Shiloh, written by General McGinnis. He died in Indianapolis, Jan. 2, 1898.

General Robert Sanford Foster bore the reputation in military circles of being one of the most brilliant and successful officers who went out from Indiana to the Civil War and not a few of his admirers pushed the comparison beyond the officers of his own State. He had at least a part in a long list of engagements, all in the East, beginning in 1861 with the West Virginia campaign of the three-months troops, after a few weeks of picket duty on the Ohio River, and ending at Appomattox in April, 1865. In that interval the engagements in which he had part were many—far too long a list to enumerate here. He entered the army as captain of a company which he himself raised and was gradually promoted, becoming a brigadier general in 1863 and brevetted major general in 1865. Before the President's call for troops and before there was thought of war, young Foster, known familiarly to his friends as "Sandy," had been an enthusiastic member of a militia company, the "City Greys" of Indianapolis and as lieutenant of that company gained an idea of military tactics.

He had the remarkable record of never having lost a battle or a skirmish and was believed by some of his men to bear a charmed life. On this point General Hasbrouck is quoted as saying that "the brunt of a fight was not the only place where the Thirteenth Indiana was great in its achievements; many of its ac-

complishments were close to what was regarded as impossible." It is related elsewhere that on one occasion he so skilfully maneuvered his brigade in order to evade the enemy's guns while he reached a certain point aimed at that his troops cheered him on the field.

General Hasbrouck also says that as a dress parade regiment the Thirteenth was equally in demand. He adds, "There was a noticeable and high regard on the part of the regiment for its commander. General Foster was endeared to all of them, and I do not recall a regiment that ever showed the same regard for its commander at all times as did the Thirteenth Indiana."

A tribute from a veteran of a New York regiment that helped to make up Foster's brigade, says: "They were all proud of their handsome general, and when he appeared upon his favorite black horse no knight in armor was ever more magnificent and imposing. He knew no fear and rode calmly and without excitement where bullets rained about him."

After the close of the war General Foster was offered the position of lieutenant colonel of the Twenty-seventh Infantry, regular army, but declined it, preferring to return to private life in Indianapolis. He gained a further distinction in organizing the first post of the Grand Army of the Republic. Major B. F. Stephenson, of Springfield, Illinois, had devised a form of organization and a ritual for such a body of veterans, but had been able to arouse little interest in it until General Foster went to Springfield to investigate the plan. He came home, organized a post and the Department of Indiana and set the machinery into such active motion that within ninety days there were more than thirty thousand members of the Grand Army in the State. General Foster was made department com-

mander. Major Stephenson was recognized as the general head of the order and reports were made to him. Credit for originating this plan for an annual decoration or memorial day is often given to General John A. Logan, and as head of the Grand Army organization he did issue an order calling for its celebration on May 30, 1868, but in Grand Army annals, Major Stephenson is accepted as the author of the plan.

In civil life after the war General Foster occupied numerous positions of public trust, including the offices of United States Marshal for the district of Indiana, city treasurer, president of the Board of Trade and quarter master general of the State.

He was much liked and had a personality that made him a figure of importance in the community. He died at his home on March 3, 1903, in his seventieth year, leaving no survivors save a son.

General John Coburn was born in Indianapolis, then a village, on the twenty-seventh of October, 1825, the son of Henry P. and Sarah Coburn, pioneer settlers. He was educated in the old county seminary on University Square and at Wabash College. He studied law with his father and was admitted to the bar in 1849. In 1859 he was elected judge of the common pleas court for the district, composed of the counties of Marion, Hendricks and Boone, and served in that office until 1861, when he was appointed colonel of the Thirty-third regiment of Indiana Volunteers. He held this command steadily until he was mustered out in September, 1864. The next year he was brevetted brigadier general. He left Indianapolis with his regiment in September, 1861, and on the twenty-first of October was fighting General Zollicoffer at Wild Cat, Kentucky, where that distinguished Confederate was

killed. After this the regiment was stationed at Crab Orchard, Kentucky, where it suffered greatly from exposure due to no fault of its colonel. After this the regiment was in and about Cumberland Gap for a long time. Early in 1863 it was sent to Franklin, Tennessee, where during an engagement into which it was forced by the imprudence of a temporary superior, Colonel Coburn and four hundred of his men were taken prisoners. The men were paroled, but the Colonel was in Libby Prison for a time. His record during the entire war was honorable. His last service was in the Atlanta campaign, where he commanded a brigade. His command fought gallantly in the important battle of Peach Tree Creek and it was to General Coburn that Atlanta was formally surrendered by the mayor of the city.

On his return to Indianapolis in 1865, after the war, General Coburn resumed the practice of his profession, but almost immediately, so well did he stand in legal circles, he was elected circuit judge of the district composed of the counties of Marion, Hendricks and Johnson. In 1866 he was elected to Congress and his services were so satisfactory to his constituents that he remained in that body for eight years.

General Coburn's record throughout his career was one that brought him the respect and esteem of the community. He was public spirited and his standing as a citizen was enviable. He died January 28, 1908.

General Frederick Knefler was rather a striking figure on Indianapolis streets for many years. He was a Jew and a Hungarian by birth and retained always something of a foreign look; he had in addition a military bearing, derived, probably, not from Civil War service but from the fact that as a mere boy he had



served in the Revolutionary Army of 1848 under General Bem, one of Kossuth's leaders. He came to Indianapolis with his father in 1849 and learned the carpenter's trade, but his clerical talent having been discovered, he found a place in the county clerk's office and while there began the study of law.

It might have been mentioned earlier in this chronicle that many of the leading Indiana officers in the Civil War were lawyers. Mr. Francis M. Trissal, in his "Public Men of Indiana," is authority for the statement that of forty distinguished civilian citizens of Indiana who rose to or above the rank of brigadier general twenty-eight were lawyers.

In 1861 General Knefler served in the Eleventh regiment of three months' men as lieutenant. In the three years' service he became captain in the Eleventh and in 1862 was made colonel of the Seventy-Ninth Indiana, which led the way in the charge at Mission Ridge, Colonel Knefler leading the regiment. He retired from the service, engaged in the practice of his profession and had an extensive business. He continued in practice until his health failed, with the exception of an interval when he held the office of pension agent, an appointment highly pleasing to the veterans. General Knefler died June 15, 1901.

When he was seventeen years old Abel D. Streight, the son of a farmer in Steuben County, New York, energetic and with habits of industry, bought his time of his father at the rate of sixty dollars a year until he was twenty-one, and went into business for himself. He worked as a carpenter, but when he was twenty became a contractor and builder and made a success in that line. He also went into the lumber business. In 1859, when he was thirty, he came to Indianapolis

and engaged in the map and book publishing business, continuing in that until the beginning of the war. He was authorized by Governor Morton to recruit the Fifty-first regiment of Indiana Volunteers, which he did, though it was not an easy matter. The first burst of enthusiasm had passed, men had learned that war was not a mere summer's adventure and were slow to respond. The regiment was made up by September, 1861, however, which seems at this distance to contradict the story of "slowness," considering the few months since the first call for troops had come.

Streight was made colonel of the regiment, which was attached to the army under Buell, afterward known as the army of the Cumberland. He met with official approval for the good discipline he achieved and maintained and for his evident courage. After the battle of Stone River he was put in command of a provisional brigade of seventeen hundred men and directed by General Rosecrans to proceed by steamboats down the Cumberland River to the Ohio, then up the Tennessee to Eastport, Mississippi, for the purpose of destroying the resources of the enemy and breaking the railroad communication if possible, in the rear of the rebel army across Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia. This was the first Union raid into the enemy's country.

It was a good plan, but failed because of two or three days' delay before Streight could mount his men after leaving the boats.

Meanwhile, General Forrest came in pursuit with a large force and there were several sharp encounters during the retreat, which occupied several days. Reinforcements were not possible, ammunition gave out and surrender was a necessity. It was a daring undertak-

ing and attracted much attention on both sides. Streight and his men were taken prisoners and he was sent to Libby Prison in Richmond where, because of special animosity toward him, since he had destroyed considerable Confederate property, he was placed in solitary confinement and fed on corn bread and water for thirty days.

After he was given more freedom in the prison he conspired with a number of fellow prisoners to effect escape by means of a tunnel which was dug under an adjoining street. Much time was required for the task, but on the ninth of February, 1864, one hundred and nine men escaped by that means.

General Streight was an unusually large man, with much breadth of shoulders, and it is told that it was with difficulty that he crawled through the narrow passage. He had been in communication with a Union white woman in the city and had notified her to be at a certain cabin occupied by a negro on a given date. She came with four horse pistols for the General and each of his three officer companions and with food and such other equipment as she could command.

Of course every road was guarded, but somehow, traveling by night and off the roads, they finally reached friends on the Potomac about ninety miles from Washington.

The escape was one of the spectacular incidents of the war and much publicity was given to it, Colonel Streight being a hero of the hour.

He returned to Chattanooga, the privates who had been taken prisoners, having been exchanged, and during the remainder of the war was in many engagements, doing effective service. He was much of the time in command of a division. He came out of the



One of the Tree Bordered Drives





war with a fine military record and was promoted to be brigadier general by brevet in March, 1865, by President Lincoln.

After the war the General engaged in active business, becoming a wholesale dealer in lumber. He died in 1892 and by the desire of Mrs. Streight was buried on the grounds surrounding his handsome home on East Washington Street. After her death the property was sold, and the body was removed to Crown Hill.

General George H. Chapman was born in Holland, Massachusetts, in 1832, son of Jacob Page Chapman, who came to Indiana with his family in 1838 and in partnership with his brother began the publication of a paper in Terre Haute called the Wabash Enquirer. In June, 1841, he moved to Indianapolis, bought the Democrat, a weekly paper, and soon afterward changed the name to the Indiana State Sentinel. The son, George H., at fifteen, received an appointment to the Naval Academy, where he spent three years. At the end of that time he resigned, returned to Indianapolis and engaged in newspaper work with his father. The Chapmans are given credit, whatever that may be, for originating the rooster as a Democratic party emblem.

Young Chapman was originally a Democrat, but, like many others, changed his politics in the middle fifties and became a Republican. Meanwhile he studied law with Hugh O'Neal and was admitted to the bar.

In 1861, on the breaking out of the war, he offered his services and was appointed lieutenant colonel in the Third Indiana Cavalry. Doubtless his three years in the Naval Academy, though it was not for land service, gave him an acquaintance with military discipline

that was to his advantage. His military record in the United States Army Historical Register reads, briefly: "November 21, Lieutenant Colonel; October, 1862, Colonel; March, 1863, Brigadier General; March, 1865, Brevet Major-General for meritorious conduct at the battle of Winchester." This registration is not quite in agreement with the Indianapolis records, which make him major at the time of enlistment.

The details of that army record are included in the "History of the Third Cavalry," by W. N. Pickerell. It is a story of constant and active service in the Army of the Potomac until after the battle of the Wilderness in 1864, when Chapman, with his brigade, was transferred to the Army of the Cumberland. His original regiment had the curious history of having been divided almost to the end of the war. The six companies first enlisted were sent to the Army of the Potomac; the four later companies were assigned to the West, but both divisions were united in the Indiana military records and pay lists as one regiment. General Chapman remained in the West until the end of the war.

On his return to Indianapolis the General resumed the practice of law. When the Legislature created the criminal court of Marion County in December, 1865, he was appointed Judge and held the office for five years.

General Chapman stood well in the community. He is said to have been a man of very extensive reading—far beyond that demanded by his profession. It is also said of him that he was quiet, unpretentious, a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, liberal and catholic in his opinions and intolerant only of intolerance.

He died on the 16th day of June, 1882. At the bar meeting following his funeral, Governor Porter said that the last time he (Porter) saw Abraham Lincoln

was when he called upon him to urge the promotion of General Chapman to the position of brigadier general. "General Chapman," Governor Porter added, "was not a common man; he had fullness of learning, fullness of candor, and possessed all the qualities calculated to command respect."

## BUT ONE ADMIRAL

The inland youth who has never seen the sea is as likely as another to long for

“A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep,  
Where the scattered waters rave  
And the winds their revels keep.”

Doubtless many a boy, drawn by fascinating tales depicting adventure and romance experienced by those who “go down to the sea in ships” has gone from Indianapolis to become a sailor in the navy or merchant vessels, but only one boy from the capital city ever entered the navy and spent forty-eight years in its service, beginning as a cadet and ending as an admiral.

It was in 1849 when George Brown, then fourteen years old, walking in Washington with his father, William J. Brown, at that time assistant postmaster general, was asked by his father, as they approached a midshipman, how he would like to wear that uniform. To the father's surprise, who had not been serious, his son instantly replied that nothing would suit him better. As it happened Joseph E. McDonald, then in Congress, had an appointment to the naval school in Annapolis at his disposal, and within twenty-four hours young Brown knew his wish would be gratified. He was entered on the rolls of the navy in February, 1849, and remained on the active list almost forty-eight and one-half years. The practice and study required of cadets at that time were exacting and severe. Being the youngest student at the academy by three years he

found the studies hard, but never complained except in the beginning when he once mentioned that the class was given thirty pages of history for a day's lesson. His home was in Indianapolis and he was faithful and constant in writing letters to his mother and an older sister.

Probably the most complete biographical sketch of the Admiral's career is that written by Colonel Zemro A. Smith in a volume of war papers read before the Indiana Commandery of the Loyal Legion by members of that body. It is an admirably told story of twenty-five pages, and while even in that space it is possible to give only the outline of a service of nearly fifty years, it makes a really fascinating and picturesque tale of faithful, loyal service of many kinds in all quarters of the globe. Of course the most important activities were during the Civil War, but even the so-called dull years had their interest. Brown at the time of the Civil War was a lieutenant, an office which corresponds with the rank of captain in the army. He was delighted because his ship fired the first shots on the enemy in Hampton Roads. The quality of his loyalty is indicated by this excerpt in a letter to a friend dated January 15, 1863:

“You ask me what I think of the emancipation proclamation. I have not read it and if I had done so I do not consider that I have any right to think of such things. I am a Federal officer and am not supposed to know Mr. Lincoln except as President of the United States and commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and as such I am willing to touch my cap to him as I would to any other superior officer. On board of this vessel I do not allow anyone to question my authority or to assist me in the thinking department. If. . . . .



.....should resign from the army, do not let him make the emancipation proclamation a pretext."

Colonel Smith was greatly helped in writing his article by having access to many letters written by the Admiral and from which he was permitted to make quotations.

The title of lieutenant commander was conferred on Lieutenant Brown in 1862 and in 1866 he was made commander. Soon after this promotion he was assigned to duty in the Washington Navy Yard—a welcome change after seventeen years of almost unbroken sea service.

Indianapolis was still his nominal home and he made such flying visits as he could. In 1871 he married Miss Kate Morris of Indianapolis. In 1887, when he was commanding the Pacific Station he was advanced to commodore, and in 1893 was promoted to rear admiral by President Harrison.

After his retirement Admiral Brown brought his family to Indianapolis and remained here until his death. He is buried in Crown Hill.

Throughout his life he bore the highest character and was highly respected and esteemed.

## OTHERS WHO SERVED

There are soldiers aside from the generals, and aside from the occupants of the national plot, described elsewhere, who are gathered with their families here and there in the same city of peace, all of them—generals, colonels, captains, privates—patriots alike.

Soldiers who fought in the Mexican War are buried in Crown Hill in scattered graves. One was killed in the war; a popular man whose death was mourned by a large circle of friends. Several Revolutionary soldiers also lie here.

One, John Morrow, was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, Nov. 27, 1760, died in Marion County, Indiana, Aug. 24, 1835, and is buried in Section 9, Lot 14, Crown Hill. He enlisted Dec., 1776, for three months, under Capt. William Blaine; April, 1778, he enlisted for three months, acted as private and sergeant under Capt. Bohanon, Col. Fred Watt. Later he re-enlisted for one month under Capt. William Blaine and in 1779 was private under Capt. William Black. Was a private in Capt. Thomas Askey's Co., First Battalion Cumberland Co. Militia, James D. Dunlap, Col. 1779. Mrs. Charles S. Tevis of Indianapolis, is a great granddaughter of John Morrow.

Another, Hezekiah Smith, born in Delaware, April 18, 1753, died in Marion County, Indiana, April 26, 1824, is buried in Section 2, lot 135, Crown Hill. He engaged in nine battles of the Revolutionary War. Mrs. Felix T. McWhirter and the late Mrs. G. V. Woollen are granddaughters of Hezekiah Smith.

Back in the years of the Civil War when the word

came that their country was in danger and they were needed, young men cleared their desks; they put aside their work in office and shop, in school and on farm. They put away their dreams and plans and said good-bye to home. Many of them were very young. Like the men of Oxford,

“They gave their merry youth away  
To country and to God.”

Those among them who fortunately came back to take up normal life again, learned, whatever their later careers, that the four years of war made the background of their lives—formed its greatest event.

Several of these men of lower rank than Generals, but hardly less well known, come to mind. There was Captain Wallace Foster, known far and wide as “the flagman.” A brave and gallant soldier who enlisted as a private in the Eleventh Indiana, with a long record of active service, he was honorably discharged near the end of the war on account of defective hearing caused by exposure and hard work in the Chickahominy Swamp. This ailment grew into total deafness and to the end of his life was a disability that shut him out of ordinary pursuits and activities. His experience, however, in no wise caused depression or melancholy. The war had developed in him a passionate patriotism that found expression in a crusade in behalf of the Stars and Stripes. He conceived the idea of teaching patriotism to children by a display of flags above their school buildings. He had in mind chiefly the children of immigrants, ignorant of our customs and institutions, but he was entirely impartial and was as anxious for the country school which knew no foreigners to be equipped with a flag as any other. His idea was that the emotional sentiment aroused by the

sight of the flag and in the teaching of its history and its meaning would lead to further interest in public questions. As a result of his activities, and with the consent of the board of school commissioners, he erected on the twentieth of February, 1891, mainly at his own expense, a flagstaff with a flag on the ground of school number thirty-two in Indianapolis. This was followed up with patriotic instruction in the school, and it is said to be the first school in the United States to raise a flag in the interest of patriotism. The story of the proceeding was widely circulated and much commented on by the press of the country, and the example was followed by other schools not only in Indiana but in other states.

Captain Foster, with the aid of the Women's Relief Corps and other patriotic societies, distributed many thousands of silk and bunting flags and issued several small primers and other publications containing the history of the flag and other patriotic matter. He traveled much in the interest of his cause, attending G. A. R. encampments and other patriotic meetings. He never lost his enthusiasm, and with his handsome, eager face and absorption in his undertaking, he easily aroused the interest of his listeners. While he was admired and honored by all who knew him, there was a pathos associated with him and his ardor for the flag that aroused a sympathy akin to tears. To a large extent shut away from the active world by his deafness, he found forgetfulness in an undertaking to which others gave only casual thought. He was a picturesque figure in Indianapolis life. Born in Vernon, Indiana, in June, 1837, he died in Indianapolis March 30, 1919.

Captain James R. Carnahan has a good record as a soldier. He enlisted in the Eleventh Indiana Volunteer

Infantry under General Lew Wallace in the three months' service and re-enlisted in 1862 as first sergeant in the Eighty-sixth Indiana Infantry for three years; he was promoted to captain in 1863. He participated in the battles of Stone River and Chickamauga. He was in the Atlanta campaign and took part in every battle and engagement in which the Fourth Army Corps was engaged. His name is especially associated with the Chickamauga campaign because of the close historical study he afterwards made of it. He was a member of the Indiana Commission to locate the Indiana monuments on that great field and at the dedication of Chickamauga Park on September 19, 1895, delivered an address which contains an account of Indiana's part in that battle so graphic that it condenses a volume of history into a chapter. So clearly does he show the movements of Indiana troops that the speech is incorporated in full in a volume of war papers of the Indiana Commandery of the Loyal Legion. It is an eloquent speech as well as vividly descriptive. The main parts of the address are also included in W. H. Smith's *History of Indiana*.

Many Indiana troops took part in the battle of Chickamauga and more than three thousand gave up their lives. As Captain Carnahan estimated, Indiana lost at Chickamauga, from noon on September 18 to the going down of the sun on Snodgrass Hill, on Sunday, September 20, one-eighth of Indiana's loss during the entire war.

"Men of Indiana for all time to come," says Carnahan, "may point with pride to the gallantry and bravery of the Indiana troops at Chickamauga."

Captain Carnahan was a student in Wabash College at the time of his enlistment. He returned there and



took up his studies after the war. He studied law and entered into its practice at Lafayette. In 1881 he was appointed adjutant general of Indiana, and was commissioned brigadier general of the Indiana legion, serving four years. Later he was in command of the military branch of the Knights of Pythias, having at one time under him more than eighty thousand men.

Captain, or, as he was known in his later years, General, Carnahan died August 3, 1905.

W. H. H. Terrell was not a soldier, but his services during and after the Civil War were so important to the soldiers of Indiana that it seems proper to mention him in connection with the military men. He was financial secretary to Governor Morton at a critical time during the war. When an antagonistic anti-war legislature elected in the middle of the war refused to appropriate money to pay the expenses of the State, the Governor was forced to borrow funds, not only for the payment of expenses incident to the war but to maintain the State institutions. He borrowed nearly a million dollars on his own responsibility pledging the State's credit for its payment. Naturally these funds required other supervision than that of the State Treasurer and Mr. Terrell was selected by the Governor as his financial secretary. The Governor was forced to rely absolutely on his efficiency and honesty and the trust was not misplaced. He disbursed two hundred thousand dollars for civil and seven hundred thousand dollars for military purposes, and not a dollar was lost or misappropriated. Morton said of him that though he was surrounded by leeches, army contractors and stay-at-homes who beset him for the purpose of making money and though he was a poor man, he was faithful to his trust. One of his special services

was the devising of a plan that afforded speedy and accurate transmission of bandages and supplies to Indiana soldiers. The Governor, besides being grateful to Mr. Terrell for his aid, liked him as a man and a friend and made him adjutant general of the State after the war.

Mr. Terrell's second great service was not to an individual but to the State in the compilation of the statistical record of "Indiana in the War." Although it is statistical and not a history in the literary sense, rather because it is statistical, it is a monumental work. Its eight volumes include rosters of the regiments, records of men killed and where, movements of troops, promotions of officers, records of individual soldiers—everything in fact that was known of men and officers from enlistment to death or discharge at the end of the war. It is an invaluable compendium and has been a source of satisfaction to veterans and their descendants thousands of times since it was printed because of the facts so clearly set forth. Doubtless there are mistaken entries in it, but in eight volumes made up largely of figures it would be strange if there were no errors. The wonder is that in the confusion and haste and inexperience the unexpected war-created records were kept as accurately as they were.

Mr. Terrell, who was born in Kentucky in 1827, was a man of kindly nature and was a cheerful companion—a man generally well liked. It was to Mr. Terrell's memory that James Whitcomb Riley wrote the poem "Away," the first six lines of which read:

"I cannot say and I will not say  
That he is dead. He is just away!  
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,  
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be, since he lingers there."

Mr. Terrell died in Indianapolis, May 16, 1884. "Away" was published in the Indianapolis Journal, May 31, 1884.

Colonel Zemro A. Smith is mentioned here because, though he came late to Indianapolis, he became well known in G. A. R. and Loyal Legion circles and among newspaper men in the State and had a wide acquaintance previous to his residence here.

Colonel Smith was born in Maine in 1837 and left Colby University a few weeks before the graduation of his class in 1862 to take part in raising a company for the Eighteenth Maine Volunteers. He was made Captain. The regiment reached Washington in August and was put to work in defence of the city. The regiment a little later was changed to the First Maine Heavy Artillery. In a first engagement his company lost fifty-seven, killed and wounded, out of one hundred and thirty. General Meade gave the regiment a complimentary notice in a special order. Colonel Smith, then captain, was severely wounded in the thigh, a wound whose effects he felt to the end of his life. He returned to his regiment as soon as he was able and remained to the end of the war. He was promoted successively to major and to lieutenant colonel. Upon the recommendation of General Hardin, in whose staff he served for a time, he was brevetted colonel for "faithful and meritorious service."

After the war he returned to Maine and engaged in newspaper work. Showing an intelligent and active interest in politics, he was made chairman of the Republican party in the State and was retained in that office for several years while Mr. James G. Blaine was

one of the most prominent men of the country. Later Colonel Smith became an editorial writer in Boston and Kansas. He came to the Indianapolis Journal in 1889 as an editorial writer and served in that capacity until his death May 25, 1903.

It was said of him by one who had been reared in the Indiana political atmosphere and had believed that nowhere else was there such party enthusiasm, that he was almost as strong a party man as if he had been a native—a remark meant as a high compliment, and so accepted. He was a member of the George H. Thomas Post and for several years served as recorder of the Indiana Commandery of the Loyal Legion, taking a deep interest in its affairs.

He was an able writer, especially in political lines. Personally he was a man of high character and fine qualities and was well liked by his professional associates and other friends.

When he died, old army comrades in Maine sent testimonials of warm regard and told of his courage and gallantry in the far-off war days that they never forgot—incidents of which he had been too modest to speak to his friends here.

On his tombstone in Crown Hill is the comprehensive and fitting inscription, "Soldier and Gentleman."

Another officer whose death caused much local regret and by the manner of it caught the attention of the press of the country at the time, was Lieutenant Colonel John W. Meikel, of the Twentieth Indiana Volunteers. It was the last campaign of the Army of the Potomac. In the fall of 1864 the regiment was in de Trobriand's brigade. It had fought in all the battles of the Eastern army and now, under the command of Meikel, as one of three Indiana regiments, was

ordered to defend a fort near Petersburg, noted throughout the country as a place where many Federals had been killed, and was directed to attack the rifle pits in front. After a daring charge led by Meikel, the enemy, taken by surprise and overwhelmed by the force of the assault, not only gave way and abandoned the section attacked, but still more of its line, both to the right and left. The works were quickly turned by companies with picks and shovels, and the Indiana troops were solidly established in the entrenchments and the enemy was not able to recapture the place. The next morning Lieutenant Colonel Meikel, while surveying the scene of the victory in company with others, was killed, as one historian puts it, by a "stray shot." In those days such a stray shot was usually fired with deadly aim by what was then called a sharp shooter; now they are spoken of as snipers.

The incident attracted national attention. Meikel was only one of many thousands of brave and brilliant young Americans who had given up their lives—one of many in Crown Hill—but that his life had been lost after his triumph was assured and when the war was likely soon to end, seemed an added tragedy. General de Trobriand said of him: "He was a young officer of great merit and daring bravery. His loss was keenly felt in the brigade, and amongst all who had been brought in contact with him." One of the new forts erected by General Grant in front of Petersburg was named after him. He had enlisted in Indianapolis, which was his home.

Captain Joseph J. Hammond, was a soldier of fortune, World War "ace" as a flyer, famous among aviators for his skill and daring in his use of the airplane. It was a strange fate that brought him to his



death in the peaceful center of the United States when his work in the war was over. He was born in New Zealand and died when his plane fell, not from a great height, near Indianapolis, September 22, 1918.

He had been flying a plane for twelve years and had participated in several wars in Europe. In one of the Balkan wars he piloted a plane for the Bulgarians. He was known and admired for his achievements in many quarters. A reticent man, little was known from him of his exploits. He was known to have had many narrow escapes, but he seemed to bear a charmed life and the only injury received so far as was known was the loss of two fingers by an enemy machine gun. When England declared war upon Germany, he was among the first of the expeditionary forces to go to France. Up to the time of his death Captain Hammond held the world's record for having the greatest number of flying hours in the air. He was known as one of the most daring and fearless pilots in the world. He had been presented in the course of his career to Ex-President Poincaré and to many members of Europe's royal families.

Every honor was paid to the dead hero by officers of the Harrison Post and citizens and members of the City and State Government. He was buried at Crown Hill on the family lot of Mr. Carl Fisher, by request of that gentleman. He sleeps far from the place of his birth, but no one among those who laid him away knew whether he was on his way to that far land or whether any one in his old New Zealand home was left to mourn his loss.

There are doubtless a number of women as well as men who deserve mention here for one notable cause or another who will be unintentionally omitted from

these pages, but two who come to mind are in a class by themselves and must not be forgotten.

One of these is the first Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, whose death took place shortly before the close of President Harrison's term of office. Mrs. Harrison was well known, of course, first as the wife of Senator and then President Harrison. At her home in Indianapolis she was known as a quiet, retiring woman of domestic tastes, who sought no publicity, was gentle and amiable in disposition and a worthy helpmate to her distinguished husband. She lost none of these attributes when fortune took her into conspicuous official society, making her the "first lady of the land," but fulfilled her social duties, that must often have been irksome to her, with credit to herself and her high position. Her special distinction in feminine circles is her place in the patriotic organization, the Daughters of the American Revolution.

This society was organized in Washington and incorporated in 1890 during the Harrison administration, and Mrs. Harrison had the distinction of being chosen as its first president-general.

At the first meeting over which she presided a resolution was adopted to the effect that the society should secure rooms, and later a fire-proof building, in which to deposit Revolutionary relics and historic papers. This was the first step taken toward the erection of the handsome home in Washington, now known as Continental Hall. The subject was not allowed to drop. Mrs. Harrison was re-elected to the office of President-General in February, 1892, but was able to give the society little attention after that date. She died on October 25, 1892, and her grave is beside that of President Harrison in Crown Hill. The first branch of the

D. A. R. in Indianapolis is called The Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter.

Another woman also distinguished in this line was Mrs. Charles Warren (Cornelia Cole) Fairbanks, wife of Vice-President Fairbanks. Her personal history is not unlike that of Mrs. Harrison. Like her she was born in Ohio and came with her husband, a lawyer, to Indianapolis, where he was highly successful in his profession. She also went to Washington as the wife of a Senator who later became Vice-President. She was a woman of much intelligence, a serene temperament and an especially amiable disposition. She was more fond of social and club life than was Mrs. Harrison and when she was made president-general of the D. A. R. in 1902 she entered with much interest into its activities. The plan for an official national headquarters for the society had been allowed to languish to some extent, but Mrs. Fairbanks put new life into the movement. During her term of office a site was bought, plans were made and "Continental Hall" was built and dedicated.

It is rather a remarkable thing that two Indiana women, ten years apart, should have been so intimately associated with the history and erection of this building. One of the D. A. R. chapters in Indianapolis bears the name of Cornelia Cole Fairbanks.

Mrs. Fairbanks died at her home in Indianapolis and is buried in Crown Hill.

Because the special activities of these two women were in the line of patriotism, it seems fitting that they should have a place with those whose patriotism found a more war-like manifestation.

## CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

No one becomes better known beyond the limits of his immediate community than a manufacturer with a large commercial business. In the various groups into which the men now sleeping in Crown Hill who have helped to make Indianapolis known to the world have naturally fallen, a number of such men appear and their achievements have been mentioned. But there are a number whose industrial and commercial undertakings have been so extensive as to be especially associated with their names. They may have had many other interests, but these become secondary so far as the public is concerned.

Mr. Elias C. Atkins was one of these. Born at Bristol, Connecticut, in June, 1833, he learned the saw making trade under an uncle. By the time he was seventeen he had mastered the business and was foreman of the shop. In 1855 he came to Cleveland, Ohio, and there established its first saw factory. The next year he came to Indianapolis with five hundred dollars as his cash capital and began making saws in a small way. At first he did all the work himself, partly because of limited means, partly because skilled workmen in that line were hard to get. Finally he brought, as his first helper, a young German mechanic from his old home in Connecticut. The young man, eager to come, walked all the way, and remained until his death.

Perfection of workmanship is said to have been Mr. Atkins's hobby. It was a point of honor with him never to let a saw go out of his shop unless it was perfect.

His business prospered and addition after addition made it a great institution, the largest factory of its kind in the United States, perhaps in the world. The product is known in every country. The third generation of the family is now represented in the business.

Mr. Atkins in time became identified with other business enterprises, notably the Hecla Consolidated Mining Company. He spent four years in the Northwest in order to develop these natural resources, living the rough life of the mining camp. He had gone primarily to build up his shattered health. This end was achieved, but as related in Dunn's "Indiana and Indianans," it was a highly profitable vacation financially, for under his direction the original investment of the mining company was increased, it is said, from sixty thousand dollars to one million five hundred thousand dollars, and he was thus identified as a founder of one of the greatest industrial organizations in the world. He had many other business interests, and at the time of his death was president of the Manufacturers' Natural Gas Company of Indianapolis.

Mr. Atkins was a strong supporter of the Baptist Church and was a liberal giver to its interests and institutions. A member of the First Baptist Church of Indianapolis, he made an earnest effort to secure the Baptist College for the Capital City and for this purpose set aside forty acres of land between Meridian Street and Central Avenue north of Thirty-second Street. Later, he gave the tract at a represented value of twenty thousand dollars toward establishing the theological seminary of the University of Chicago. He was a member of the official board of that university.

Mr. Atkins was three times married. His third wife, Mrs. Sarah Parker Atkins, who survived her hus-



band for a number of years, was a woman of strong character and of Puritan stock, a leader in social life and prominent in the religious and charitable activities of the city. Mr. Atkins died April 19, 1901.

George Merritt should be mentioned in this list for though his enterprise, the manufacturing of woolen goods, never increased to the extent some other lines of manufacturing in the city have reached, it was successful and profitable and he was one of the pioneers in that line of production in Indianapolis. He helped to make the city known.

Mr. Merritt, who was a descendant of a family that came to America more than two hundred years ago, was born in Saratoga County, New York, in 1824. His family moved to Michigan when he was twelve years old, and when he was twenty-one, he came to Ohio and under the direction of an uncle learned the trade of woolen manufacturing. In 1856 he came to Indianapolis and established a woolen mill. Later he formed a partnership with William Coughlin and for twenty-five years the work of manufacturing was carried on uninterruptedly, and became one of the best known business institutions of the town. At the end of twenty-five years Mr. Merritt retired from business, his son succeeding him.

Mr. Merritt was identified with various other business enterprises, but he became particularly well known in the city and state because of his good citizenship, which was shown in many ways. He was elected to the board of school commissioners and continued there for many years, during all of which time he was chairman of the finance committee. All measures for the conduct of the Civil War received his support, especially the labors of the sanitary commission.

He was one of the trusted advisers of Governor Morton. His sympathies were early enlisted in behalf of the orphans of soldiers and, in cooperation with Miss Susan Fussell, he established a home at Knightstown for a limited number of these children, where liberal provision was made for their training and comfort until they were able to help themselves, Mr. Merritt bearing the necessary expenses. Through his exertions a bill passed the Legislature by which orphan children in poor houses were established in families under the supervision and care of matrons. He was a citizen to whom everyone went for advice with their problems in what is now known as welfare work.

Mr. Merritt was reared in the Quaker faith, but was a supporter and a member of the congregation of Plymouth Church. He died in 1912.

Daniel W. Marmon was born in Logan County, Ohio, on October 10, 1844, the son of a physician. When Daniel was five years old his father and mother died within a month of each other and he was taken to Richmond, Indiana, where he was reared and educated. He was graduated in 1865 at Earlham College, then a small institution but well conducted under the auspices of the Society of Friends. He had shown a marked taste for mechanical work and study and developed high talent as a mechanic and inventor. In 1866 he purchased an interest in the firm of E. and A. H. Nordyke, manufacturers of milling machinery, in Richmond. After ten years the firm discontinued business in Richmond, the business being then removed to Indianapolis, where better commercial advantages could be obtained. The firm was henceforth known as the Nordyke & Marmon Company. Mr. Marmon, who had been secretary of the company since 1865, continued

in that office until 1898, when he became its president and remained as its head until his death in March, 1909.

Meanwhile the milling business had greatly increased and the establishment and its products were widely known in trade circles. The advent of the automobile changed the outlook. In 1893 the manufacture of motor cars became a department and grew so rapidly that it soon began to overshadow the original industry—the milling factory—in importance. Mr. Marmon lived long enough to note the progress of this new manufacturing venture, though he could hardly have foreseen the tremendous growth of the general industry, as well as that of the plant he founded, so greatly have both increased since he died.

With all his absorption in business he was not lacking in an interest in civic affairs and showed ready cooperation in matters looking to community welfare. He showed no inclination for political activity and never sought office. He was a supporter of the Republican party. He was retiring in disposition and a man of quiet tastes. He ranked high in public esteem and confidence. He was a valued member of the Second Presbyterian Church. He left besides his widow, two sons and one daughter, all of whom, in 1926, survive him.

Colonel Eli Lilly was the founder of the great manufacturing drug house in Indianapolis still known as the Eli Lilly Company and technically as the chemical and biological research laboratories. It is classed by many as the largest establishment of its kind in the United States. Long before his death Colonel Lilly was widely known through the fame of his products, but through his personal qualities he became one of the

most highly esteemed citizens of Indianapolis. Educated in Greencastle, Indiana, where he came with his parents in 1851 when he was thirteen years old, he received his education there at DePauw University, then Asbury College. He went little farther than the preparatory department, for at seventeen he became clerk to an English chemist and pharmacist of Lafayette under whom he gained a practical and theoretical knowledge of the business. He did not come to Indianapolis to live until after the Civil War.

At Lafayette he had been a member of the local militia company and in 1861 he was one of the first to enlist in what afterward became the First Indiana Heavy Artillery. His previous training soon brought promotion. He was put in charge of a battery, the management of which was in those days more complex and important than the handling of a regiment. He remained in the army until the end of the war and his record is one of conspicuous gallantry and ability. Its details cannot be given here but it may be mentioned that in the two and one-half years in which he was in command of the battery he was under fire forty-one times and was twice struck by bullets, but escaped with slight wounds.

After he became a resident of Indianapolis he interested himself at once in local affairs and his activity and services in behalf of the material and civic improvement of the city speedily made him a leader in the promotion of public enterprises—put there by the confidence people had in his ability and unselfish desire to serve. He promoted the forming of a new charter—that drawn by Mr. Augustus Mason and still in force in 1926. He and his friends organized the Commercial Club, now the Chamber of Commerce. Colonel

Lilly was the first president of the Club. He promoted street paving and drainage, then badly needed. He was a liberal contributor to every charitable enterprise from the time he became financially able to give such aid. Indianapolis well remembers how successfully he managed the great annual encampment of the National Grand Army of the Republic at its reunion in Indianapolis in 1893. He was a Republican in national affairs, but never took an active part in politics. He was altogether a model citizen and when he died, June 6, 1898, at the age of fifty-nine, there was a common sense of loss in the public mind.

While the building of a great water works system may not come entirely under the technical head of manufacturing, the engineering and development of the water system of Indianapolis called for constructive and administrative ability of the highest quality, and this ability was demonstrated by Frederick A. W. Davis. The community has good reason to hold him in grateful remembrance for having provided it with a water system admirable in every respect and excelled by the systems of few, if any, cities in the United States.

Mr. Davis's efforts toward this achievement lasted for more than twenty-five years. He came to the undertaking with no experience in that line. He came to it through having been cashier of the Indiana Banking Company, which became insolvent through no fault of his, but through misguided judgment of others in extending loans on Water Company stock. To protect the interests of the bank he was made vice-president and treasurer of the Water Company under General Thomas A. Morris, as president. This was in 1881. These two offices he held until the death of General



Morris in 1904, when he succeeded him as president and remained in that office until his death, on April 19, 1909. His efforts and clear view of future demands enabled him so to advance the value of the bank's holdings that its loans which were large were to a considerable extent made good.

By that time Mr. Davis had identified himself with the Water Company and his efforts were all directed toward securing an abundant supply of pure water at reasonable rates. It was far from an easy undertaking. It involved a far-sighted policy, the adoption of all modern methods for insuring the purity of the water, the most skillful engineering and constant watchfulness and study. He took a deep interest in the technical and practical work of the American Waterworks Association, of which he was at one time president.

Mr. Davis was a Republican in politics, but never a seeker for office. Personally he was quiet and retiring, but though he devoted himself to his business affairs he found time for philanthropic and church work. He was one of the organizers of the Riverside Mission Sunday School on McCarty Street and for nearly fifty years was its active superintendent.

The possession of a plentiful supply of pure water is one of a city's best assets and for that asset Mr. Davis's memory should be honored.

A book publishing house is not commonly thought of as a manufacturing establishment, but that is what it emphatically is, first of all. The fact that it caters to the intellectual rather than the material interests of the community is probably the reason that it is not associated in the ordinary mind with factories.

William C. Bobbs, who died in Indianapolis on February 11, 1926, had been the head of the Bobbs-

Merrill publishing house for many years. It was mainly under his direction that it went into the general publishing business. Previous to its extension in that direction, the establishment, which to the public was known only as a retail bookshop, a law book publishing department had been an activity of the firm.

After Mr. Bobbs took charge his friendship for James Whitecomb Riley led to the publication of one of that poet's books, a venture that was so satisfactory and promising to all concerned that it resulted in the imprint of the house appearing on all of the Riley publications up to the time of his death. Mr. Bobbs was remarkably successful in his publishing career. The popularity of the Riley books attracted attention and when the very earliest novels from the same house attained a circulation that amazed the old publishing houses, the business reputation of the firm, but particularly of Mr. Bobbs himself, became established. Since that day many writers of importance, several of them from England, have come to the Indiana firm with their manuscripts and it has introduced to the public a long list of writers from its own state. At the time of his death the *Star* said of him very truly that in building up the publishing business in which he felt excusably enough a great pride, Mr. Bobbs did a greater service to his city than many of his fellow citizens realize—he advertised it to the world and distinguished it by making it the home of the greatest book publishing house west of New York City.

Mr. Bobbs had many other interests and like many another man who has achieved success in life, he began as a newsboy. Later he became a messenger for the Merrill-Meigs and Company's book shop, and grew up in the business, filling various positions in the estab-

lishment of which he was afterwards the head. But all this time he was able to put a part of his surplus energy into other business enterprises—a fire insurance company, and a national bank among them. He was a member of many clubs and other organizations—social, literary, political and charity associations. He was an influential promoter of the University Club and headed the rebuilding of its original home. He was greatly interested in the building of the Riley Hospital for Children and spent much time and energy in getting the movement under way.

He never sought political office, but distinguished himself in Indiana politics as an earnest advocate of Theodore Roosevelt on the Progressive ticket in 1912.

Mr. Bobbs was born in Montgomery County, Ohio, January 25, 1861, and came to Indianapolis with his parents when he was a small boy. He was sixty-five years old when he died, but so vigorous did he appear and so active were his energies that few thought of him as other than youthful. He was a useful citizen who rendered good service to his community.

Managers of public utilities with the entire community to please are ordinarily subject to much unreasonable and unkind criticism, since every citizen feels free to make personal complaint when anything connected with that utility seems to be wrong. It was not so with Charles C. Perry, who was connected with electrical utilities in one way and another from his boyhood, when acting as messenger boy on a railroad out of Richmond, Indiana, he spent his spare time studying the Morse code, until he became president of a great light and heat company. He began as a telegraph messenger, then was a telegrapher and finally worked his way to the position of manager of the Rich-



A Winding Roadway





mond exchange of the Central Union Telephone Company, where he remained four years. After this he was for two years district superintendent of the Northern Indiana and Ohio Telephone Company, with headquarters at Fort Wayne.

Mr. Perry came to Indianapolis in 1886 as the Indianapolis representative of the Jenney Electric Company. In 1888 he was one of the organizers of the Marmon-Perry Light Company. Out of that grew the Indianapolis Light & Heat Company. Mr. Perry was president of this company for many years and under his management it became one of the most efficient of utilities.

It came to be understood that Mr. Perry's purpose was to serve the public to the best of his ability and many incidents are told where the repairs following accidents or needed improvements were rushed at such speed as to cause loss to the company, but his rule to his assistants was to forget the loss and give service. It is related that he often took blame to himself for mistakes made by his employes.

Mr. Perry was a tremendous worker until his health finally compelled him to put labor aside. With all his devotion to labor, he found time to interest himself actively in outside matters. He was a Scottish Rite Mason, a member of the Columbia Club, the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, the Athletic Club, and a trustee of the Young Women's Christian Association. His patriotic spirit was well known. Though he became one of the outstanding business men in the State, a man of wealth, and a dominant figure in financial institutions, the change in his circumstances created no difference in his every day life. He was to the end the unaffected man of simple tastes, approach-

able and friendly to all men. He was "Charley" Perry from first to last even with his humblest employes, the familiar name being really a term of affection. Few business men in Indianapolis have been mourned so sincerely in death by so many classes of citizens. Mr. Perry died on September 23, 1924. He was survived by his wife, two sons and a daughter.

Mr. D. M. Parry, a manufacturer who became widely known for his views on the labor question, was head of the Parry Manufacturing Company, in Indianapolis the output of which was light weight vehicles of all kinds and farm implements. He was very successful. He began with a pay roll of about forty men and found his business increasing so rapidly that in a remarkably short time he was giving employment to more than two thousand people. He was interested in the issues between capital and labor, and as president of the American Manufacturers Association became known in labor and business circles for his stand against what he considered the unjust demands of certain labor organizations and of methods which he considered unlawful. He himself operated an open shop. His personal character was high. He was an ardent student of sociology and its problems. A book on sociology, "The Scarlet Empire," of which he was the author, had a large circulation.

Mr. Parry, who was born in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, came to Indianapolis from Rushville in 1882. He died May 12, 1915.

## LEADERS OF THE CHURCH

Leading men of the church who have been laid to rest in Crown Hill are many. It is a noticeable fact that the founders of the town and first promoters of its growth as well as nearly all the leading citizens of the first half century of the city's history whose biographies have been examined for the purposes of this record were religious men. At least, the early chroniclers cite the fact of their church membership. It is not necessary to assume from this that the later comers were less devoted to things spiritual. It is only that the authors of the later brief sketches dealt more with the business activities and material achievements of the men in question than with their beliefs and their rules of life. The honorable and useful lives spoke for themselves.

Religious worship was formally established soon after the first settlers came. The Methodists did not build the first church—that honor goes to the Baptists—but the Methodists in 1821 organized a “class” and held regular services. Indianapolis Methodists were on a circuit until 1828, but a hewed log church was built for their use in 1825. The circuits at that time were very large and settlements far apart, so that Indianapolis could not count on a weekly service until a sufficient number of preachers had appeared to make the circuit smaller.

Among the earliest circuit riders, as they were called, the preachers who traveled from one settlement in the woods to another, encountering many severe hardships, and even dangers from Indians and wild

animals, was John Strange, the most conspicuous of those who are buried in Crown Hill. He was probably, in fact, quite the most remarkable of all of those early evangelists. Many stories are still told of him, come down by tradition in Methodist families. So powerful was he as a preacher and exhorter, so eloquent, intense and dramatic in his method of delivery, that his audiences were almost hypnotized and worshipful of the man. He swayed his hearers almost at his will, according to witnesses. Oliver H. Smith describes him as a wonder in the pulpit, and says he was a great natural actor, unconscious of the fact probably, but an artist of the highest type.

It was a hard life and most of these early circuit riders in the wilderness, where block houses were often their stopping places, died before they reached their prime. John Strange, born in Virginia in 1789, died in Indiana in 1833, while serving as presiding elder.

A year or so before this chronicle was written a minister in a Methodist pulpit in Rushville is reported to have lamented what he alleged to be the fact that the memory of early circuit preachers and evangelists in Indiana was not properly honored, and referred to the grave of John Strange in Crown Hill Cemetery as overgrown with briars and weeds. This minister was sadly misinformed. Whatever may be true in other cemeteries, there is no grave in Crown Hill overgrown with weeds nor one neglected. John Strange sleeps under green sward as carefully trimmed and tended as that which covers every other resting place within the cemetery's boundaries.

There were other circuit preachers just as faithful and self-sacrificing who traveled the great districts in the first half of the nineteenth century, and at one time

or another made their homes in Indianapolis, but because of the rule of the Methodist Church, after regular preaching stations were established, of limiting appointments of its preachers to a given place to but one year—a rule now discarded—the homes of these ministers were constantly changing and they died elsewhere. Edwin Ray, for example, preached in Indianapolis as early as 1826 and was afterwards presiding elder. He married here a daughter of a well-known citizen, but the regulations of the church took him to Madison, where he died at the early age of twenty-nine. His son, John W. Ray, became an honored citizen of Indianapolis, serving as colonel of the forty-ninth regiment of Indiana Volunteers in the Civil War, afterwards holding several important positions of trust. His descendants are still living in Indianapolis. The Edwin Ray Church is named after the talented young preacher of a hundred years ago. He is mentioned here because in various ways he was more closely identified with the town than most other Methodist preachers of his time. He was closely associated with John Strange and was deeply loved by him. Strange's memorial sermon over Ray is described as having been extremely dramatic and affecting.

Several of the Methodist ministers who served as pastors of the various churches of the denomination in Indianapolis and were afterward chosen by the General Conference to serve as bishops, had headquarters and established homes in distant States and died there. On the other hand, the departed bishops of the Episcopal Church for Indiana are all buried in Crown Hill.

The twenty years from the first visit of a Methodist minister in 1821 was a period of primitive Methodism—a period described in Sulgrove's story of the



churches as one of extemporary sermons, "lined-out" hymns, congregational singing, separation of the sexes in church and a sort of clerical uniform for the preachers resembling a little the Quaker fashion. John Strange, Allen Wiley, James Havens, Edward R. Ames (afterward Bishop Ames), Augustus Eddy, W. H. Goode, and the Reverend J. C. Smith were presiding elders during most of this time. All are said to have been men of force, and of the spirit of self-sacrificing piety. Several of these men lived past the period mentioned and in the active service of the church.

The Reverend J. C. Smith, who seems to have had something of the evangelizing power of John Strange, established a record as a revivalist when he was a pastor of Wesley Chapel in Indianapolis in 1838 and as the result of a "protracted meeting" lasting thirty-two days, two hundred and sixty five additions to the church were made. In Mr. Smith's own words in his account of the event in his book, "Early Methodism," fully that number were "powerfully converted." Whether or not he meant that this was an additional number to the new membership is not clear, but in either case the number was remarkable in a town whose population was about six thousand. This revival, which brought into the church a number of prominent citizens of the time who afterwards became leaders in religious work, is one of the milestones, so to speak, of local Methodist history. Mr. Smith gives an account of it in his book which is very interesting as showing the emotionalism of the early gatherings and the methods used to arouse it. It was not in this meeting, however, that a certain combination of physical with spiritual means was successfully used. Mr. Smith describes the incident as a feature of a revival con-

ducted by the Reverend James Jones of Rising Sun. At a camp meeting in "the Doddridge neighborhood of the White Water Circuit," on one occasion, "When as many as three hundred people crowded the altar at a time" a woman was "powerfully converted" and began to praise God aloud. Her husband, "a strong, muscular man, and a great sinner, withal" rushed to the altar and dragged his wife with violence to the rear of the encampment and abused her for disgracing the family. Mr. Jones came to the scene of action and failing by persuasion to quiet the infuriated man, commanded him to get on his knees and pray. This, with much blasphemy, he refused to do. Thereupon, Mr. Jones, who, it seems, was also muscular, seized the man, brought him to his knees, then flat on his face, and seated himself on the sinner's back.

"But you must pray or you cannot arise from this place," said the preacher.

Mr. Jones then called upon the trembling wife to pray, which she did "in great tenderness and faith." Other sisters and brethren who gathered about prayed with much feeling and earnestness. "They knew how much depended on victory then."

Next, Mr. Jones prayed, "still sitting on the quivering form of his victim and holding him fast." Presently the tense muscles of the man's arms relaxed and other signs of victory appeared. This increased the faith of all present. Soon the man himself began to weep and cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and swiftly the shout of victory came, "the happy wife and conquered husband, rejoicing and praising God together."

This was the old style of doing work at camp meetings, comments Mr. Smith, adding dryly, that "no man

was better able to follow it" than the Reverend James Jones. A triumph, surely, for the church militant.

Mr. Smith's book has many interesting reminiscences. He has much to say about the women of the local church and expresses a high opinion of the services of women in religious work generally. He believed that the reason they have not been prominent in such service in the pulpit and on the platform is owing in great measure to prejudice of education and narrow conceptions of their true normal relation to Christianity and that time will change this condition. He names several women of great usefulness in the early church and writes with especial praise of Miss Lydia Hawes, who came to Indianapolis in 1833, or 34, unheralded and unknown except to a very few. "She appeared suddenly before the community," he relates, "and soon began her ministry of fire. Her prayers were mingled with fire; live coals from off the Star touched her lips and she spoke with a tongue of fire," is Mr. Smith's picturesque language.

Though Miss Hawes was a power in prayer and exhortation it was her singing that was her greatest gift, apparently. Mr. Smith grows eloquent over her singing. He speaks once of her voice as a tenor, and says it was capable of sustaining every key in the scale of music. "Often by a prolonged trill, she could sweep, in one breath, the grand diapason of song." Men of learning and worldly experience sat entranced under the magic of her voice. "I have seen the seraphic Lydia," the author says, "under the inspiration of song, lift whole audiences from their seats amidst shouts and songs of triumph."

Lydia Hawes was in demand in every direction, according to the admiring chronicler, not only in In-

diana, but in other states, to assist in camp meetings, quarterly meetings and other revival efforts. It was often remarked of her that she was equal to one bishop and three preachers. "Of her sex," it is said, "she was the golden-tongued Chrysostom of Indiana Methodism."

This gifted woman died in Indianapolis in 1874, in her seventy-fourth year, and was buried in Crown Hill.

There were other Methodist ministerial brethren on down the years who were at least known throughout the State. There was the Reverend Thomas A. Goodwin, who combined in his career the professions of editor, author, teacher and preacher. He was born in Brookville, Indiana, in 1818, and on the opening of Asbury University, now De Pauw, he was the first student outside of Greencastle to enter as a student and was in the first class graduated from there. He entered the Indiana Methodist Conference the same year and remained in pastoral work until 1844, when he opened the "Female College" at Madison, continuing there for several years. He was afterwards president of the Brookville College, but resigned in 1853 to take charge of the *Indiana American*, a Whig weekly of twenty years' standing. Mr. Goodwin changed its character, making it decidedly anti-slavery, before slavery had become an active political issue. In 1857 he brought his paper to Indianapolis and being the most prominent anti-slavery paper in the State and radical on the temperance question, the *American* gained a large circulation, always reflecting the positive and independent opinions of its editor. He became known in newspaper and political circles as "Parson Goodwin." The Civil War turned the attention of people to other matters, and daily papers equipped for general news pur-

poses so lessened the American's patronage that it was suspended for several years. Publication was resumed in 1870, but the time for a weekly of its character had passed, so that after a few months publication was finally discontinued and Mr. Goodwin, whose health was impaired, retired to his farm, later returning to Indianapolis where he resided the remainder of his life.

All these years, being what is known as a local preacher, it is related that he averaged about one hundred sermons a year, never receiving in the way of presents or other compensation an average of five dollars a year, supplying his own conveyance and paying his own railroad fare all the time.

In his later years of leisure Mr. Goodwin wrote and published a book called "The Mode of Man's Immortality." It was a bold attack upon the traditional doctrine of the church relating to a future life and attracted national attention among serious-minded people. Also it brought a storm around Mr. Goodwin, all of which he bore serenely, the storm culminating in a trial before the church for heresy. The trial was ultimately abandoned by the prosecution without coming to a decision.

Mr. Goodwin also published a little book containing an original interpretation of the Biblical "Song of Solomon." He never lost interest in civic and political affairs and for a number of years he found an outlet for his keen, shrewd and forceful opinions in the columns of the Indianapolis Journal, sometimes over his own name, sometimes over the signature, "U. L. See"—a name that deceived no one. Mr. Goodwin was a man of more than common mentality and had a cour-



age of his convictions whose like too few, unfortunately, possess.

Other Methodist ministers of the first half-century of Indianapolis history, well remembered, though less widely known than some who have been mentioned, were laid to rest in Crown Hill. Among them was the Reverend Fernandez C. Holliday, D.D., who was born in New York State in 1814, but was brought by his parents to Indiana when he was a small child and spent all his life here. He spent three years in traveling circuits; for twenty years he filled successively the pulpits of principal churches in Madison, New Albany, Evansville and Indianapolis, and for nineteen years served as presiding elder. In 1848 he was stationed at Wesley Chapel and from that time until his death he was identified in some manner with the church in Indianapolis. He published several books dealing with church history and one or more especially for the use of young ministers.

The Reverend Thomas H. Lynch, affectionately known as "Father Lynch," even to many people far outside of his church, was a familiar figure in Indianapolis. He was a teacher as well as a preacher, his career beginning in Kentucky. He was a well-educated man and became first known in Indianapolis as president of the "Indiana Female College," corner of Meridian and New York Streets. This school, after some years, was merged into Asbury University when that institution opened its doors to women. Mr. Lynch afterwards held several appointments in Indianapolis churches, the first in Grace Church, an off-shoot of Roberts Park. He was a gentle, sweet-natured man, who loved all the world.

It is related of so many of these pioneer Methodist

preachers and their successors that they were well educated even according to the standards of a later time that a wonder arises as to how the old charge often flung at them by outside critics that almost as a class they were ignorant and ill-informed gained ground. An unnamed writer is quoted as saying:

“Indiana is more indebted to itinerant Methodist preachers for the high position she now occupies in science, literature and Christianity than any other class of men.

“The heaven-originated Methodist itinerant system brought those shepherds to their sheep in the wilderness. They were the men who swam the rivers, slept in the woods alone at night among wild beasts and savage men, in order to carry the tidings of Salvation to the first settlers.”

Without underestimating in the least the religious and moral value of early Methodism, it must be said that other denominations were actively represented in Indiana. They had not the itinerant system, but they had a missionary service and the ministrations of Presbyterian, Baptist and other ministers throughout the State made them acquainted with hardships, but also made them an uplifting intellectual as well as a religious influence.

With the Presbyterians the situation was much like that in the Methodist church in the fact that while there was a succession of ministers who were good men and did their part toward building up their church, the majority of those noted beyond local circles, went to other fields of labor and died and were buried elsewhere. There was the Reverend George Bush, the first stated preacher for the church, who has been mentioned elsewhere. There had been temporary “sup-

plies'' for a year or two previous to his arrival in 1824. He remained four years and was much liked, but opinions conflicting with the system of church government led to his departure at the end of four years. It is said of him that he was probably the most learned man who has ever served in the local Presbyterian pulpit. He went East and became widely known for his writings on theological subjects.

The Reverend Myron W. Reed, who came to the First Presbyterian Church in 1877 and remained for seven years, was one of the most brilliant and popular ministers ever in Indianapolis. He went to Denver, where he spent the remainder of his life and became nationally known through his participation in political matters and labor troubles. He died and was buried in Denver. The name of Henry Ward Beecher is inseparably associated with the Second Presbyterian Church, of which he was the first pastor. He came to the church in 1839 and left in 1847 and though his great prominence came later, he made himself and his church known throughout the State and beyond while here. Though there are few who remember him, he left an impression that is still not forgotten. For years the church was known as "Beecher's Church."

The Reverend William A. Holliday was one of the best known Presbyterian ministers in the early years. He came to the First Presbyterian Church in 1832 and remained two years. Subsequently he devoted himself to missionary labors in Kentucky and Indiana, combining the work of preaching with teaching from 1841 until his death in 1866. In 1864 he was elected as professor of Latin and Modern Languages in Hanover College and held the position for two years, serving gratuitously. His own early struggle for an education

caused him to sympathize with young men similarly situated. He had himself endured hardships in securing his education which was obtained at Bloomington, at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, and at Princeton, New Jersey. He went to Princeton for a theological course, traveling on horseback. He retained habits of study to the end of his life. He is described as a man of deep piety, of much learning and of "most excellent spirit." One of his sons, a namesake, William A. Holliday, followed his footsteps and became a Presbyterian minister. His daughter, Margaret G. Holliday, became a missionary at Tabriz, Persia, and served for many years. When her death occurred in March, 1920, her body was brought to Crown Hill to be laid in the family lot. A second son of the Reverend W. A. Holliday, was John Holliday, founder of the Indianapolis News.

Among Beecher's successors the Reverend Hanford A. Edson (1837-1920) became perhaps the most widely known. He came to the church in January, 1864, and remained with it until he assumed the pastorate of Memorial Presbyterian Church in 1873. He held this position for twenty years, retiring chiefly on account of illness in his family. Before he came to Indianapolis he had held a charge at Niagara Falls for three years.

Dr. Edson had an education, both academic and theological, rather unusual for that day. He was a graduate of Williams College and later served three years as a teacher of Greek at Genesee Academy, New York. He then entered Union Theological Seminary, New York City, and remained two years. In 1860 he went to Europe and entered the University of Halle, where especial attention was given to theology and philosophy. After completing a course and an ex-

tended travel tour in Europe he returned home and accepted the call to Niagara Falls.

Dr. Edson, an intellectual man of broad views, found a single pulpit too narrow a field; he wrote extensively for the press and was the author of numerous magazine articles, sermons and addresses. One of his sermons in 1868 is credited with having given especial impulse to the establishment of the Indianapolis public library. He was the recipient of many ecclesiastical honors. He was constantly called on to speak or render other services outside of his church and responded freely. As mentioned elsewhere, he officiated at the first funeral in Crown Hill.

Always Dr. Edson was held in high respect and esteem by all who knew him. His refined, rather ascetic type of face and his dignified manner sometimes gave to strangers the impression that he would be difficult of approach, but quite the reverse was true. He married a daughter of W. O. Rockwood, a prominent business man and formed social and personal ties in that way that increased his acquaintance and influence.

The Baptists were the first to establish a regular place of worship in the little settlement of Indianapolis in the wilderness. According to Sulgrove's record they organized in 1822, but in 1823 found a local habitation in a school on the north side of Maryland Street between what are now Capitol Avenue and Senate Avenue. In 1829 they built a one-story brick church at the southwest corner of Maryland and Meridian Streets. The history of this church as with Methodists and Presbyterians is one of vicissitudes, perhaps greater in some respects than other local organizations because



of the smaller membership and the consequent financial difficulty of maintaining a regular pastorate.

In the 1830's there was an interval of several years when no regular pastor was employed, the congregation depending on local volunteer service. In 1846 a degree of stability was established, and chiefly through efforts of the Reverend Sydney Dyer, an able and much liked pastor, and the Reverend James J. Simmons, the First Baptist Church began to take the place of importance it has since reached. This standing was greatly enhanced under the administration of the Reverend Henry Day, who came to the city to rest and recruit his health and was soon called to the pulpit. He was pastor for fifteen years and the statement is made by one chronicler of the time that the church was prosperous, united and happy. While under his charge the church's own interests were cared for and its energies redoubled in mission work both at home and abroad. It was agreed that Dr. Day's labors were greatly aided by his wife, a daughter of the pioneer Nicholas McCarty, whom he had married in 1857. Born in the city and always active in church and Sunday School work, she knew the people and local conditions better than a stranger could have understood them. Dr. Day continued to live in Indianapolis until his death in 1897.

Previous to coming to Indianapolis he filled pastorates in Providence, Rhode Island, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Ashland, Massachusetts, and had held a professorship at Georgetown, Kentucky, and Brown University. He was highly respected and esteemed.

It was late before a Congregational Church was organized in Indianapolis, but in 1857 Plymouth Church was born. It had but thirty-one members in

the beginning and its early meetings were held in the Senate Chamber of the old State Capitol. The two outstanding ministers were Nathaniel Alden Hyde and Oscar C. McCulloch. Dr. Hyde was pastor from 1868 to 1871. Then, rather reluctantly, he accepted the place of superintendent of missions for Indiana, but after a year or so resigned that position and accepted the pastorate of Mayflower Church. He served as pastor there until April, 1888, and was made pastor emeritus, in the years following, supplying the pulpit between succeeding pastorates. But Dr. Hyde was much more than a pastor of a single church with but a moderate membership. He was interested in community affairs—in art, in libraries, in charities, and was adviser in general in regard to many public affairs, especially those relating to the finer elements of life and progress. He devoted much thought and effort to the development of the Art Association. Dr. Hyde possessed fine social qualities and was a welcome presence in any gathering. He was a direct descendant of John Alden of Pilgrim fame. He was born in Connecticut in 1827 and died in 1901 in Indianapolis, which had been his home for more than forty years.

A minister who filled a large place in Indianapolis from 1877 to 1891 was Oscar C. McCulloch, pastor of Plymouth Church. He brought an element of liberalism into his sermons that attracted a large number of persons who were not in touch with orthodox doctrine. He preached a fine inspiring religion, however, and his discriminating literary taste gave his lectures and sermons an especial charm. He taught a practical religion and demonstrated it in his reorganization of the then half-alive Benevolent Society and his many activities in the promotion of charitable undertakings, now more

euphoniously designated as welfare work. He was elected president of the Benevolent Society and was re-elected to that position annually to the end of his life. His services were given to the city as well as to his church. He found the latter poor and weak. He built up the congregation and financed a church enterprise that gave it a new building. The list of benevolent undertakings pushed to success by him is long and cannot be enumerated here. He never spared himself and never lost his enthusiasm for good works, but he wore himself out. His work lives after him. Who can say that the Children's Aid Society which he organized and from which free kindergartens developed was not the real beginning, the inspiration that led to the building of the great Riley Hospital for the crippled children of the State?

Dr. McCulloch was in Indianapolis contemporaneously with the Reverend Myron Reed of the First Presbyterian Church. They were great friends and cooperated with each other. Their faith pointed to the same goal, though their methods were not quite the same. Their love was for all humanity and it has been said, and not lightly, by an observer of the time that never before—and perhaps never since—were so many local sinners made to feel that they too might sing:

“Lord, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering full and free,  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some drops now fall on me.  
Even me, even me.”

George Upfold, first Protestant Episcopal bishop of Indiana, was born at Shemley Green, County of Surrey, England, on May 7, 1796, the son of George and Mary Chesmire Upfold. He came with his parents to

America in 1802, the family finding a home in Albany. He was educated in a local academy and spent four years at Union College, Schenectady, where he was graduated with honor. Following that event he studied medicine for three or four years and was graduated from the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons as doctor of medicine in 1816.

He engaged in practice for a few months only, when he abandoned the profession and began the study of theology under the direction of Bishop John Henry Hobart of New York.

It was not until 1849 that he was made Bishop of Indiana and in the years between he had an active career. He was ordained priest in 1820 and in that same year was called to the rectorship of St. Luke's Church, in New York, now Holy Innocents. He is referred to as having built the church and it was spoken of as "Upfold's folly"; but he gained a congregation, and at the time of this writing the church, which is on Hudson Street, still stands, also the rectory where he and his family lived. It is now used as a parish hall. In addition to his duties at St. Luke's he was assistant minister of Trinity Church from 1821 until 1825. In 1828 he was instituted rector of St. Thomas's Church in New York, which position he held for three years, going from there to Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., where he remained until after he was elected as first bishop of Indiana.

His first residence in Indiana was at Lafayette, where he assumed the rectorship of St. John's Church, in connection with the duties of the Episcopate. It was not until 1859 that he came with his family to Indianapolis.

The family residence during the Civil War was at

the southwest corner of Tennessee (now Capitol Avenue) and Ohio Streets. As there was a military camp nearby, they were in a center of excitement. The Bishop and Mrs. Upfold celebrated their golden wedding in June, 1867, while in that house. About 1870 an Episcopal residence was built for the Bishop next door to Grace Church, then at the corner of North Pennsylvania and St. Joseph Streets.

The Bishop was a great sufferer for fifteen years before his death from arthritis. The cause of this was attributed to cold and exposure in traveling through the State on his official visits and sleeping in cold guest rooms. It is not related that he complained. He is described as having been a very genial man, with a keen sense of humor. In his wide experience he made many friends.

He died August 26, 1872. The funeral services were held in St. Paul's Church. The plot where he lies is on the east slope of the hill, purchased by his son-in-law, Joseph J. Bingham, as a family lot.

The Reverend Joseph C. Talbot, successor to Bishop Upfold, was born in Alexandria, Virginia, in 1816, of Quaker parents. He went to Louisville in 1835 and engaged in mercantile pursuits. He first became acquainted with the Episcopal church in the Kentucky city and was baptized and confirmed there. He became a candidate for the ministry and was ordained deacon in 1846 and as priest in 1848. He worked for a third parish in Louisville and founded and built St. John's Church, where he remained as rector for seven years. In 1853 he accepted a call to Christ Church, Indianapolis, where he also continued seven years, until his consecration as missionary bishop of the Northwest. During his rectorship the beautiful stone church on the



Circle was built for the parish. He received the honorary degree of D. D. from the Western University of Pennsylvania and the degree of LL. D. from the University of Cambridge, England. In August, 1865, he was elected Assistant Bishop of Indiana and at once returned to the diocese in that capacity. He was one of the council of Anglican bishops that assembled at Lambeth in 1867. After the death of Bishop Upfold he was elected Bishop of Indiana.

Bishop Talbot was an engaging speaker and is described as being a man of great fertility of thought, with a cheerful and hopeful disposition. He was much liked, not only by his parishioners, but by all who knew him. He died January 15, 1883.

David Buell Knickerbocker, D. D., third bishop of Indiana, was born at Schaghticoke, N. Y., February 24, 1833. He was graduated from Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., in 1853 and from the General Theological Seminary, New York City, in 1856. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Horatio Potter in Trinity Church, New York, June 29, 1856, and as priest, by Bishop Kemper in Gethsemane Church, Minneapolis, Minnesota, July 12, 1857. He was elected Bishop of Indiana, June 7, 1883, and consecrated as bishop in St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, October 14, 1883, Consecrator, Bishop Coxe of Western New York. His only pastoral work was done as rector of Gethsemane Church from 1856 to 1883. His service as bishop was most satisfactory to the diocese. He died in Indianapolis, December 31, 1894.

## PHYSICIANS OF PROMINENCE

Indianapolis has been fortunate from the beginning in being supplied with medical and surgical skill equal to the best known in the profession. The term "profession" is used in the singular, for the physicians of the early day knew no division. They practiced medicine and when it became necessary they acted as surgeons. A doctor skilled in medicine might realize that he was less expert than a colleague in the art of surgery, and prefer that another should take cases where the knife was necessary, but in emergency he would amputate a leg or mend a broken skull. Extracting aching teeth was a feature of his daily work. There were no specialists in those days in the new country.

Physicians did not know then what they know now, for science has done much in the past hundred years for them—which means much for civilization and the people. The "family doctor" who introduced a child into the world was likely to attend him in illness forty years later.

Dr. Isaac Coe was the good angel of Indianapolis in the year 1821, the second year of its history, one made memorable by a visitation of illness in the summer and fall months that affected nearly every member of the small community and caused a number of deaths. It was an ailment resulting from the undrained swamps and newly turned soil. Dr. Coe had arrived from New Jersey in May of that year and had brought with him a large supply of Peruvian bark—quinine in the rough—and wine, and was the only doctor who was so equipped and the only one who could render much

assistance. Old records say that had it not been for him the mortality would have been much greater. One writer of early reminiscences relates that Dr. Coe could be seen at almost any time of night that summer dodging through the woods, in his gig (almost forgotten word!) and with a lantern, from one cabin to another, administering to the sick in other ways as well as giving medicine.

After the sickness abated, Dr. Coe interested himself in promoting public interests. He was one of the founders of the First Presbyterian Church and is referred to in reminiscent chronicles as the father of Sunday Schools in Indianapolis. He was a lasting influence on the community and a fragrant memory, and is referred to almost reverently by descendants of the early settlers. He died in 1855 and was buried in Crown Hill after the abandonment of Greenlawn.

Dr. John S. Bobbs was a physician whose fame went far beyond the State because he was the first surgeon in the world to operate for the removal of gall stones; yet the slowness with which news circulated even as late as the 1860's is proved by the circumstance that twelve years later note was made by Dr. G. W. H. Kemper, of Muncie, in a medical paper written in that year, 1879, of the fact that a number of European and American surgeons were at that time discussing the feasibility and priority of the operation of cholecystotomy (removal of gall stones) on the theory that there were as yet no complete results, but only the promise of success for the future, and were astonished to learn that the operation was successfully performed by a surgeon in Indiana in 1867. The patient, Mrs. Z. Farnsworth, was living at her home in McCordsville, Indiana, in 1909, in which year she was visited by Sir

Alexander Simpson, for thirty-five years professor of obstetrics in the University of Edinburg, who wished to hear from the patient's own lips the history of the case.

Dr. Bobbs was the first professor of surgery in the Indiana Medical College organized in 1869; was the founder of the Bobbs Free Dispensary and one of the founders of the Indiana State Medical Association. The Bobbs medical library is the result of a bequest of five thousand dollars by Dr. Bobbs for the foundation of a library. He served four years as surgeon in the Civil War. The latter part of his life was devoted mainly to surgery. He ranked among his medical associates as a great surgeon and was highly esteemed in the community. He died May 1, 1870.

Dr. Thomas C. Harvey (1827-1889) was first professor of diseases of women in the Indiana Medical College, and author of many articles relating to medical subjects. He was a surgeon in the Union army of the Civil War, and later became a practitioner of wide reputation. He was regarded for many years as the best clinical teacher of the diseases of women that Indiana had produced. He was a man of great personal charm, tall, handsome and dignified. It was said of him that he would rather spend a day studying and prescribing for cases in the City Hospital, where he received nothing whatever, than to attend his private cases where he was well paid. He prized the opportunity of working with patients more willing to follow his carefully thought out advice than those who were willing to pay but not willing to be under restrictions necessarily imposed.

Dr. Harvey died as he would have wished. He was addressing the senior class of the Medical College of

Indiana on his regular Thursday afternoon clinic when he was suddenly stricken with apoplexy of which he died in three or four hours. He was known by the students and the younger generation of physicians as "the grand old man."

The name of Dr. Theophilus Parvin cannot properly be omitted from the list of distinguished medical men, so highly was he regarded by his fellow physicians in the State, so extensive were his acquirements and so wide his acquaintance.

Dr. Parvin was born in 1829 at Buenos Ayres, South America, his parents being missionaries. His mother, Mary Rodney, of Delaware, was a daughter of Caesar Rodney, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. She died when her son was a few days old. His father, who was a scholarly man, died when the boy was six or seven years old. He was a graduate of Indiana University and received his medical degree at the University of Pennsylvania. He came to Indianapolis in 1853 and engaged in the practice of medicine, and with the exception of one year spent in Cincinnati he made Indianapolis his home until 1883, when he removed to Philadelphia, where he became a member of the medical staff of Jefferson Medical College.

While in Indianapolis he was in demand as a lecturer on medical topics and held the chair of *Materia Medica* in the Medical College of Ohio for four years and then held consecutive professorships in the University of Louisville, the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Indianapolis and the Medical College of Indiana. He read eight papers before the Indiana Medical Society which were regarded as educational, and are still remembered. He was the first physician of Indiana to publish a medical text-book. He wrote



his first book before he went to Philadelphia, though the volume did not appear until 1886. He was president of the Indiana Medical Society in 1862 and president of the American Medical Association in 1879. Later he was president of the American Academy of Medicine. He had command of two or three languages and acquired a knowledge of the German language after he was fifty years of age that enabled him to translate a German medical work. He took high rank as lecturer and teacher and as a polished writer. His attainments were widely recognized and he was a personal friend of the famous Dr. James Y. Simpson of Edinburgh and Dr. Wilde of Dublin.

Dr. Parvin's personal character was in keeping with his high professional rank. The late Dr. W. B. Fletcher is quoted as saying of him: "He was the purest man I ever knew, and apparently without faults or vices."

He did not lose touch with Indianapolis in the twenty years of his life in Philadelphia and his visits here were not infrequent. His last public address in the State was on June 16, 1896, at the thirty-ninth semi-annual meeting of the Delaware District Medical Society at Dunkirk. His subject was "Sunshine Within Attracts Sunshine From Without"—a rather striking topic for a medical man on a professional occasion. He died in 1898 and his body was brought to Indianapolis for interment.

The most of these biographical facts about Dr. Parvin have been gleaned from the valuable "Medical History of Indiana," compiled by Dr. G. W. H. Kemper of Muncie, but it needs only to mention Dr. Parvin to elderly citizens and to physicians past youth to learn that he still lives, an honored memory.

Dr. James Livingston Thompson, born and educated in England, came to this country in 1850, but spent two years in studying the country, finally deciding on Indiana as offering good opportunities. He served three years as surgeon in the Civil War, afterward adding special study of the eye to his acquirements. He was the first Indiana physician to make exclusive specialty of the eye, though in the earlier years of his practice he included treatment of the ear. He was for years professor of diseases of the eye in the Medical College of Indiana, and gained high rank in the profession and with the public as an oculist. It was not an uncommon thing for residents of the city who did not know of his skill to be asked by specialists in Philadelphia or New York to whom they resorted for treatment, why they came when they had such an expert physician in that line in their home city. Dr. Thompson was a man of unusual literary attainments and for many years a member of the Indianapolis Literary Club, where he was regarded with great favor because of his sense of humor and dry wit.

Dr. William B. Fletcher was the seventh son of Calvin Fletcher who bore such a prominent part in the early life of Indianapolis. The son was a man of versatile talents and accomplishments. One writer sums up his record briefly in these words:

“A physician, scientist, teacher, author, soldier, long a teacher in the Indianapolis High School and in the Indiana Medical College, and always a popular practitioner of medicine, superintendent of the Indiana Central Insane Hospital, founder of the Fletcher Sanatorium.”

This summary leaves the story incomplete in that it does not include mention of his reputation as an alien-

ist, his rather extensive writings, mainly on medical topics, and his agreeable social quality. So entertaining was he in conversation that it was the assertion of a sprightly "shut-in" lady, who needed a physician's ministrations only semi-occasionally, that she would insist on a daily call from the doctor just for his talk, if she could afford the fee!

Dr. Fletcher was a brilliant man of an unusual type, who belonged in the list of men of mark whose lives and labors were woven into the fabric of Indianapolis to make it what it is. He died in 1907 at the age of seventy.

Dr. John Chambers was for many years a ship surgeon on the Cunard Line. In this way he met his future wife, Miss Nellie Morris, daughter of General Thomas A. Morris, when the father and daughter were making a trip abroad. He was a distinguished surgeon and one of the most popular teachers with medical students. During the active period of his professional career in Indianapolis (from 1875 to 1890) he was generally regarded by the profession as having almost encyclopedic knowledge of all departments of medicine. In the Medical College of Indiana he successively held the positions of demonstrator of anatomy, professor of anatomy, professor of theory and practice of medicine, and later professor of diseases of women. He is given credit for being the first to introduce antiseptic methods in the treating of wounds in the city of Indianapolis and the City Hospital. Strangely enough, as it seems now, considerable skepticism was shown by some physicians as to the value of antiseptic surgery. Dr. Chambers was born in Belfast, Ireland. He is buried in Crown Hill.

A catalogue summary of Dr. William Henry Wishard's life reads:

“A doctor of the old school, pioneer physician and charter member of the Indiana State Medical Association. Dr. Wishard practiced medicine sixty-five years in Marion and Johnson counties. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church for seventy years. He died just before his ninety-eighth birthday. He formally retired from the practice of medicine on his eighty-ninth birthday. He was an ex-president of the Indiana State Medical Association and also the Indianapolis Medical Society. Born 1816. Died 1913.”

What a history is included in that long life! Sixty-five years of active medical practice, beginning when the country was new and the region wild and heavily timbered between his home and the little town nine miles north that was the capital. He saw a wonderful transformation—a change more wonderful than any dreams in the years that reached nearly a hundred. If the experiences and thoughts of those years as they passed had been set down they would have made a record of a bit of world growth worth reading. Dr. Wishard's daughter has written an excellent history of the Wishard family with especial relation to her father, but such a story as was wrought into the venerable doctor's life could only have been told in the first person, if at all.

A “doctor of the old school!” There were good doctors of that school, men who came into the sick room with healing in their very presence as well as in the simple medicines they carried, and Dr. William H. Wishard was one. His son, Dr. William N. Wishard, is carrying on the torch with equal faithfulness—a torch with the added light of modern progress.

Dr. Patrick Henry Jameson was prominent in the civic and medical affairs of Indianapolis and Indiana

for many years. He was a long time chairman of the board of trustees of the Central Indiana Hospital for the Insane and also a member of the board of trustees of the Indianapolis City Hospital. He was at one time a member of the city council and was also a charter member of the Indiana State Medical Association. For a man who was busy with the exacting work of his profession, Dr. Jameson was remarkably active in many other lines of good citizenship and was a distinct influence in all departments of State and City Government. He was born in 1824 in Jefferson County, came to Indianapolis in 1843 and remained there until his death in 1910. In December, 1909, he wrote to a friend: "I now wait patiently—not unhappily—like a passenger at some lonely way station for a delayed train which shall bear me to my destination. But still in the final accounting, our lives will be measured not by their duration, but by their achievements."

Dr. Jameson was a fine type of the "family doctor," and is still often mentioned by elderly citizens with affection.

Dr. Henry Jameson was born on September 9, 1848, in Wayne Township, Marion County. He was the son of Alexander and Lydia C. Thompson Jameson. He attended public schools of Indianapolis and received a Bachelor of Science degree from the Northwestern Christian University in 1869, now known as Butler University. He then attended the Bellevue Hospital Medical College in New York and was graduated from that institution in 1871, after which he returned to Indianapolis in 1872 and entered into the practice of medicine. As years went on he became one of the popular physicians and was classed by professional associates as one of the most capable of general practi-



tioners. He never undertook a specialty. He proved to be a versatile teacher, beginning his teaching career in the old College of Physicians and Surgeons organized in Indianapolis in 1874. He was for some years professor of chemistry in the school and subsequently filled the chair of obstetrics. In the earlier years of his career he did a good deal of clinical teaching and, following the union of the Indiana Medical College and the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1874 (under the name of the Medical College of Indiana), he taught in other departments than those above mentioned.

On the death of Dr. E. D. Elder some twenty-five years ago, he was made professor of theory and practice of medicine in the Medical College of Indiana and continued in that position until 1908. During the last eight or nine years of his connection with the Medical College he was dean, but when the medical schools were all merged into the Indiana University School of Medicine in 1908, he retired from medical college work, and about this time from active practice, devoting his time to public affairs. From 1901 to 1905 Dr. Jameson was surgeon-general of the Indiana National Guard.

In 1914 Dr. Jameson became president of the Indianapolis Street Railway Company and held that position until 1919, then becoming chairman of the board of directors. Dr. Jameson had been interested in transportation facilities of Indianapolis for more than twenty-five years. He was leader of a group of citizens who proposed electrifying the old horse car lines. Dr. Jameson was chairman of the board of directors up to the time of his death.

Dr. Jameson was made a member of the park board in 1906 and it is commonly thought that the greatest civic service rendered by him was fostering the growth

of the park and boulevard system of Indianapolis. He secured the services of George Kessler, landscape architect, to plan the boulevard system. Though he was not a member of the Crown Hill board, he was interested in it and the board felt indebted to him for practical suggestions and for advice offered by Mr. Kessler through him.

Dr. Jameson was known as the "father" of the boulevard system in Indianapolis. He appeared before the Legislature and succeeded in obtaining an enactment of law which placed the park board on a non-partisan basis, thereby allowing members of the board to continue after the election of a new mayor.

Dr. Jameson retired from the active practice of medicine in 1914 but retained his office in the Hume-Mansur Building up to the time of his death. One of his notable professional achievements was a surgical operation upon Theodore Roosevelt in 1917 at St. Vincent's Hospital.

Dr. Jameson married Miss Gertrude Carey in Indianapolis on November 25, 1876. Mrs. Jameson died December 15, 1915. Dr. Jameson died on February 13, 1924, at his home on North Talbott Street, Indianapolis.

Dr. John H. Hurty can by no means be left out of this list. He was first known in Indianapolis as a chemist and pharmacist, having taken a course on these subjects in Philadelphia. From Purdue University he received the degree of doctor of pharmacy. It was not until 1891 that he received from the Medical College of Indiana the degree of doctor of medicine. He never engaged in the practice of medicine, but interested himself in the prevention, rather than the cure of disease. He was especially concerned with enlight-

ening the public in regard to the prevention and even cure of tuberculosis by means of pure air, nourishing food and sanitary surroundings. He was enthusiastic and tireless in his promotion of this form of education and was one of the first to organize exhibits of sanitary equipment for the use of sufferers from tuberculosis. He visited health boards and medical conferences throughout the country to advance his ideas and through him many thousand people learned how to live healthfully. He was appointed to the chair of hygiene and sanitary science in the Medical College of Indiana. In 1894, without solicitation, he was appointed secretary of the Indiana State Board of Health and held the position until shortly before his death, which was on March 27, 1925, when he resigned. He rendered much service to his fellow men. His was a life worth while.

A monument in Crown Hill bears an inscription:

J. G. E. Renner, M.D. Born in Hesse Darmstadt,  
Germany, January 20, 1850. Died at Memphis,  
Tenn., Sept. 16, 1878, of Yellow Fever. A victim  
in the cause of humanity.

Beneath are these lines: "Erected by his fellow-members of the Second Presbyterian Church as a tribute to his Christian heroism."

This tells a story, but does not tell it all. Young Renner came to the United States late in the sixties, studied and was graduated at the University of Louisville, then came to Indianapolis and began the practice of medicine. He was handsome, and with a pleasing personality soon became popular. Along in the middle seventies much public interest was aroused by the story of a venerable priest, Father Damien, who, after

many years of service among the lepers on the island of Molokai in the South Seas, had died. The idea was conveyed that his place could with difficulty be filled because of the sacrifice involved in the way of danger from the disease and being cut off from other human associations. But Dr. Renner, against the advice of friends, went to Molokai and offered himself. He served there for a year or more, then because the need was not as great as was thought, he returned to Indianapolis and began again the practice of his profession.

It was after this that the needs of Memphis appealed to him and again against the urgency of his friends he went to the relief of the suffering. He arrived in Memphis on August 29, 1878, and was engaged in the relief of the stricken until September 11, when he was attacked by the fever and died on September 16.

The explanation made by Arthur Symons of the feverish haste with which Aubrey Beardsley, gifted artist and author, worked to the end of his short life might fit Dr. Renner's case:

"He had the fatal speed of those who are about to die young, that disquieting completeness and extent of knowledge, that absorption of a life time in an hour, which we find in those who hasten to have done their work before noon, knowing that they will not see the evening."

Dr. Luther Dana Waterman, a practitioner for many years in Indianapolis, was at the time of his death in 1918 professor-emeritus of medicine in the Indiana University School of Medicine. Born in Virginia in 1831, he came to Kokomo, Indiana, in 1855, and ten years later to Indianapolis, which was his home until his death. He engaged in general practice of his profession and speedily became one of the most

popular physicians. He had been a surgeon in the Federal Army, a prisoner of war, and a professor of medicine at the medical school of Indianapolis and the State. He retired after forty years of active practice in medicine and surgery.

In May, 1915, Dr. Waterman placed in the hands of the trustees of Indiana University for the purpose of scientific research deeds for property amounting to one hundred thousand dollars—the largest gift for that purpose ever made to the institution up to that time.

Dr. Waterman was widely read, had many agreeable social qualities and was highly esteemed by his patients and his fellow practitioners.

He was a man of literary tastes. His writings were mostly of a fugitive sort. The exception was a book of philosophic verse called "Phantoms of Life." The late Dr. Alembert W. Brayton, himself a man of wide reading and scholarly tastes, spoke enthusiastically of the merits of this production, comparing it in thought and quality to writings of Dante. Dr. Waterman never married.

Because of the number of high class physicians—it is the same with lawyers—there has been an embarrassment in choosing the individuals among them for special mention here. Not all could be named even of those who have their last home in Crown Hill. There has been some urgency upon the compiler to include certain physicians in the list even though their graves are elsewhere. "They belong in Crown Hill," the argument goes.

Among these so mentioned are Dr. Theodore Potter and Dr. Alembert W. Brayton. Each was eminent in his special line. Dr. Potter gave his attention to the study of tuberculosis—a disease of which, strangely



enough, he died, though it had not developed when he took up the study. He supplemented Dr. Hurty's doctrines of prevention by bacteriological research and treatment of patients by modern processes.

Dr. Brayton, general practitioner and dermatologist, was widely known and Indianapolis patients who, not knowing of his skill, went to other cities for their ailments, reported that the physicians they sought asked them why they came so far, with Brayton, an expert, at home. Dr. Brayton was a reader of the best literature and was a man of varied accomplishments.

There are other doctors, many of them, at rest in Crown Hill; good doctors who gained the affection and confidence of their patients not only by their skill in the healing art but by their kindness, their patience, their trustworthiness, their sympathy. The family doctor was more than a physician; he became a friend. More than any other he knew the cares and troubles, the joys and hopes of the people he served. The "skeleton in the closet," where one existed, was not hidden from him. Often he was made a sort of father confessor. His advice and opinion were sought on many another matter than physical health.

The cares of others laid upon a faithful doctor's shoulders may be an undesired and even unwelcome burden, but perhaps he finds a reward in the confidence in and high regard for him that he knows exist. So much, indeed, is the social gift of value to a doctor, making him welcome in a home because he brings something new in the way of conversation to brighten the atmosphere, that it shares with his medical skill in creating his popularity. As a rule a doctor is one of the most agreeable of men if he possesses in any degree this social quality. His experience gives him a wider



A Level Stretch



range of thought than comes to most men. He learns to read human nature. Also, his mind being acute, he reads more literature than most other busy folk and is likely to impart some of the thoughts he gathers when he enters a home. People like to say of a doctor, "He is good company."

The doctors formally mentioned in this record are typical of the others. They were all men who served their fellow creatures well and deserve honor.

## LAWYERS OF DISTINCTION

It has been noticed, perhaps, that among the men who have been mentioned in this record as prominent figures in military and official life, a large number were of the legal profession. There are doubtless others of that calling who won distinction that carried their names far—judges, perhaps, and men who remained satisfied with the rewards that their profession brought in private practice. But who shall say who were the most outstanding?

In Berry Sulgrove's "History of Indianapolis," published in 1876, is a list of members of the Indianapolis bar at that time. It numbers two hundred and one. The population of the city then was estimated at about sixty thousand. In that list are names of men yet living. Others have ended their careers after what, no doubt, was honorable and in many cases even brilliant service. Some of them rest in Crown Hill. But who was eminently conspicuous?

Among names that come to mind—not from that list, but before it—is Isaac Blackford, for thirty-five years a member of the Indiana Supreme Court. It was a remarkable record. He came to be regarded as an institution and was esteemed by the lawyers who practiced before him for the unfailing fairness and justice of his decisions and for the special value of his published reports of cases and decisions. He did not publish all of the decisions of the court, but only those that he regarded as just and sound on the general principles of the law. The result was that his reports are authority wherever the courts recognize the common



law as their rule of action. Since they were published, a law has been passed compelling a report of all the opinions of the court. The comment is made by a writer back in 1883 that "there have been so many contradictory opinions given since then that the authority of our highest court is not relatively as high as it was when its decisions were only known through Blackford's Reports." If that was true in 1883, the multiplication of decisions must be great in 1926.

It is told of Judge Blackford, as a matter which caused surprise, that after he was no longer a member of the court and undertook the practice of law, he found himself embarrassed and humiliated by the discovery that he was forgetful of forms of procedure in appearing before a jury. His effort to get into practice was unsuccessful; he was not at home in the unaccustomed role and was made happy by an appointment as a judge of the Court of Claims in Washington.

There was really no occasion for surprise or amusement over his awkwardness in taking up work that he had not been familiar with for thirty-five years. Juries do not appear in the Supreme Court, and the methods of practice being totally unlike those of the lower tribunals of justice, there is no reason to expect lasting familiarity with them. A parallel case is that of musicians, singers and instrumentalists alike, who, by reason of becoming teachers, or for other causes have not been able to keep in practice, yet are none the less able to impart a knowledge of their art.

Judge Blackford is described as a conscientious, modest, firm and incorruptible man, rather shy in manner; "a blending of the simplicity of childhood with the sober gravity of age," is one bit of portraiture. A sketch of him by William Wesley Woollen says:

“Without fear, favor or affection he held up the scales of justice before the world. His spotless rectitude and unswerving justice made his name a household word in Indiana, a State whose judicature he found in swaddling clothes and left clad in beautiful raiment.”

Judge Blackford was born in New Jersey in 1786 and was graduated from Princeton when he was twenty years of age. He came to Indiana in 1812. He died in Washington, December 31, 1859, and is buried in Crown Hill.

John M. Butler is another name that stands forth in legal lists. He was a private citizen. He sought no office, yet had a deep interest in public affairs and willingly took part in political activities when a demand for his services came. This demand was sure to be heard in Presidential campaigns and came not only from his own but from other states. He was a speaker who won by force of solid argument and the presentation of indisputable facts. His party feeling was strong, but he saw to it that he did not depend on mere oratorical effects, but was armed with sufficient political ammunition.

Mr. Butler was looked upon as a man of statesman-like quality but he never sought office and if he was ever tempted to do so, he did not yield. He held high rank as a lawyer and perhaps preferred the legal life, or he may have realized that he lacked the mysterious magnetic gift that draws men to its possessor in spite of themselves and is so desirable in hotly contested political campaigns.

Mr. Butler, like many another of Indiana's leading citizens—at least of the nineteenth century—was a self-made man. Son of an Evansville minister whose

family was large, he went to work at twelve years of age, but he had a goal before him. He wanted an education and with a little help, entered Wabash College and remained until graduation. His first law practice was in Crawfordsville and his first case was an important one that went through the Circuit and Supreme courts of Indiana, ending in the complete success of the young lawyer, and giving him great prestige. He afterward went into partnership with Joseph E. McDonald, a relationship that continued until Senator McDonald's death.

John Caven, lawyer by profession, won prominence by the fact that he was elected to the office of mayor of Indianapolis five times—ten years in all. He learned as a boy to work and he had but small chance for education. He had few books and inferior teachers, but what he did learn, he learned thoroughly. One biographer has it that he mastered Daboll's Arithmetic and the Old English Reader and that these were the foundation for the branches of study necessary to prepare him for the law. What that old English reader did for the education of the pioneer fathers is one of the marvels of the modern teaching fraternity. Perhaps its lesson is that of the value of one book well learned.

He came from his home in Pennsylvania in 1845, then twenty-one years of age, entered a law office and in due time took an honorable place at the bar among men of learning and ability. He established himself so well in the community that in 1863 he was elected mayor without opposition, and was re-elected in 1865.

Following this second term he was elected to the State Senate for four years, where he gained attention by his breadth of view and effective speeches. Follow-

ing this legislative period, he was again chosen for mayor, this time for three successive terms. All the testimony is that he conducted the routine of his office with ability and good judgment and gave much thought to the reform of wayward youth—the mayor was also police judge in those days; but it was his thought and plans for the development of the city that most proved his ability. His greatest service to the city was in originating and pushing to completion the belt railroad which has been of great value to the community.

There is a lesson to those who come after him planning for a greater Indianapolis. It is worth while for them to read Mayor Caven's story of the belt road project. He believed that such a road would bring business to the city and relates that two days after proposing his plan to the city council two men from Louisville came with a purpose to establish stockyards—and did so in due time. Mr. Caven tells how he studied the history of the building-up of other cities and sought to decide what would be best for Indianapolis.

In 1877 when the railroad labor strike and the mob outbreaks occurred in several cities, Mayor Caven, who knew and sympathized with laboring men, averted a riot in Indianapolis by his personal influence and by promising and providing food and work to the strikers.

Mayor Caven gave a great impetus to the growth and prosperity of Indianapolis and honor is due to his memory.

## EDUCATORS OF INFLUENCE

Indianapolis has had many educators of more than common talents who have found their last home in Crown Hill.

As a matter of course, the importance of schools was well understood by this little community of intelligent American pioneers in establishing their new homes, but nothing was done in regard to education in 1821, doubtless because of much illness in the settlement that year and the primary and absorbing necessity of building homes and providing some of the comforts of living. In 1822, however, steps were taken toward the founding of a permanent school and a Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence were engaged as teachers. They remained for two or three years, but even during this period it is related that in the Sunday School, opened long before the day school through the zeal of Dr. Coe and others, the alphabet and spelling were taught by Mr. Blake and his helpers to some of their young pupils. "It was more like a school, and less like a sort of semi-theological recreation than the modern Sunday School," Mr. Sulgrove remarks.

There were difficulties in the way of securing teachers. Samuel Merrill, who was Treasurer of State when the seat of Government was removed to Indianapolis from Corydon in 1825, and was well educated, kindly "helped out" by teaching for a season or two, the duties of treasurer not being onerous. Ebenezer Sharpe, an early settler from Kentucky, opened a school in 1826 and conducted it for several years. He



was remembered with affection by old citizens who were under his training, as their writing and family traditions prove.

After this school small private schools were numerous, several conducted by women. In 1832 a county seminary building was erected on the southwest corner of University Square, now University Park and a part of the Plaza, and was opened in 1834 by Ebenezer Dumont, afterward a general in the Civil War. He gave up the task after three months. The school suffered vicissitudes until it came into the hands of James S. Kemper, who conducted it with much success for seven years. Many boys who afterward became leading citizens of Indianapolis recalled their schooldays under Professor Kemper with pleasure and often held reunions to celebrate "old seminary days."

The teacher who left the strongest impress up to this time was the Reverend C. G. McLean, who, when in advanced years and with health impaired by long ministerial labors at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and Fort Plain, New York, came to Indianapolis in 1852 to establish a girls' school. This he called "The McLean Female Seminary," and it filled a conspicuous place in the local educational field. It was well patronized by people of both city and State. Mr. McLean was, according to all accounts, a man who was highly equipped educationally and had the winning personal qualities that attracted young people to him. He is still affectionately remembered by women now aged who were his pupils.

The great educational event was the founding by Ovid Butler of Northwestern University, now Butler University. It brought a new element into the community and filled an immediate want by supplying

many young men and women with an educational opportunity they could not have otherwise enjoyed. Something of its convenience was destroyed when it was removed to a suburb between which and the city there was no street car or omnibus connection for a number of years.

The first faculty included a number of well equipped teachers. Dr. Ryland T. Brown was what may be called an all-around man. Because of the early death of his father he had had small opportunity for general study in his youth, but completed a three years course of training in the Ohio Medical College and for three years thereafter practiced his profession in Connersville. He then removed to Crawfordsville where he could have opportunities to prosecute literary studies and a further knowledge of physical sciences, especially chemistry and geology. In 1850 he received from Wabash College the degree of master and in 1854 he was appointed State geologist by Governor Wright. Later he was offered and accepted the chair of natural science in the new University and removed to Indianapolis. While he held that position he also filled the chair of chemistry in the Indiana Medical College. Later he was made chemist in chief in the Department of Agriculture in Washington, but resigned on account of impaired health and returned to act as city gas inspector and to take the chair of physiology in the Indiana Medical College. He was the author of an elementary work on hygiene that was much used as a school text-book. He was an ardent worker and a student of men and of nature rather than books.

Among the educators, the Reverend Samuel K. Hoshour must not be forgotten. He was both teacher and preacher, and his writings, even his autobiogra-

phy, containing much in the line of precept and moral instruction, keep him within the educational rather than the literary class. Professor Hoshour, born in 1803 in York County, Pennsylvania, would ordinarily be spoken of as of "Pennsylvania Dutch" origin, but according to his narrative he was not a descendant of Hollanders, as most of these people are, but of Germans from Alsace. It was his great-great-grandfather who emigrated, yet this member of the fourth generation of native born Americans was obliged to learn to speak English when he was fully grown. He had small opportunity for education, but somewhere along "the fascination of learning came upon him," as one of his friends said, and he never ceased to study along the lines that appealed to him. He studied Latin at the same time that he did English and later took up Greek. After he came to Indiana he taught and preached in various places in the eastern part of the State and became known as a man of learning. The fact that he was a member of the religious organization then known as the Disciples was a further recommendation to the trustees of the new Northwestern (now Butler) University, at Indianapolis. In 1858 he was appointed to the presidency of the school, at a salary of one thousand and one hundred dollars. After holding the office for three years, he resigned, virtually admitting that he was not well adapted for this executive position. He then took a place on the faculty at one thousand dollars per year, and discoursed at some length on the inadequacy of such salaries, saying with an air of conviction that a thousand-dollar salary on an average at Indianapolis was just five hundred dollars too little. "No committee of business men, knowing the rate of living at the Capital would have decided on less than fifteen hundred," he says.

Doubtless he was right, yet one thousand dollars a year was his salary for fourteen years.

The book is a record of a hard-working, self-sacrificing life by a man of gentle and unworldly nature, of scholarly tastes and true religious feeling. He was known throughout the State as a preacher of sincere piety and a teacher of ability, and was loved and respected by his associates and students, though they must have smiled at his little peculiarities. He had the habit, consciously or unconsciously, of instructing people and it is said of him, without thought of criticism, that no one could meet and talk with him for five minutes without being taught. He published his autobiography and "The Altisonant Letters"—the latter a literary curio.

The "Letters" purport to have been written by Lorenzo Altisonant to Squire Pedant in unusual words, many of them obsolete, but still English words. It might at first be thought that the author of the production was attempting to amuse himself and to puzzle his readers, but his intentions were more serious. He took the view that the wider the student's knowledge of words extended the more liberal his education, and argued that even if some of the words were virtually dead, Latin, a dead language, is studied, and why not English that has gone out of use?

The opening paragraph of the first Altisonant letter reads:

"At my decession from you, your final alloquy and concinnous deport laid me under a reasonable obstriction to impart to you a pantography of the occidental domain upon which I had placed my opthalmic organs. I now urge my plumous implement of chirography into

the alramental fluid, to exonerate myself of that obstruction.'"

There are seventy pages of this!

Professor Hoshour, pedantic man that he was, had the whimsical notion that a book carried openly in public gave to the bearer a pedantic look. He should always wrap the volume in paper. In his "Autobiography," are sprinkled numerous ornate expressions of whose stilted character he was doubtless wholly unconscious. Speaking of his straitened financial condition in his old age and the regret that he had not given more thought to accumulating a competence, he remarks: "If I could retrovert the dial of my life, and the present age of Indiana, forty years, I would then project my programme in regard to secular acquisitions on a more enlarged scale." "My hymeneal unitings," is his reference to weddings.

It seems as if this original and picturesque character, with many lovable traits along with his harmless peculiarities, might have been even better appreciated by his contemporaries had he happened to have been born fifty years later than he was.

Much publicity was given to the fact that Northwestern University was made co-educational, a proceeding which has been mentioned in print as the first college in the United States to open its doors to both men and women in equal terms, but Oberlin College had preceded it by many years, and had been even more liberal by admitting students without regard to sex or color. What was regarded as a greater departure at Northwestern was the appointment of a woman as a member of the faculty of the new institution. This was spoken of by one local history of the time as a "startling innovation." Another speaks of



it rather doubtfully as a "novel" proceeding. The chair was one of English literature established by Ovid Butler, founder of the college, in memory of a daughter who had died. The teacher appointed was Miss Catherine Merrill, who had for some years taught advanced groups of students in her home and had a high standing as a woman of sound culture and refinement. Why it should have been considered a startling experiment for her to attempt teaching in a college when she had taught successfully elsewhere was not made clear. To be sure, she would have young men in her new classes, but in district schools all over the country women had had that combination for years. However, Miss Merrill was equal to the task and quieted doubts. When the war came and the school was more or less disorganized, as were all colleges, she, too, took leave of absence and went to the army as a nurse.

Miss Merrill was a woman of strong character, a teacher who inspired the members of her classes with something of her own enthusiasm for the best literature. She conducted private classes after her retirement from Butler and continued them until she was of advanced years; her fine and discriminating taste in books caused her to be recognized as an authority and her opinion was sought and held in respect by scores of women who, it might be said, sat at her feet and valued her literary guidance. She was one of the least self-assertive of women and never forced her opinions or judgments on her pupils. Her methods and manner were gentle, but they carried authority. She was a serene spirit, but a force in the community for years—a force whose extent was not fully realized even among those who knew her best until she had gone from them. Her influence lasts beyond her generation.

Among Miss Merrill's writings was a group of essays or studies of Shakespeare that were collected and published in a volume after her death by the Catherine Merrill Club. She published a volume relating her experience in the Civil War which is one of the valued historical records among Indiana publications. Its title is "The Indiana Soldier." She had a wide acquaintance, largely through correspondence with literary celebrities of her day.

One of these friends was John Muir, famous naturalist and explorer, who said of her that "those who had the good fortune to know a human being so large and excellent should take pious care that her memory does not fade with the passing of the lives she immediately touches."

There were other schools as time went on—church denominational schools, schools for the deaf and dumb and the blind, schools for teachers, business schools, preparatory schools—all in addition to the growing and constantly improving public schools. One which had much patronage and publicity was the Girls' Classical School, established by Mrs. May Wright Sewall. Mrs. Sewall was a teacher of much ability, but she became a figure in Indianapolis life far outside of school interests. She was a leader in the formation of several literary and social clubs. She was one of the founders of the Indianapolis Women's Club. She and her husband, Theodore Sewall, called a meeting of friends to their home and organized the Contemporary Club composed of men and women of intellectual tastes. The club held its meetings at the Sewall residence until the erection and opening of the Propylaeum—an institution which Mrs. Sewall actively and successfully promoted. She was for years an active spirit in the Art

Association and her frequent public talks on the importance of having a building as an art center doubtless helped to inspire Mr. Herron, not then known to her, to the making of his generous bequest to the Association.

Mrs. Sewall's club and social activities had a marked influence on social life in Indianapolis. She did much entertaining and her invitations were not influenced by any of the old time lines of division. She knew no "sets" or exclusive circles. The consequence was that people met in her drawing-room whose acquaintances had been chiefly members of their separate churches or confined to limited circles that they did not take the trouble to enlarge. They learned that these fellow residents previously known only formally, or by reputation, if at all, were companionable and worth knowing. They gained through Mrs. Sewall's activities a broader outlook. It was the beginning of the breaking up of many little cliques, formed half consciously, that were characteristic of a town that was developing into a city and whose earlier citizens were a little alarmed at the prospect.

Mrs. Sewall's great gift was that of an organizer. She looked ahead with far vision and saw what could be done, then proceeded to plan for and accomplish her purpose. She favored and sought for what she believed to be women's advancement. She had taught them in a limited field that they could work together, but why a limitation? A proposed national council appealed to her and she worked for it and was its president from 1891 to 1899. She was president of the International Council of Women from 1899 to 1904, and made several trips abroad.

She was a really great woman in many ways—one

of the most notable women Indianapolis has known up to this time. Like most persons who see the world in the large and can develop important plans, she needed some one to take up the loose ends as she passed on—some one to attend to the details. While Mr. Sewall lived this was done. Afterward the attempt to do both was her undoing; it overtaxed her powers. Yet she achieved much. Though in her social activities she retained something of the teacher manner—the suggestion of the presiding officer over her guests, rather than the subtle arts and graces by which famous ladies of the French salons won their way—Mrs. Sewall's method was effective. She came to Indianapolis to teach children. She taught their elders more than many of them realized. She was a remarkable woman whose life in Indianapolis marked a period in its development.

There were men and women in the public schools who were of notable ability. Professor Abraham C. Shortridge was one. Indianapolis public schools were in bad shape when he was chosen as superintendent. He had been a student of Northwestern University under Professor Benton ten years before, and that gentleman had persuaded him to come and teach in that institution. He gave up that position with reluctance, but it was good fortune for the public schools that he consented to take the proffered office. He reorganized them and put new life into them. His first work was to grade the schools and that alone was a great aid to efficiency.

The grading was not an easy task and could not have been achieved without the earnest cooperation of the teachers. This he was fortunate enough to have. A group of young women were inspired by his enthusiasm and they retained this zeal long after Professor

Shortridge had retired from the field. One, Miss Nebraska Cropsey, was eventually made assistant superintendent, with especial charge of primary grades. She became widely known in school circles outside of Indianapolis. Miss Charity Dye, who was a teacher in Shortridge High School, was another whose eager spirit was not tamed by the monotony of teaching but was seemingly as keen at the time of her retirement not long before the celebration of the State's centennial anniversary in 1916, as it could have been fifty years before. She transferred her energies with such zeal to a promotion of centennial plans that she became broken in health and lived but a year or so afterward. She was a much loved teacher to a long succession of Shortridge pupils.

Professor William A. Bell was appointed principal of the high school by Superintendent Shortridge and made a satisfactory record. He was an Indiana man, having been born in Clinton County. He won an education by his own efforts and was graduated from Antioch, Ohio. He had taught in various places in Indiana, before coming to Indianapolis, and been principal of a ward school before he entered Shortridge.

In 1868 he became part owner of the Indiana School Journal and two years later he purchased the interest of his partner. He was sole proprietor of this educational paper for twenty-eight years and made of it an excellent publication, one whose circulation extended beyond State boundaries. He gave much credit for its literary merit to his wife, Mrs. Eliza C. Bell, but she never permitted her name to appear as associate editor.

Professor Bell was a useful factor in the educational advancement in the State and its Capital. A school building in Indianapolis is named for him.

All these teachers mentioned rest from their labors in Crown Hill.



## ARTISTS AND FRIENDS OF ART

Artists, like professional writers, were few in the early half-century of Indianapolis. Doubtless even when the town was small an occasional man who professed to be skilled with paints came, lingered for a time, painted a few pictures and wandered on. How else came the portraits that one hears of cherished by old families here and there? They may be crude pictures, but still, it is probable, carry a likeness to the subjects, a thing self-taught artists are often able to achieve.

In the early day the public caught its glimpses of what pencil and brush and print could do mainly through commercial sources—pictures in shops and in books. To speak of art as commercial because it is for sale in a shop, mere merchandise, is by no means a reflection on its merit. One who sells the works may appreciate them as art. When the late Mr. Herman Lieber dared to lay the foundation of an art store in a little shop in Indianapolis in the 1850's he must have had a liking for art for itself and the growth of his venture must have been an educative element in the community.

Jacob Cox was the first painter of pictures in Indianapolis who is on record as making art his life profession. He was mainly self taught, but he loved his work and if his pictures were open to criticism by trained artists, the public was more easily pleased and liked and bought many of his portraits and other paintings in the half century in which he was the town's best known artist. He came from Philadelphia

in 1833 with a brother and was in business for a time, but the yearning for brushes and canvas would not be overcome, so he opened a studio and was happy. He was a gentle, friendly soul, much liked and always ready to help and encourage young people who came to him for instruction. He was not influenced by the young school of artists as they came along in his life—impressionists and others—but continued to the end of his life in his own way, in his later years a picturesque, hale old man, himself a subject for artists. And though he knew little of the modern technic he had the soul of an artist and no doubt did as much to encourage a creative spirit and a love in the community for the beautiful as if his own achievements had been greater. He was at one time a teacher of William M. Chase, then hardly more than a boy, who afterward became one of the most famous of American artists. Chase, who called Cox his “father in art,” once wrote of him that had he gone abroad for study he would have been one of the most celebrated artists in the country. Henry Ward Beecher was a friend of Cox and owned and valued a number of his paintings. John W. Love was also one of his pupils—a youth of much talent who, after quite a long period of study in Munich, returned to Indianapolis and together with James F. Gookins established an art school in 1877 which aroused considerable interest and continued for two or three years. The untimely death of Love in 1880 was held to be a public misfortune.

An interest in art had developed among progressive women of the city and an art association was formed with Mrs. May Wright Sewall a moving spirit of the undertaking. Albert E. Fletcher was its first president. The Reverend Dr. Hyde also served as president

of the Association for a number of years. Mrs. May Wright Sewall was the third president.

For perhaps twenty years the main work of the Association was to present an annual exhibition of pictures—a work that involved much effort, but the result was excellent and educational. Lectures and art talks were also given. Meetings were held in private homes before the opening of the first Propylaeum.

In 1895 the association was greatly helped by a welcome bequest from John Herron of property amounting to something over two hundred thousand dollars. Litigation delayed the plan to build an art museum, but this was finally erected and became a center for art interests of many kinds, including a school, which is well attended.

The gift from Mr. Herron was a surprise to all but two or three persons connected with art interests. He was but little known in the city and not at all in art circles. He was an Englishman by birth, but had been brought to America in his infancy and was reared in Chester County, Pennsylvania. He removed to Indiana and lived on a farm in Franklin County. The last twelve years he spent in Indianapolis, engaged in a quiet way in the real estate business.

His detachment from all art affairs created a wonder as to how he came to make the art association his beneficiary; but good authority has it that of his own motion and without suggestion he expressed the desire to have the bequest used for the promotion of one of the fine arts, preferably pictures.

The death at thirty years of the gifted and enthusiastic John Love checked local art activities for a time, but a little later the group was formed that has since been a moving element in the advancement of Indian-

apolis art—T. C. Steele, William Forsyth, Otto Stark, Richard B. Gruelle and J. Ottis Adams. They formed what was called the Indiana or “Hoosier” Group, and though as years have gone on other and younger men of talent have come upon the scene, their influence has dominated in the creation of the art spirit and understanding of the community. All members of the group had foreign training save Gruelle, who was self taught, but with so great a native talent that his work won the praise of critics and fellow artists. As a small child he showed a determination to draw and he had dreams of becoming an artist, but the necessity for earning money began when he was twelve and it was not until after he was thirty years of age, when he came to Indianapolis to live, that he was free to develop his talent. He had learned to mix paints when he worked for a house painter and had to grind his own colors; he learned that he could paint landscapes when employed on a job of painting iron safes. He had a limited literary education, yet he wrote so effective and vivid a description of the pictures in the famous Walters collection in Baltimore that the book is treasured by its owners and copies are at a high premium. He found great happiness in nearness to the sea, which he did not “discover” until rather late in life, and spent several of his last years in Connecticut. He died in Indianapolis in November, 1914.

In the present year two other members of the group have closed their eyes on the earth they found so fair—Otto Stark and Theodore C. Steele.

Mr. Stark, born in Indianapolis, January 29, 1859, died there on April 14, 1926. He first gained his taste and yearning for art through an accident that led him to the study of lithography. At the age of sixteen he

was apprenticed to a Cincinnati lithographer and became a student in night classes in the Art Academy there. When he was twenty he entered the Art Students League, but did not follow the example of Steele and others by going to Munich; he went to Paris instead and remained for three years. He returned to America, and having married while abroad, established himself and family in Philadelphia. When his wife died, leaving him with four young children, he returned to Indianapolis where he remained until his death. He gradually became an important and valued element in Indianapolis art circles. His work was early recognized by competent critics as having a poetic charm and a technical facility out of the common. He became especially noted for his studies of children. He was for years supervisor of art in the Manual Training High School and had composition classes in the Herron Art Institute. He had the happy faculty of imbuing his pupils with something of his own enthusiasm. Many members of his classes at Manual are said to have taken up some phase of art—painting, illustrating or designing, while others have become architects, lithographers or engravers.

Like Mr. Steele, Mr. Stark sought to show on his canvases and in his teaching the beauty that lies at every hand for those who have their eyes opened to see. Mr. Steele taught Indianans to see the beauty of their home landscapes and that it was not necessary to go abroad to find picturesque themes.

Mr. Steele, who lived in Indianapolis for years in an old homestead built by an early settler on the site where the Art Institute now stands, gradually made permanent what was first intended for a summer home in the Brown County hills and, surrounded by two



hundred acres of wooded land and a garden of their own planning, he and Mrs. Steele made their comfortable dwelling and studio a home for ten months in the year and gave to the artist almost without leaving his own doorway all the changing scenes of nature that he needed. In the course of his career he painted many portraits of fine quality, but his heart was in his landscapes.

He was so closely identified with Indianapolis and its art and social circles that he was commonly looked upon as an actual resident. His sudden death on July 24, 1926, two months after that of Stark, came as a shock to his friends in the city, but they were not to have him even in death. His artist friends and associates—Jacob Cox, John Love, Richard Gruelle, Otto Stark, also John Herron, found their last home in Crown Hill, but Mr. Steele's ashes are placed under an oak at his Brown County home. If these interpreters of beauty look back from the far land they will all alike see beauty where their earthborn vesture lies.

Mrs. Sarah More was a woman of note in Indianapolis in her day. She was born in England in 1815. She was an actress and her name on the bills was always Mrs. H. More. She and her husband came to New York in 1849. She played with Forrest, Barrett and other great actors, taking leading parts. She played Lady Franklin in Bulwer's comedy of "Money" with Wilkes Booth not long before the Lincoln assassination. She is described as a woman of impressive personality, handsome until well on in years, and striking in her old age. She came to Indianapolis in the sixties to fill an engagement at the Metropolitan Theater and remained as a member of the

stock company, where she was for many years a great favorite. She died in 1898. She owned a lot in Crown Hill in partnership with Mrs. Pope, another actress of those middle years.

A question having arisen as to the identity of the architect of Christ Episcopal Church, the beautiful little Gothic house of worship at the corner of Meridian Street and The Circle, the regard of the community for that structure and the artistic standing of its designer seem to justify a place for him in this chapter. Good authority leaves no doubt that the plans for this church were drawn by William Tinsley. The late John H. Holliday, William N. Pickerell, Mrs. K. B. Tinsley, a granddaughter of the architect, Miss Katharine M. Graydon and others are quoted as testifying to this and that he also superintended the construction of the church. It is related of Mr. Tinsley that he was one in a line of architects distinguished on both sides of the Atlantic ocean. Born in Clonmel, Ireland, in 1804, he came to America in 1851, settling in Cincinnati. His first work in the western city was the substructure of the Probasco Fountain. To this he added the mansion of Henry Probasco on Clifton Heights, and St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1852 the board of directors of Butler University (then Northwestern Christian University) adopted his plans for the west wing of the building. Mr. Tinsley moved to Indianapolis to superintend this building, and while here planned and directed the construction of Christ Church. He died in Cincinnati in 1885 and was buried in Crown Hill Cemetery.

## THE WRITING FRATERNITY

The writing fraternity! It has meant much to Indiana—much to Indianapolis. For while it was many years before authorship developed in any important way, there was from the beginning a group of men and women who were or would be readers—intelligent, educated folk whose active minds even in the midst of the labors and cares incident to pioneer life were interested in the world that can only be reached through the printed page. They had not many books at first, but almost immediately they had newspapers. They were small weekly publications with precious little outside news in them, but wherever there is a newspaper there must be writers. Probably the editors of those first small Indianapolis newspapers wrote little beyond the simple records of local affairs, but it is safe to say that there were even then ambitious persons in the community who yearned to contribute to the columns of the papers and did so, even if the attempt were confined merely to rhymes for the traditional poets' corner.

A little later came pamphlets wherein some citizen set forth his political or religious views. Then, as years went on a book would come from some ambitious person's pen. Probably no one in young Indianapolis dreamed of the production of literature as a career. The men who might have written books were occupied with the work of building homes, earning a living for their families, improving the town as a place to live in, and had little leisure for esthetic interests. At the same time, sentiment, romance, dreams of the future

made a part of the background of life and must have sought written expression now and then, even though secretly and never reaching print. Expression found its way chiefly through the press. The first half-century of the city's existence shows a constant and bewildering succession of periodical matter. In addition to the two papers that were started in the first two years of the settlement and that afterward became the *Indianapolis Journal and Sentinel*, long leaders among newspapers of the city and State, each with a continuing life of more than eighty years, came a long list of little weeklies and monthlies dealing with special causes or interests—schools, temperance, slavery, agriculture, missionary work, medicine, and so on. A comprehensive chapter on the early press is contained in Jacob P. Dunn's "History of Indianapolis."

Most of these publications were short lived, though there were exceptions such as the *Indianapolis School Journal* under Professor W. A. Bell, with a life of thirty years.

The first literary touch recorded came from Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton, whose husband, Nathaniel T. Bolton, was the first editor in Indianapolis, having been associated with George Smith on the *Gazette* in 1821. After the retirement of Smith, he conducted the paper alone for a number of years. In 1831 he married Sarah T. Barrett of Madison, to whose verses published in Madison and Cincinnati papers he had been attracted. She had developed this talent when she was barely out of school and had received much praise. As Mrs. Bolton she proved herself to be a woman of practical ability who took a deep interest in public affairs, particularly as they affected women. She was a moving spirit in a fight to secure a change in women's status as to prop-

erty rights under the common law by the constitutional convention of 1850. The effort failed, but the reform was made afterward by the Legislature. It is related that she wrote letters to the papers of the State to influence public opinion to send delegates to the convention. One of her letters addressed to Robert Dale Owen, one of the most progressive members, is quoted in Woollen's "Biographical and Historical Sketches."

Mrs. Bolton's best known poem is "Paddle Your Own Canoe." It was set to music and is said to have been for some years a popular song. It is didactic verse, after the order of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," where an obvious practical truth is presented in metrical form without glamour of imagination. The rhymed truth, however, is doubtless more impressive than the mere prose injunction that "life is real, life is earnest," and "Paddle Your Own Canoe" is remembered longer than the advice to depend on one's self would be. Young people hear and remember rhymes.

The curious little story is told in connection with this poem that the Reverend Dr. Milburn, pastor at the time of the Second Presbyterian Church, who officiated at Mrs. Bolton's funeral, told of memorizing "Paddle Your Own Canoe" in his schoolboy days in England, little dreaming that he would ever live near the author or see her face.

Mrs. Bolton continued to write occasional verse up to her last days, which were mainly spent on a farm near Indianapolis. Among them were productions of greater poetical merit than the one so popular. Two of these were "odes" written by request, one for the celebration of laying the corner stone of Masonic Hall, at the southwest corner of Washington and Capitol Avenue (then Tennessee Street) on October 25, 1848;



the second was a corresponding ode for the dedication of the Hall in the spring of 1851. Each of these productions is of unusual merit for poems written to order as might be said, such verse commonly being rather spiritless, perfunctory composition. She enters into the praise of Masonry with an appreciation that could hardly have been stronger had she been initiated into the secrets of the order.

“Prompt us to labor as Thou hast directed,  
On the foundations laid sure in the past,  
And may ‘the Stone which the builders rejected’  
Crown our endeavors with glory at last.  
Then at the eventide  
Laying the Square aside,  
May we look calmly on life’s setting sun;  
And at the mercy seat,  
Where ransomed spirits meet,  
Hear from the Master the plaudit, ‘Well done’.”

Mrs. Bolton’s flights are not high, but she wrote some verse in which is a genuine poetic feeling that expressed the free spirit of her time. In her own words she

“learned to sing in Nature’s solitude  
Among the free wild birds and antlered deer;  
In the primeval forest and the rude  
Log cabin of the Western pioneer.”

Mrs. Bolton, born in 1807 in Kentucky, died in Indianapolis in 1893.

Not many women wrote for publication in the early years of the nineteenth century, and the few received more attention than is given to the authors of today, now such a multitude. One of the early poets, Mrs. Rebecca S. Nichols, most of whose writing had been done before she came to Indianapolis in her later years, told



A Pleasant Vista from the Crown



reminiscently of the praise and attention she received from literary folk of Philadelphia, her girlhood home. "I was courted and feted, and, I suppose, unduly flattered," she said, "but it was very pleasant. I do not write any more," she added, with a note of pathos. "Not any more. There are so many young writers now and no room for me." She perhaps had the thought which Tennyson expressed when he wrote his "little fable:"

"All can raise the flowers now  
For all have got the seed."

George D. Prentiss, an editor of Louisville in the middle years of the last century and widely known as a friend of young writers, was attracted to the writings of Mrs. Nichols by their sweetness and beauty and spoke highly of them.

For the first twenty-five or thirty years and perhaps longer newspaper editors were the leading writers in Indiana. For the most part they devoted themselves to political discussions and to the problems incident to the development of a new country. There was little chance for the development of esthetic literature. Nevertheless effective political writing and editorial writing on public affairs in general calls for a trained intelligence, not only as to the power of expression, but as to the exact facts in the background. There was no lack even in an early day of men equal to the demand in this line.

Political controversies began early in Indiana and became of course more complicated as the population increased. In the Civil War period Governor Morton was fortunate to have able assistance in this line in Berry Sulgrove.

Sulgrove was a remarkable man. Born in Indianapolis he had the advantage of such schools as existed. This included five years in Dr. Kemper's Seminary, which, according to all accounts, was a superior school. It was not until after the boy was through with this school and was working in his father's harness shop that it was discerned by his associates whom he engaged in argument on political and other questions that he had no ordinary mind. Later he attended Bethany College in West Virginia under the presidency of Alexander Campbell. There were five departments in the college and first and second honors were given to him in each over all; he was the first honor man of the college, taking the whole five. He was compelled to make his graduating speech in Greek, but admitted later to a local biographer that it would have troubled Demosthenes to understand it fully.

After he returned to Indianapolis he studied law for three years and then entered into a partnership with John Caven. They practiced together for a year or so, but the writing talent led Sulgrove into newspaper work. For nearly twenty-five years he was chief editorial writer for the *Journal*; after that for ten years or more he wrote for both *News* and *Journal*. He had an amazing store of information and wrote on many subjects. He was Governor Morton's trustworthy lieutenant in the editorial field during the Civil War. After the war he accompanied Morton to Europe and made rather a prolonged stay, not returning with Morton. He wrote with ease and grace. Among his peculiarities—and they were not few—was that of writing his articles on any scraps of paper that were handy—the inside of used envelopes, for example. The tradition is that though he wrote a minute hand and



could get much on a fragment of paper, the writing was usually legible. He was also careless about his personal appearance and he could—and not infrequently did—appear on Washington Street in baggy trousers sustained by “galluses,” shirt sleeves and house slippers, serenely indifferent to public opinion. But he was liked and respected and as a newspaper man set a standard so high that it is no reflection on the abilities of his local journalistic successors, a number of whom have been able men, to say that none has yet reached it.

The bulk of Mr. Sulgrove's writing is buried in old newspaper files. He left one published volume with his name attached as author, “A History of Indianapolis and Marion County,” published in the early eighties. It is largely biographical, but has much information about city affairs not easy to obtain elsewhere. It is an invaluable book of reference. Mr. Sulgrove died February 20, 1890.

In the early seventies William Pinckney Fishback was editor of the Journal, his brother being the owner of the paper. Mr. Fishback was a brilliant man and a good writer, but it was said of him that he was too positive and independent in his opinions to be the wisest of editors of a political paper and party organ, as Indianapolis papers were in those days. He was first of all a lawyer, and returned to his profession, where he was successful. He was a man of intellectual tastes and was witty, his wit often taking a sarcastic and terrifying turn in court trials. Many stories are told of the disconcerting effect on opposing counsel of some of his remarks, which could be caustic.

Long after his connection with newspapers had ceased, his taste for letters found expression in a little

book on Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, for whom he had high admiration and whom he had opportunity to meet on a visit to England. It is an entertaining little volume, by no means given over to dry biographical facts.

Joseph J. Bingham came from Lafayette in 1856 and bought an interest in the Sentinel. A destructive fire brought the paper into financial vicissitudes, but Mr. Bingham remained with it most of the time until 1872. He was regarded as an adroit political writer and his opponents acknowledged that he showed skill in guiding his Democratic paper as well as he did through the Civil War. He was progressive and improved the Sentinel on its news side.

Miss Laura Ream was the first woman in Indianapolis to engage professionally in newspaper work. She came with her parents to Indianapolis when a child. She attended first an Episcopal school in the town and later a school in Bardstown, Kentucky. After her parents died, and soon following them a sister, she found herself virtually alone in the world with an income too small to be satisfactory. So, having already made some experiments in writing, though not for publication, she began to write, first for local papers, then for the outside press. She was employed from time to time by the Journal and other city papers to do special work, and was on the regular editorial staff of the Evening Journal—a short-lived paper of the seventies. The most of her work was as a correspondent. She had a regular connection as news correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, and wrote political news and gossip for a Philadelphia paper for a considerable time. She was interested in politics and had acquaintances among party leaders and workers

who supplied her with facts which they wished published. She was a judicious writer and knew well what it was advisable to make public or to withhold in the matter of political news. She was on intimate terms with Mrs. Thomas A. Hendricks and was supposed to receive much party lore from the high authority, Mr. Hendricks himself. She was a woman of much intelligence and had a clear and satisfactory newspaper style. She left no books or other writings outside of newspaper files.

Samuel E. Morss came into control of the Sentinel in 1888 and gave it a new lease on life. He was a man of much ability and a marked personality which soon made itself felt. Jacob P. Dunn, who was his chief editorial writer, telling the story in "History of Greater Indianapolis," admits that the support of the Bryan free-silver policy in 1896 ruined the paper financially. Mr. Dunn gives it as his opinion that Mr. Morss was one of the strongest writers Indianapolis ever had, if not quite the strongest, and was certainly the readiest. Mr. Morss died on October 21, 1903, as the result of a fall.

A newspaper man who served his city well and became widely known was John H. Holliday, who in 1870 founded the Indianapolis News, the first successful evening paper of Indianapolis. He had had a newspaper apprenticeship and saw the need of an evening paper. He began his enterprise in a modest way but with a definite idea of the policy he meant to follow, one feature of which was independence in politics. His ideals were high; he surrounded himself with a good class of men and had the satisfaction of seeing his paper become influential and prosperous.

In 1892, on the plea of ill health, he sold his con-

trolling interest in the News to William Henry Smith, manager of the Associated Press, and planned to engage in commercial life. But the habit of years was strong, and within a few years he and Major William J. Richards, his former partner in the News and its business manager decided to engage again in newspaper life, and started the Press, an evening paper. The first issue was on December 13, 1899. It started in good shape, and for the sixteen months of its life was an excellent paper, but the News had the advantage of press association service, of a larger, established circulation, and more advertising, and the competition was too severe for the newspaper. Finally, in less than a year and a half, the Press, as a matter of financial discretion was discontinued to the regret of many readers. Mr. Holliday then became associated with the Union Trust Company, and Major Richards with the Union Bank. Mr. Holliday, who was of Indiana birth, was a son of the Reverend W. A. Holliday, a Presbyterian minister of Indianapolis, and was educated in Indiana schools. John H. was charitable and public spirited. Some time before his death on Oct. 20, 1921, he and Mrs. Holliday gave to the city, in trust during her life, a farm of eighty acres near Broad Ripple for park purposes.

One of the most brilliant and versatile newspaper men the city has known was George C. Harding. Born in Tennessee, his boyhood was spent in Illinois, after which he drifted about for a few years until the opportunity to learn the printer's trade on a Terre Haute paper inspired him with a desire to write. He soon established a reputation for originality and wit. After some time spent on a Cincinnati paper he came to Indianapolis and found employment on the Journal.

Later he established a weekly paper, the *Mirror*, which was speedily in general demand by the local public. As a paragrapher he had no rivals. He touched on all sorts of local questions and did not spare local citizens whose course was open to comment. In such attacks he was persistent and merciless—ridicule being one of his weapons. He was often cruel and the victim could not strike back, but human nature being what it is, his rapier-like shots greatly entertained that part of the public which felt itself out of range.

Mr. Harding was, however, much more than a paragrapher. He could forcefully and gracefully deal with serious questions and he had a keen appreciation of what was fine in literature. He opened his columns to new, untried writers and gave encouragement to a number who afterward gained a wider field for their work, largely by the aid of his friendly advice and the publicity given to their early efforts.

People who met him even casually sensed an under-current of melancholy, and whether this was there or not bitter tragedy came into his life. But people who knew him well learned that he was a man of tender sympathies and warm heart. This last was illustrated in the close friendship between him and another newspaper man, Daniel Paine, familiarly known to his friends and also the public as "Dan."

Dan Paine was a man of the poetic type—sweet-souled, gentle, lovable, shy and retiring by nature and really well known only by close associates and those who sought him out, drawn by the charm of his personality as indicated by his verse and other writings and by his spirit of friendliness to aspiring writers and to the newspaper fraternity—a spirit that could not be concealed.



It would hardly have seemed that he and the independent Harding—bold, passionate and more or less cynical—would have found much in common, yet after Harding died Paine wrote a memorial poem, calling it “At Crown Hill,” which as an expression not of mere friendship, but of one man’s love for another has seldom been excelled. It shows, too, that the feeling was mutual. The lines quoted below prove this; they convey so much of grief and love and spiritual yearning that these several stanzas seem worthy of reproduction here:

“I sit beside his grave. The air is soft  
That sways the greening willow’s slender threads  
And fans the budding maples, which aloft  
Hold their yet uncrowned heads.

. . . . .

“And hither wending comes a funeral train,  
Like a slow shuttle in the loom of fate  
Filling the warp of hope with the woof of pain  
And anguish desolate.

“Wearing the bond that binds these cities fair—  
That in the valley, this upon the hill—  
One throbbing with fierce life, and vexed with cares,  
One pulseless, cold and still.

“The waves of life and all the freight they bear  
Of love or hate, calm faith or cringing fear,  
Sink to the depths or toss their crests in air  
To break in white foam here.

. . . . .

“We were so near in thoughts and hopes and fears—  
What is the distance that divides us so?  
Is he beyond the reach of smiles and tears?  
Alas, I shall not know.

“He was so gentle, with as deep a sense  
Of trust and sympathy as child’s heart hath,  
He was so stern, so quick to take offense,  
So leonine in wrath.

"Such spirits blaze the pathway of the world  
And stand or fall, still facing forward when  
The gonfalon of progress is unfurled  
And valor cries for men.

"On Freedom's towers they stand as sentinels,  
Brave tropic suns, delve in Earth's deepest caves,  
Or climb the ladder of the parallels  
To sleep in icy graves."

There is heartfelt sentiment in that tribute. There is thought and there are lines that greatest poets might have offered.

"—a funeral train,  
Like a slow shuttle in the loom of fate."

is an illustration which lingers in the memory.

They

"climb the ladder of the parallels  
To sleep in icy graves."

What a thought! Shakespeare might have uttered it.

Dan Paine was a picturesque figure in Indianapolis streets for many years. Along in the two or three decades after the Civil War the voluminous military cape continued to be an article of apparel with quite a number of well known citizens. Mr. Paine wore a rather long one, and he is well remembered yet as he made more than one daily visit to the Post-Office to obtain the office mail, the cape and his gray beard flying back as he walked. It was not a necessary or even a usual task for a member of an editorial staff to act as messenger, but the habit was a relic of an earlier time; newspaper mail at a certain hour was especially important, too. And he probably enjoyed performing the errand.

It is told of Mr. Paine that he came to Indianapolis in a casual sort of way. Born in Maine in 1830, he had drifted west and having learned the printer's trade, he had become at the age of twenty publisher of a temperance paper at St. Anthony's Falls. He is credited with having, while there, originated the name Minneapolis for that now flourishing city. The paper at St. Anthony not being profitable, he left the state on hearing of an opportunity for better employment in Cincinnati. He stepped from the train when it arrived in Indianapolis, for a little look around, and when he sought his car again it was just disappearing at the end of the station. Thereupon, he strolled serenely up to the Sentinel office, found employment there and remained in the city until his death in 1895. The greater part of his life here was spent as an associate editor of the News.

He did not write much verse, but the little was of fine quality. Probably he never attempted to do anything with his poems in a commercial way, but when published in local papers they were copied far and wide. The sweet and pathetic "Da Capo" beginning:

"She sat at the old piano,  
Her fingers thin and pale,  
Ran over the yellow keyboard  
The chords of the minor scale,"

has been published again and again, and even now appears occasionally in some periodical, as often as not credited to another author. Mr. Paine was inspired to write it by the sight of Mrs. James Blake, one of the first pioneer women in Indianapolis, playing in her old age on the instrument brought when she came to the village as a bride. It was the first piano in the settlement; probably for a considerable time the only

one. Mr. Paine's poem "At Elberon," in memory of President Garfield was considered by many the finest poetical tribute in honor of the martyred chief magistrate.

Ernest Bross was one of the later additions to the editorial fraternity of Indianapolis, filling a prominent place as editor of the *Star* for nearly twenty years. The son of a Congregational minister, it was planned that he should follow in his father's footsteps and also enter the pulpit. He was graduated at Doane College in Nebraska in 1882 with that end in view, but circumstances took him into newspaper life after he left school. He served his apprenticeship on an Omaha paper, and was called from there to the *Portland Oregonian*, where he became managing editor, and established a reputation as an editorial writer of superior ability. He remained there for seventeen years. He came to the *Star* in the summer of 1904 at the invitation of its owner, and remained at its head, save for a short interval, until his death on January 31, 1923, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Though his time was much occupied with routine matters, he was best pleased when he had leisure for writing, and his work soon became known for the vigor of his opinions and its good literary form. Naturally, he found it necessary to write much on political themes, and though he held firm personal views on such matters, he, frankly and with humor, admitted that he could not rise to the normal Indiana enthusiasm in campaign time. It was a matter of comment among those who knew him that he was primarily a writer who would have been happier in a more literary field than a newspaper can supply. Like most people, however, he was not confined to one talent but adjusted

himself easily to the tasks that life brought and made an honored and honorable place for himself in his profession and as a citizen.

The first writer not a newspaper man to produce any serious literature of value was John B. Dillon. He wrote a history of Indiana, before it might have seemed to have had a development important enough to justify formal history. He shows how incorrect that idea was. He was the first to go into extensive research and among musty old Canadian and colonial archives seeking the story of the early French missionaries and trappers of the West—a fascinating tale in which Mr. Dillon saw the charm as history. Mary Hartwell Catherwood viewed it years later as a field for fiction.

Mr. Dillon was the Indiana State Librarian for several years, but it was an office with small emoluments. He held a number of minor positions in the State House and filled them satisfactorily, but he was a shy, retiring man, whose heart was in his writing. Like many another with a gift in this line he lacked the commercial talent that might have brought appreciation of his wares. He knew that his work would endure; his profession was letters and he followed it as he could, regardless of rewards. George Cottman says of him: "Forty years of honest, conscientious devotion, four books that people would not buy in his life time, and death in a lonely garret face to face with grim poverty because he wrought for the love of truth and not dollars is the life story of John Dillon."

Everything he committed to paper is of value, but especially his "History of Territorial Indiana." It is an authoritative book and is recognized as carefully prepared, trustworthy history. Mr. Dillon, according



to all accounts, was much liked by those who knew him well, but he was a lonely soul who went through life holding himself a little apart from his kind. He is buried in Crown Hill on a plot with Alexander Ralston, who helped to lay out the town of Indianapolis in the limit of the "mile square."

Benjamin Davenport House, familiarly known as "Ben," because he preferred and wrote it that way, was one of the local poets of the years following the Civil War, inspired in part by that war. He had been a soldier in the conflict for its full four years. What is known about his early life is merely that he was born at sea, that his family's home was in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and other places in New England, that he would not go to school, that his father, a Congregational minister, was making a final effort to bring the boy under educational influences in Boston when the war began. The attempt ended when young Benjamin enlisted and went to the front. Chance brought him to Indianapolis when the conflict was over. He came on some clerical business connected with the discharge of troops, liked the place and remained the rest of his life. He was not well equipped for life, since he lacked education and the army had not been a good school. The consequence was that though he was employed by newspapers, it was mainly in executive work, not writing. He tried his hand as a writer but was not adapted to it. His occupations therefore became varied and he developed into a well-informed man.

Throughout he maintained a literary taste and, possessing an innate poetic talent, the writing of verse became the solace of his years. It was a period when influences of the war lingered and the patriotic spirit was strong in him. Several years after his death, feel-

ing that they could judge his work impartially, a group of his friends who had liked it, made selections of his poems from manuscripts and printed clippings from newspapers and magazines and published them in a little volume, believing that they were worthy of a permanent form. They judged well. The poems deal with a variety of themes, but the book is worth while if only for the patriotic songs. "Present Arms" is an Independence Day song that calls on the spirits of soldiers to celebrate peace. He invokes the heroes who fought at Bunker Hill, crying,

"Ye are not dead in your place of resting  
But in your deeds ye are living still."

Then he calls:

"Come forth, Oh, sons, from your grounds of camping;  
Ye are sleeping deep, but are living still,  
Beneath your tents on the field of Shiloh,  
Or in bivouac at Malvern Hill.

"Take arms again, Oh, ye tired sleepers;  
Form lines in your warlike gear arrayed;  
March down through the years to later comers  
To pass in review in a peace parade.

"Peal forth again your notes, Oh, bugles!  
With sounds of peace like rhythmic rune,  
Salute with your songs the nation's morning  
That never shall know an afternoon."

In a sonnet, "Appomattox" are these lines:

"O Nation's Chief! Thine eyes have seen again  
A whiter flag come forth to summon thee  
Than that pale scarf which gleamed above war's stain  
To parley o'er the end of its red reign—  
The truce of God that sets from battle free  
Thy dauntless soul, and thy worn life from pain."

It is a pretty thought in the sonnet "Revelment," when, after the whirring past him on a winter day of a robin, with "the tint of summer sunsets on its breast," he writes:

"And all the mows were wind-waved grass again,  
The humming, honey-hunting bees were fed  
Where bobolinks sing o'er their mad refrain  
In fields where clover's sweet perfume is shed;  
And glowed again the ripened golden grain  
Through that one little spot of summer's red."

Ben House was a picturesque person. He, too, like two or three others mentioned in this chronicle, was the wearer of a broad hat and a cape, and when he wrapped this cloak around him and paused meditatively on a step, gazing absently into space, or went swinging along the street, he was a figure to attract attention. He had a sense of humor, was companionable and much liked. When he died at forty-three as the result of a wound in the neck received twenty years before in the war, he was missed, and is not yet forgotten.

Jacob Piatt Dunn did real service to Indiana letters, though much of his work, belonging as it does to books used more for occasional reference than for continuous reading, are not appreciated until time goes by and they are sought for information to be found nowhere else except after much research. It is then that they become priceless. He liked that kind of research and spent much time and care in the preparation of his "History of Indiana" and the "Redemption from Slavery"—these requiring laborious delving into ancient archives, the pursuit taking him to Canada and to Washington for documentary information. There is much work in his "History of Indianapolis," though of a different sort. He takes up the story of Indian-

apolis growth where Berry Sulgrove left off—Dunn, however, offering a preliminary summary of the pioneer period. He was an enthusiastic student of history and was an earnest promoter of the Indiana Historical Society, of which he was secretary and the author of several monographs for its library. He had a liking for Indian lore and his earliest book was entitled "Massacres of the Mountains." Other publications are "True Indian Stories," "The Unknown God," and "Indiana and the Indianans."

Mr. Dunn, born at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, April 12, 1855, came with his parents to Indianapolis at the age of seven, and entered the public schools. Following a high school course, he attended Earlham College and received a degree of science at nineteen. Subsequently he obtained a degree of LL. B. from Michigan University and a master's degree from Earlham.

After leaving the University of Michigan he took up the practice of law in Indianapolis. Later, however, he went to Leadville, Colorado, during the excitement of 1879 as a prospector. There he drifted into newspaper work and served in various capacities on Colorado papers, but returned to Indianapolis in 1884 and resumed the practice of law. He again took work on the Indianapolis Sentinel. He entered the services of the Indianapolis Journal in 1888 but in the fall of that year was put in charge of the literary bureau of the Democratic State Central Committee. He also served for a year and a half as an editorial writer on the Indianapolis Star. Mr. Dunn was elected State Librarian in 1889 and served until 1894; he also served two terms as city controller, first from 1904 until 1906, and later from 1914 until 1916.

In 1889 he married Miss Charlotte Elliott Jones, of

Indianapolis. The latter part of his life was spent in writing and a few months before his death he entered the services of Senator Ralston as secretary. Dunn was an ardent Democrat and a member of the Indiana Democratic Club. He died at his home, 915 North Pennsylvania Street, on July 6, 1924, at the age of sixty-nine years. He was the son of Jacob Piatt Dunn and Harriet L. (Tate) Dunn. He was related to Donn Piatt, well known Ohio writer.

Mr. Dunn was widely known and his sense of humor and keen wit made him an entertaining companion, while his propensity for argument and controversy—of a friendly sort—was amusing to those not engaged in opposing him. He had several rather marked characteristics that took him out of the conventional type. Among them was the rather unusual combination of eager and tireless political interest with the tastes of a man of books and writing.

Granville Mellen Ballard found time in a busy life to write occasional verse, and one little volume stands to his credit, though he might have published more, no doubt. As noted, he recited a poem on the first Decoration Day at Crown Hill. That poem is contained in the volume. There is a ballad that tells a grim story of a girl captured by Indians. There is a humorous story in rhyme, a legend of pioneer days. It gives the title to the book, "The Legend of the Big Elm Tree." There are little songs and serious poems with a patriotic inspiration. One is a tribute to Grant, whose name, he writes,

"Is spoken

Wherever scars of battle are yet worn,  
Or deeds of valor done, or banners borne  
Aloft in victory, or where mourn  
In bonds the slaves whose shackles are unbroken."



Mr. Ballard, whose death took place in 1926, at an advanced age, did his part in his day to keep alive in an unliterary period the spirit of poetry. He was a man of quiet life, much respected in the community and a useful citizen.

There were sporadic books by men of other than literary callings, but with a taste for writing which they gratified in leisure hours, or after their retirement from active life.

William Wesley Woollen, lawyer and banker, entertained himself in his later years and did a service to the community by writing a series of brief biographies of several scores of his fellow citizens. He had the record, unusual even for the early days for so young a boy, of having left his farm home in Maryland at the age of sixteen to seek his fortune in the West. He looked Cincinnati over, did not like it, and came on to Madison with a dollar and seventy-five cents in his pocket. He found employment at once as a teacher, the story goes, youth being no barrier to teaching in those days. He found the need of more education and got it at Hanover. He worked in an office and studied law simultaneously and went on and up to prominence, good citizenship and prosperity. He came to Indianapolis for residence in 1865. His was the oft-told story, with a few variations, of many of the early comers to Indiana.

Another book of similar character was published by John H. B. Nowland—or rather two books, one a small volume issued in 1870, another much more extensive in 1876. Mr. Nowland came as a boy with his father and family from Kentucky when the settlement “at the mouth of Fall Creek” had but half a dozen families, and gives much early history. The biographical

sketches in these books are of decided value to delvers after information about early citizens.

William Watson Woollen—distantly related only, to William Wesley previously mentioned—was born in Indianapolis in 1838 and spent his youth on a farm in Lawrence township. His education was obtained at Northwestern University. He became one of the prominent lawyers of the city; was district attorney in 1864 and 1866 and was one of the organizers of the Bar Association. Mr. Woollen was one of the fortunate men who had a hobby in which he found recreation in his leisure hours in busy years and that gave him much entertainment in his later days. This was nature study. He was particularly interested in birds and published a book descriptive of Indiana birds. He made two or three journeys to Alaska and published two volumes descriptive of phenomena of the Coast.

While for many years there were no professional writers outside of newspaper circles—that is, none who made their living by authorship—some writer of verse would now and then collect a sheaf of poems and put them into a book. Hetty Athon Morrison, who had a pretty talent, did this, and her one little book, “My Summer in a Kitchen,” has a charm that rises far above kitchens. It is the mother heart that speaks in a little poem, “The One Who Died.” A group of strong and happy children at their play attracted her.

“So fair the sight it moved my stranger tongue  
To cry, ‘Oh, mother of those sturdy boys  
And rosebud girls, than thine no sweeter joys  
Hath poet heart conceived or poet lips e’er sung.’

“‘Ah, yes,’ the mother said, and then she sighed,  
‘Yes, they are fair, those boys and girls of mine,  
And I—no prouder mother could you find’—  
Again she sighed—‘Ah, but the one that died.’”

Mrs. Morrison was a daughter of Dr. James A. Athon, once well known in Indiana.

When James Whitcomb Riley said farewell to earth, a life was ended in which the people of his State and city took a peculiar interest. His fame was nation-wide, but he belonged to Indiana in a special sense. He had sung its praises; he had portrayed its men and women with sympathy and understanding. He knew the woes of the discouraged farmer; he knew the aching heart of the "old man" who called after his son going to war, "Take keer o' yourself, Jim;" he entered into the homesickness of the wanderers from Griggsby's Station, "Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!" He laughed with them and sang with them; his heart went out to people in their sorrows and trials.

Always it was the human element that appealed to him—always but once when he wrote the fanciful "Flying Islands of the Night," a "thing of witchcraft, an idle dream," a weird drama in which elves played their fantastic parts. It is the longest and most sustained of the author's poetical efforts, yet though it shows imaginative power and a familiarity with fairies and contains several beautiful lyrics, it does not really belong in his field. It was a thing, too, of youth, and he was not yet old when he confessed that he could do nothing of that kind again.

Mr. Riley saw best the poetry in reality. He knew the charm of the outer world. He knew the beauty of June, "queenly month of indolent repose."

. . . "And O the delight of

The sight of the stars and the moon and the sea,

And the infinite skies of that opulent night of

Purple and gold and ivory!"

His thoughts turned often to the joys of his own childhood, in the "days gone by" when his

“Naked feet were tripped  
By the honeysuckle tangles where the waterlilies dipped,  
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along the brink  
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came to drink.”

But it was the men and women and children he knew that were his chief interest in life. He comprehended one great truth that few poets, and for that matter few other writers, learn, namely, that unlettered folk have the same emotional experiences which their more learned neighbors feel—they have hopes and dreams, joys and sorrows, happy days and dark ones; they love and are glad, they suffer and grieve. Not only so, but they respond swiftly to words of sympathy and cheer when not too formally expressed. Though they may themselves be inarticulate when it comes to the expression of their finer emotions and dreams, they welcome those who put into words what they dumbly feel.

It was to illustrate this point that Mr. Riley wrote “The Old Swimmin’ Hole” and “’Leven More Poems,” purporting to be from the pen of farmer Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone. They were written in dialect, these twelve poems, but they express simply what the supposed writer felt—what Mr. Riley knew such a man felt. To the fastidious persons who are offended by dialect, he says:

“Many of the truly heroic ancestry of ‘our best people’ developed unquestionably dialect of caste—not only in speech, but in every mental trait and personal address. It is a grievous fact for us to confront, but many of them wore apparel of the commonest, talked loudly and doubtless said ‘thisaway’ and ‘that-away,’ ‘Wat’ch y’ doin’ of?’ and ‘Whur y’ goin’ at?’—using dialect even in their prayers to Him, who, in His

gentle mercy, listened and was pleased; and Who listens verily unto this hour to all like prayers, yet pleased; Yea, haply listens to the refined rhetorical petitions of those who are not pleased."

The children! How well he understood them. He wrote for them and about them, and if all that is written for their especial delight is gathered into one volume, they have a treasure.

Critics who do not know Mr. Riley's work often speak of it slightly as if it were altogether dialect; but those who read know that in his "straight English" are scores of poems whose form is unexceptionable and whose thought is high. Scores of his lyrics have been set to music and widely sung. His "Be-reaved" has been quoted the world over:

"Let me come in where you sit weeping

. . . . .

Fain would I be of service—say some thing  
Between the tears that would be comforting,—  
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,  
Who have no child to die."

With all his sensitiveness to the emotions of others, he preaches hope and a cheerful philosophy. He was never a prophet of gloom. Often he touched on sad themes—the death of friends, the loss of the best beloved, the common sorrows and disappointments of life, and though he spoke with a pathos that brings tears, it is the pathos of the sympathetic and hopeful heart. There was always a better day to come. He believed in a gladness of today; he put faith in a here-after. Over and over again this faith speaks in his writings, though he was in no accepted sense a religious man. Of a friend who died, he said:

"And you—O you, who the wildest yearn  
For the old-time step and the glad return,



Think of him faring on, as dear  
In the love of There as the love of Here."

Of another much loved man he wrote:

"We feel, with him, that by and by  
Our onward trails will meet, and then  
Merge and be ever one again."

Scattered throughout his writings are expressions of his simple child-like faith that knew no creeds or sects, but only the story taught him by the mother who died when he was yet a boy—the old, old story that God is good and that though we die, yet shall we live again.

His gay and prankish humor that made appeal to young and old, his understanding heart that gave him insight into the lives and souls of men and women, his fine sensibility without mawkishness all made for him a place in the affections of Indiana people that never can be lost. He spoke for mankind, for human nature; he had no geographical boundaries, but he knew Indiana and its people best. He was of them, he loved them, and it was them he portrayed. His writings are a part of the life of the people, so intimately have they been woven into the fabric of home and school life and into the hearts of those to whom his poems have brought pleasure and comfort.

James Whitecomb Riley, was born in Greenfield, twenty miles east of Indianapolis, on October 7, 1849, and his youth was spent there. His father, Reuben A. Riley, a highly respected lawyer and citizen of the little town of that day, wished this one of his sons to follow the same profession. And young James dutifully, though reluctantly, began to "read law" in his father's office. But hardly any occupation could have been more remote from his taste and tempera-

ment. The studies soon came to an end and for several years the future poet tried his fortune at various occupations—as an actor in a “barnstorming” company, as a sign painter, as an entertainer of the crowd for a traveling medicine man; finally, as a contributor of jingles and sketches for one or two country papers. It was in the middle seventies that he began to contribute verse to the Indianapolis Journal and it was not long until his work began to attract wide attention. He was in his late twenties when he came to Indianapolis to live, where he remained a resident until his death on July 22, 1916.

His poems and his readings, or rather recitations, made him a national celebrity. As an individual entertainer of an audience he had no rivals. His power as an actor was great; he was for the time the character of the poem or story—“The Old Man,” “The Raggedy Man,” the boy of the bear story, or “The Educator from the East.” And whether his verses were gay or pathetic he carried his hearers with him from half-hidden tears to gales of laughter. He had a wonderful personality and to those who knew him he will remain a vivid memory, almost a living being “just as of old,” to the end of their years.

When he died after a prolonged illness, a multitude of people in Indiana felt his going as a personal loss. Mourning was sincere and deep. He sleeps now in Crown Hill—his grave at the summit of the hill for which the place was named.

That Crown Hill holds his mortal remains is well. The people to whom he meant so much think of him as faring on in a land that is fairer than day; they are glad that he lived and was theirs—is still and forever their own.



The James Whitcomb Riley Tomb on the Crown



## LESSONS OF LIFE AND DEATH

The years come and the years go and, as they pass, each one brings its harvest of the dead to Crown Hill—all that was mortal of the constant procession of travelers who have ended their earthly life in the city nearby. The year 1926 did not differ from the rest. They came, young, old, and middle-aged; children who had scarcely tasted life; aged men and women who had met its joys and sorrows and were but just learning wisdom as their days neared their end; men and women in their prime whose friends had wondered why they were called so early while they yet had much to do, and while those remained who needed them.

With each one laid to rest new ties of interest in the cemetery are fixed. The mourners who weep may in the mutations of life, find their own graves in a far land, but forever they will remember Crown Hill as a sacred place.

The observing young reader of this record who transformed it from a none-too legible manuscript into typed clearness made the comment, without intent to criticize, on reaching the biographical chapters, that all the people mentioned were "so good." Too good is what was subconsciously meant, no doubt.

It was a remark that might under some circumstances have been a just criticism, but not when the record is of those who paid their debts to life when death took them, and not when there could be no possible good in calling attention to faults and failings. All of the persons mentioned, being human, no doubt



had their failings, but apart from the wise rule to speak no ill of the dead, there is the fact that when death comes the memory of the faults of the departed ones fade and their virtues stand out more clearly than in life. To recall faults unless they are flagrant and unless some matter of history calls for a reference, the truth is an offense exceeding that of malicious gossip about the living. It is better to reflect, as Burns enjoined, that we know not what was resisted.

A book was published a few years ago which purported to be the record of a cemetery. The author resurrected the dead who slept there and pointed out with seeming relish their sins of avarice, of cheating, of lying, of immorality as they were in life, and professional critics arose as one man and acclaimed the author as a poet. He is still classed as one. One voice, that of Agnes Repplier, was raised in protest—the book dishonored death, she is quoted as saying.

Returning to this record, it is to be said that there was no purpose to portray in it former residents of Indiana and Indianapolis who sleep their last sleep in Crown Hill as other than normal beings, but only to show, as stated elsewhere in these pages, what it was that distinguished those who were best remembered for more than common service or achievement. Certainly they were not distinguished for their faults. There were men among them with fierce passions that clashed in the give and take of controversies in politics, in professional and commercial life; yes, even in religion. Antagonisms developed as a mere matter of differing temperaments. The universal individual struggle of life seldom tends to saintliness and often a man of the strongest character and highest achievement makes his brother to offend, as Saint Paul's

phrase has it. Also it was said of old, "If a man offend not in word, he is a perfect man."

It remains true, however, that while in these annals there are no perfect men, the people described are those whose deeds and characters so far exceed the memory of the natural frailties that must have been theirs in greater or less degree that these once criticised traits seemed to have fallen away from them like a discarded garment. Traditions, published records, old letters, comment of those who knew them, all agree to the statements as set down in these pages. Wherefore it is impressed on the mind of the chronicler that Indianapolis has been favored in its history and development with a remarkable number of men of unusual ability, of men public spirited and unselfish—of really good men and good citizens as imperfect humanity goes.

If any there be who yearn to emulate Edgar Lee Masters by delving into graves in search of sinners, they might be gratified. There, for example, is Nancy E. Clem, involved in the famous Cold Spring crime in 1868, convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to imprisonment for life. A new trial brought the same verdict, but appeals, change of venue and postponement followed until she was discharged. She is buried in Crown Hill. John Achey, a gambler, found guilty of murdering another gambler, and hanged, also sleeps under Crown Hill sod. There may be other murderers, other offenders against the civil and the moral laws. Why ask? Leave them to be judged by a Power Who remembereth that man is dust.

A record such as this might be continuous. In a population of eighty thousand, new tales of human interest belonging both to the "old, old dead and those of yesternight" are always being heard just as per-

sonal comment is likely to be made about the living. Who was it that said the dead are not dead until they are forgotten?

There is the story of an Indianapolis woman, a lonely soul, who had been called a beauty when young, and when it was the fashion to wear the hair in long curls. If curls were becoming when she was twenty, they must be so when she was forty—fifty—sixty. The curly locks grew grey and thin but she wore them as she had at twenty until death called her at eighty-three. Her burial gown made for that purpose more than a half-century before was of green brocaded silk. Placed in the coffin with her as she had wished were her small belongings—records, pictures, prayer book and the like.

Following instructions, the ashes of another woman who had preferred cremation, were scattered over the grave of her father.

There is the unusual situation of a United States senator of distinction and unblemished character, but with unfortunate family relations, whose grave is in one plot at Crown Hill and a handsome monument recounting his virtues is placed on a distant plot. The disagreeing family has followed the senator into the next world, but its folly is perpetuated.

A story suggestive of strange adventure that should appeal to a fiction writer is that of George McDougal, an Indianapolis man who, many years ago, led perhaps by "the curse of the wandering foot," or grown restive under the restraints of home and business life, as men sometimes do, disappeared from his place in the community and was seen no more for years.

Captain George Brown, afterwards Admiral, on his way around South America to Japan—there was no

isthmus canal then—reached a harbor on the coast of Patagonia and there from a distance noted one man in a group of very tall men, evidently natives, and watching this smaller one, recognized his signals as those of a white man. A boat brought him to the ship and he proved to be the missing Indianapolis McDougal, well known to Brown from boyhood. McDougal was eager for news from his old home, but seemed not disposed to return. As the story goes, he was acting as “King” to a native tribe—all obedient to his authority, though in size they were giants compared to him and he was not a small man. Captain Brown wrote to an Indianapolis paper of the circumstance and thus his family learned his whereabouts. Patagonia is described as one of the most forbidding spots on earth, but it seemed to satisfy the wanderer. Eventually he came back to Indianapolis, where he died and is buried in Crown Hill.

It is of interest to note that the ship commanded by Captain Brown was the *Stonewall*, built by the English for the Southern Confederacy, but not arriving until after Lee’s surrender, it became the property of the United States. As our Government did not need the vessel, it was sold to Japan and Brown was detailed to deliver it to the purchasers.

Romance, even, manifests itself now and then in Crown Hill. There was a young widow whose custom it was to drive to the place on pleasant Sunday mornings for the purpose of laying flowers on her husband’s grave. A personable gentleman, it appeared, had a like habit. He came to pay tribute to the memory of his wife, whose grave was on a neighboring lot. The widow and the widower were strangers to each other and at first were perhaps too much overcome with grief

to take notice of the other. But one day the widow had "car trouble." Her automobile refused to budge, and what could a polite gentleman do but to come to the lady's relief? They are married to each other now and can drive out together with flowers.

Doubtless this is only one of many romances, for it has often been noted that old time country graveyards are favorite resorts for young lovers. Seated on the flat marble slab above some citizen long dead, and under the shade of a willow tree, a cemetery has no gloom for them.

Each year the board of managers adds one improvement or another to the cemetery as circumstances seem to require. Wherever it can be beautified that work is done, and those who know the place best see the gradual changes—an altered vista, new groups of shrubbery, saplings that in years to come will rival the beautiful old trees that so distinguish the place.

This year—1926—the chief work of improvement has been the building of a subway under Maple Road to connect the main cemetery with the acres across the road. That ground will be taken in hand by landscape gardeners and developed in harmony with the larger tract.

There are people, it is to be said, living north of Crown Hill who do not like its location. They do not like to drive past a graveyard when they go to the city, they say. It is true that they established their suburban homes knowing the cemetery was there, but they had not realized that their downtown friends would indulge in such pleasantries as referring to their homes "out beyond the graveyard." There is reason to suspect that they are less sensitive over the necessity



of passing Crown Hill than to the would-be witticisms of these friends. Some of the disturbed souls have actually demanded of the managers that they abandon the place as a cemetery and transform it into a park! It is safe to say that this will never be done.

The history of a cemetery can never be complete any more than the history of a city of the living. After all has been done, after we have made this place as beautiful as human hands may, bending nature and art to our purpose, the place where we lay our dead is consecrated not only by the use to which it is put, but by the tears, the broken hearts, the bitter anguish of the living as they murmur the last farewells. They have known the place before and have admired its adaptation to the final human need. Through the rain of tears and the blindness of grief, when these experiences come they are only subconsciously aware of the greenness of the sward, the magnificence of the trees, the songs of the birds, the blueness of the sky. The slow drive to the tomb of the loved one is a *via dolorosa*. If we spoke in the words of the poet we might whisper of

“Ended bliss

And life that will not end in this”

and we would yearn,

“Only to lift the turf unmown

From off the earth where it has grown

Some cubit space and say, ‘Behold,

Creep in poor heart beneath that fold

Forgetting how the days go on.’”

But life is compassionate. It is never the same after the last goodbye to a loved one has been spoken, yet there is a healing of the bitterness in time and the

bereaved one comes to think of the departed more than of himself and his loss. Again the poet speaks for him:

“Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar,  
Along the psalmist’s music deep—  
Now tell me if that any is  
For gift of grace surpassing this:  
‘He giveth His beloved sleep’?”

It is then that the sorrowing one comes to see that death may be a friend in that the one whom he has taken is spared trials and suffering that time brings to all in one form or another. It is then that the sad heart finds peace in quiet and beautiful Crown Hill. The founders of more than sixty years ago builded even better than they knew.





"Forgetting How the Days Go On"



## APPENDIX

### A LIST OF CORPORATORS

As years went on and death or removal from the city brought vacancies, one by one, in the board of thirty corporators, the places were filled by election at the succeeding annual meetings of the surviving members. Several of the original members of this body were of advanced years at the beginning, as Calvin Fletcher and James Blake, and the ranks were broken early. Few, if any members resigned, except for permanent departure to other States. John M. Lord and Judge Addison L. Roache withdrew for this reason. The members felt a pride and an interest in their venture; there was a responsibility to the community about the undertaking too, and they wanted it to succeed. As the plans and possibilities developed their interest increased. It had a direct personal quality; they felt that they were working for the city's future, as well as serving it in the present, and as individuals as well as an organization they sought to promote its beauty and bring it into favor as a place where people might lay their dead where they would never be disturbed, as had come to be the tragedy with the old cemetery—as happens many and many a time where cemeteries are encroached upon by crowding cities, fall into ruin and are eventually covered with buildings.

The acreage of Crown Hill would alone tend to protect it, for it would be a pushing, uncivilized community, indeed, that even with little room for expan-



sion would interfere with so spacious a home for the dead. Cemeteries covering between five and six hundred acres are few in the United States. At the time of the purchase of the tract north of Maple Road (Thirty-eighth Street) it was said to have the largest acreage of any burial place in the United States; that is possibly the fact still at the beginning of the second quarter of the twentieth century. In addition to this, the fact that a fund was being created from all income above operating expenses wherewith to provide for permanent care when income should cease, would commend the place to the public and forbid trespass.

Though there was local criticism of the distance of the new cemetery from the little capital city, and wonder at the amount of land purchased, time and the improvements made rapidly modified these feelings. Business men more than others realized the unusual character of what was being done and membership on the board came to be a coveted place. To be counted as a corporator was to be on a roll of honor.

The members chosen in the sixty years following the original incorporation make a long list, but it includes so many men of prominence who, like the earlier citizens described, have helped in their various ways to aid in upbuilding the city that it seems well to include brief personal mention of them in this record.

The first one elected to fill a vacancy was Edward King, known widely in his time as a railroad man. A boy of sixteen, he came from his home in South Windsor, Connecticut, to seek his fortune, and at Chillicothe, Ohio, he found employment in the office of the secretary of State. Later, he entered a railroad office and in Ohio, he found employment in the office of the secretary and treasurer of the Bellefontaine and Indiana Rail-

road. He held the same position in the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Road and finally in the Indianapolis and St. Louis Road. These lines have since been incorporated in larger systems. As Indianapolis early became a railroad center, Mr. King became well known to many railroad men during his thirty-five years of life in Indianapolis. He was interested in the city and believed it had a great future. His daughter recalls hearing him, when she was a small child, talk of elevated tracks for the railroads just as they come into the Union Station now. He was twice elected to the Legislature. He looked upon Crown Hill as a beautiful place and to help along in its early history, bought two large lots in Section 7 and erected a Scotch granite monument, the second of that variety of granite in the cemetery, it is said. He died in Indianapolis in June, 1888.

Two members were elected in 1867—Oliver P. Morton and James A. Ekin. A sketch of Governor Morton appears in the chapter in this volume dealing with governors and senators. His appointment to this board seems to have been a complimentary recognition of his services to the State rather than with any expectation that he would be able to give any time or thought to Crown Hill. He was governor of the State at the time he was chosen as a corporator; his election to the United States Senate, which took place in the fall of 1867, was foreshadowed, and he was re-elected in 1873. He was one of the great men of the nation, not of Indiana alone.

The choice of James A. Ekin was probably also of a complimentary nature, for it does not appear that he was a resident of the city at the time. He was deputy quartermaster of the United States Army, stationed by

the Government at Indianapolis in October, 1861, to take charge of the distribution of army supplies and equipment, a work which had all been done by the State for the first six months of the war. He remained on duty at this post until December 24, 1863. In his formal report to Adjutant General Terrell, of Indiana, he relates that in these twenty-six months he disbursed and properly accounted for the sum of \$7,507,770.43, and gives the items. This interesting bit of war lore is added: "Of the above amount \$83,394.40 were received from sales at public auction of horses abandoned during the Morgan raid in July, 1863, and taken up by me."

General Ekin, as he was known, due to a series of promotions in the quartermaster department of the army for meritorious service, was recalled to Washington, where he was formally made deputy quartermaster general, with the title of lieutenant colonel. He ceased to be disbursing officer in June, 1866, and up to that time his total disbursements amounted to \$27,506,240.81.

It was General Ekin who made the purchase from the Crown Hill board of the ground for the burial of the seven hundred and six Union soldiers removed from Greenlawn Cemetery.

Four men were elected in 1871. The Reverend Elijah Timothy Fletcher was one. He was born in Indianapolis on the twenty-first day of August, 1824, the second son of Calvin Fletcher. He was a feeble, sickly child and never in his life enjoyed good health. He was studious and attended Brown University for three years. He spent some years in Mexico in search of health and while there wrote for a Providence, Rhode Island, paper graphic sketches of his travels.

In 1848 he worked with his brother, the Reverend James C. Fletcher, in New Hampshire, in the interest of the American Sunday School Union, and acquired skill in public speaking. In 1850 he entered the ministry at a conference of the Methodist Church and spent twelve years in that service, a part of the time in Indianapolis, when he was forced to retire from the ministry because of his health. He was twice married. His first wife, a Miss Allen, of Providence, died in 1855, leaving one son, F. Allen Fletcher. In 1856 he married Mrs. Catherine Carnahan, a widow, who was the second daughter of Daniel Yandes. He is described as being an especially sweet-natured and high-principled man, much liked by all who knew him. He died in Indianapolis in 1877.

James C. Ferguson was for thirty years engaged in the pork-packing business and was highly successful. He engaged in the business with his father-in-law, Jeremy Mansur, and they were together until the outbreak of the war, after which he was alone until 1868, when he took his sons-in-law, Nathan M. Neeld and Edward W. Howard into partnership with him. He did a large business and for several years conducted a large packing establishment in Kansas City. He was for several years president of the Board of Trade of Indianapolis. Mr. Ferguson, who was of Irish descent, came to Indiana from Ohio and was in the watchmaking business for seven years before coming to Indianapolis in 1844. It was a business not active enough to please him, but he is quoted as saying that the knowledge the trade gave him of machinery and metals was always useful to him. He and his family attended the First Presbyterian Church.

Mr. W. N. Jackson, who became a member of the

Crown Hill board of corporators before 1875 and retained the position until his death on Dec. 19, 1900, was probably known to a greater number of persons in the city and State than any other citizen, his position for many years as general ticket agent at the Union Station having brought him into contact with all sorts and conditions of people. He was identified in one way and another with the railroads that center in Indianapolis and was engaged in the office of the Madison and Indianapolis road before it reached the capital city. It was a common saying that everyone who knew him liked him. He was one of the "characters" of his day in the sense that his traits and peculiarities—all of a kindly, high-minded nature—differentiated him from his fellow citizens. As he grew older he was universally known as "Uncle Billy" Jackson, the term being one of affection. He lived for many years at the home of Dr. F. S. Newcomer, and by younger members of that family he was called "Uncle Will," their feeling being that the more informal name never suited his dignified bearing.

A biographical record says of Mr. Jackson that he was known for his kindness and unstinted generosity, though aside from his reputation as a philanthropist he had high standing as a business man. He aided thousands in many ways. The late General John Coburn is quoted as saying of him: "I have known William N. Jackson since I was a boy. He was an active Presbyterian, a generous, kind-hearted bachelor gentleman of the old school. He was a good friend, was fond of society, a man upright and moral and an uppretending Christian, universally respected and beloved by everybody."

That is a good and sufficient testimonial, but an



autobiographical sketch written when Mr. Jackson was eighty-six years old is a remarkable bit of writing that deserves mention. It was written at the request of the late Hugh H. Hanna, "to be known to him only" while Mr. Jackson lived. It covers more than five closely written pages considerably larger than the old style "foolscap" page and in handwriting firm and clear as print from the first sentence to the last. He recites the events of his life in a simple, unpretentious way and it is surely the record of an active and busy career. He considers the most important act of his life to have been his "making a public profession of religion and joining the Second Presbyterian Church," Henry Ward Beecher being pastor at the time. Mr. Jackson makes this ingenuous confession of a course which has probably not been duplicated in Indianapolis history:

"In reference to personal accumulation, I may state that in my early business life I made a little money in stocks, which I invested in Indianapolis city property upon which I made a little more. But coming into close social relations with some Christian men of business who were acquiring property, I observed that as they increased in wealth, Christianity lost its power over them seemingly. They were esteemed strong men, and if the increase of property could weaken these men as Christians, could I, less strong, resist its tendency? And I determined (whilst in the pathway of honest money-making) that I would not take the risk. I have never regretted this. The little I had acquired was not permitted to increase and has not increased. I live plainly, my personal expenses are small, and after deducting them from my income—a small salary and the interest on the property above referred to, I give the balance to others."

Consider the humility of that acknowledgment—he was afraid to be rich! And consider that after he had limited himself to little he gave away the most of it!

Francis M. Churchman was known for many years as a banker. He came to Indianapolis as a boy from Philadelphia to join his half-brother, William H. Churchman, first superintendent of the Indiana State School for the Blind. At the age of fourteen he became an employe of the Fletcher Bank, then under control of Stoughton A. Fletcher, Sr. He remained continuously with the bank and so capable did he prove and so attentive to the business that his promotion was rapid, and in 1864 he was made a partner. He remained in this capacity after the death of Stoughton A. and the accession of the latter's son, Stoughton J. Fletcher, to the presidency of the bank until he retired in 1891, after a service of nearly forty years in the institution.

Mr. Churchman is described as a man who had no capacity as a "mixer," few men coming into close relations of friendship with him; those who did, however, finding him a most agreeable companion. It was by sheer force of character and his business methods that he came to be regarded in the community with the highest respect as a man of the sternest integrity, one who invariably practiced the "square deal" and was entirely dependable in all particulars. He held some peculiar views, among them a disapproval of public schools and colleges. He believed that they taught much that was useless and with this idea in view he provided private instructors for his family of five sons and two daughters for much of their educational period. He was perhaps influenced to this by his own experience. He had had little opportunity for education, but he had met all the requirements of his life suc-

cessfully and had gained knowledge through reading. He had formed the reading habit and, provided with a fine library, spent much of his leisure with his books. Mr. Churchman lived on a farm near Sugar Grove for many years and built there a beautiful home, which was long a "show place," when such suburban residences were less numerous than now, that Indianapolis people pointed out to their visitors with pride.

Mr. Churchman showed much interest in the development of Crown Hill, both before and after he was elected as a corporator. He died in August, 1893.

William Mansur, chosen in 1874 to be a member of the corporation, came from Richmond, Indiana, to Indianapolis with his father, Jeremy Mansur, in 1840 and after a venture in the dry goods business, in 1847 went into partnership with his father in a pork-packing enterprise, begun by the latter in a small way several years before. Increased facilities for transportation over the Madison Railroad made the business more profitable and was continued until 1861. In 1863 William Mansur joined with Daniel Yandes in starting the Citizens' National Bank and was a director in that institution for twenty years. He was interested in other enterprises, among them the Indianapolis rolling mill. He had a reputation for honesty and fair dealing and as a considerate and thoughtful man.

Mr. Mansur was deeply interested in the development of the city and found time to act as city commissioner and member of the City Council, and gave close attention to the duties of these offices. He was a member of the Second Presbyterian Church and it is said of him that he carried his religion into every relation of life.

After a creditable and honorable career he retired

from active business and spent the remainder of his life in travel and other favorite modes of recreation. He built an attractive home at the corner of Illinois and Thirty-second Streets, but occupied the house only a short time before his death which took place October 18, 1893. His widow, Hannah Culley Mansur, survived him for nearly thirty years, reaching an extreme age.

Oscar B. Hord first became known in Indiana during his residence at Greensburg, to which place he came in 1849 with his father with whom he had studied law. In 1852 he was made prosecuting attorney, serving two terms. Some years later he, together with his law partner, Colonel Gavin, made a much needed digest of the statutes of the State which at once gave its authors professional standing. In 1862 Mr. Hord was elected attorney general of the State and removed to Indianapolis, where he became a partner with Thomas A. Hendricks, a connection never severed except by death. He was considered one of the leading lawyers of the State and was a man of high standards and a fine personality. He became a member of the Crown Hill Corporation in 1878.

John S. Spann was elected as a corporator in 1880. He was born in Jennings County, Indiana, in May, 1823, and was educated in the local schools. He came to Indianapolis in 1839 and immediately proceeded to learn the printing business. He became a practical printer and in 1846 became a partner in the State Sentinel, the firm being Chapman and Spann. In 1846 Mr. Spann and E. W. H. Ellis began the publication of a weekly Democratic paper known as the Indiana Statesman. Two years later the Statesman was merged in the Sentinel. In 1855 Mr. Spann, with John B. Norman, purchased the Sentinel, but sold it again in 1856.

In 1862 he began the real estate business and was active in that line for the remainder of his life. He laid out several of the additions to the city and was very successful, his business being large. He was a ruling elder in the Second Presbyterian Church. He took much interest in the development of Crown Hill.

Ingram Fletcher, also appointed in 1880, was one of Calvin Fletcher's nine sons. Born in Indianapolis in 1835, he spent many years of his life in the city, where he entered the banking business, beginning in Fletcher and Sharpe's bank, in which his father was the original Fletcher of the firm. In 1876 he became his father's representative in the bank and a fine business was developed in addition to that already established. This was an old bank organized in 1857 and was a partnership of families supposed to be wealthy and who thought themselves wealthy. But it developed that the bank had become overloaded with real estate that proved to be overvalued when a depressed state of the times came involving loss. The bank suspended and a receiver was appointed. Mr. Fletcher turned over all his property, and eighty cents on the dollar was afterwards paid to the creditors. It was a year when several banks closed. No blame attached to the partners of this bank beyond that of mistaken judgment. Mr. Fletcher bore his misfortune manfully and with his family went to Florida where he hoped to retrieve his fortunes. This he never succeeded in doing. Much sympathy was felt for him, as he was an extremely popular man. He died at his home in Orlando, Florida, in August, 1903, and is buried in Crown Hill.

Of John H. Holliday, a sketch of whom at some length, appears in the chapter of this record dealing



with newspaper men and other members of the writing fraternity, it may be said here that as founder and editor of the Indianapolis News he was always interested in every matter that was of importance to the city in which he was born and which he loved. He was always ready personally and through his paper to promote any improvement relating to Crown Hill. He saw it as a beautiful institution, sacred in character and therefore to be made more beautiful if possible. In the News of June 9, 1909, is a condensed history of Crown Hill, unsigned, but understood to have been written by Mr. Holliday. Just as he was interested in the work of Mr. Kessler, landscape gardener of the city's park system, he was pleased with the advice of that artist in regard to the cemetery. He came into the corporation in 1880.

James W. Brown, who became a corporator in 1881, was born near Indianapolis and spent practically all of his life in and around Indianapolis. For a time Brown was city engineer and was well informed upon scientific engineering. He was a member of the First Presbyterian Church and an active worker in that institution. A quiet, retiring, but useful and much respected citizen, he did his part in the development of the community, and was chosen as a corporator in 1881 as one especially fitted to serve intelligently in Crown Hill affairs. He lived for many years in a house fronting on Meridian Street where the Federal building now stands. He died on December 5, 1891, at his home on the Millersville Road.

A sketch of Patrick Henry Jameson, one of the most popular physicians Indianapolis ever had, is included in the chapter on doctors in this volume. He was a public-spirited citizen and it is said of him that his influ-

ence was felt in all departments of State and City Government. It was natural therefore that a desire for his judgment and suggestions should be felt by the Crown Hill management, which elected him in 1881. He died in 1910 at the age of eighty-six. To a friend he wrote in 1909: "I now wait patiently and not unhappily—like a passenger at some lonely way station for a delayed train which shall bear me to my destination. But still, in the final accounting, our lives will be measured, not by their duration, but by their achievements."

John G. Blake, who was elected to the Crown Hill Corporation in 1882, was a son of James Blake, one of the earliest of the pioneer settlers of Indianapolis, and one of the most useful and best loved citizens of the town for many years. The elder Blake was one of the founders of the Crown Hill Cemetery. The son had many of his father's amiable and attractive traits and was very popular—"the life of a party," as an old friend describes him. In his youthful days he spent several years as a telegrapher in the Western Union office. For many years he was Secretary of the Indianapolis Board of Trade, during which time he was also chaplain of the Boys' School at Plainfield. Of a religious turn of mind he was active in church work and helped to organize the Young Men's Christian Association. Leaving the Board of Trade when he was chosen to be the first Superintendent of the Indiana School for Feeble Minded at Fort Wayne, he served in that office for four years, afterwards spending several years in a sanitarium. He was a Scottish Rite Mason. At the time of his death he was chaplain of the Colorado Penitentiary at Canon City, Colorado, and had occupied the position about ten years.

While living in Indianapolis he was active in politics, particularly in the Harrison campaign, and was a member of the famous Glee Club, in great demand at that time. James Whitcomb Riley celebrates the club, saying its songs

"Kinda got  
Clean inside a man and shot  
Telegrams o' joy dee-vine  
Up and down his mortal spine."

Riley takes the members individually, saying,

"And John Blake, you mind, 'at had  
The nearsightedness so bad,  
When he sung by note, the rest  
Read 'em fer him, er he guessed  
How they run—and sung 'em too,  
Clear and sweet as honeydew!"

Mr. Blake died on March 27, 1916, at Canon City, Colorado, aged seventy-one years. His body was brought to Indianapolis for burial and his funeral services were held at the Young Men's Christian Association building.

Dr. Frisby S. Newcomer was born in Hagerstown, Maryland, in 1828, and was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. He came to Indianapolis before the Civil War and during that period was in Government service. Later he was for six years physician for the Deaf and Dumb Institute. At the time of his death, in 1889, he was contract surgeon to the United States Arsenal at Indianapolis. In middle life he took up the study of microscopy and became an expert in that art. He was a popular physician and it was felt that he died too young. His wife survived him for many years. He became a member of the Crown Hill Corporation in 1882.

In 1885 Allen M. Fletcher was elected a corporator. He was born in 1853, the son of Stoughton A. Fletcher, Sr., who had come to Indianapolis from his home in Ludlow, Vermont, about 1830 and was the founder of the Fletcher Bank in 1839—later the Fletcher American Bank. Allen M. Fletcher was educated at the Jacob Abbott School in Maine, the Swedenborgian School, Waltham, Massachusetts, and at Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Massachusetts. He also traveled extensively. He was very successful in business. In 1875 he was made vice-president of the Indianapolis Gas Company and in 1878 its president, which position he held until he sold out his interest in 1890. In 1893 he became identified with the Fletcher Bank established by his father. It was then a private concern, but he changed it to its present standing as a National bank. He went to New York City in 1899 and established there a private bank in Wall Street. He remained there until 1905, then settled on the old Fletcher farm near Proctorsville, Vermont, the home of his ancestors. There he developed an interest in politics and civic affairs, and was elected to the Legislature, where he served three terms. He was later elected governor of the state. He married in 1876, a Miss Bence of Indianapolis, and when he died, shortly after the close of the World War, he was survived by his widow, two daughters and a son. It is said of him that while he had certain peculiarities and was rather difficult to become well acquainted with, once the barrier was overcome he was a delightful companion.

Abram W. Hendricks was born in Westmoreland County, Pa., in October, 1822. In 1839 he came with his brother to Madison, Indiana, and after a year in business with this brother, he entered Hanover College.

Later he attended Jefferson College, Pennsylvania. After his graduation he returned to Madison and studied law under the instruction of his Uncle William Hendricks, who was not only a lawyer of ability, but had been governor of the State, had served three terms in the National House of Representatives and two terms in the United States Senate, which must have given him a richness of experience that would reflect to the benefit of a student under his care. Abram W. came in the comparatively early course of his practice to be so well esteemed as a lawyer that he was nominated by the Republicans for the State Supreme Bench. At the beginning of the war, Mr. Hendricks organized the Jefferson County Cavalry Company and was chosen captain. The company afterwards became part of the old Third Indiana regiment. It was mustered in and went into camp, but before it took the field Mr. Hendricks was appointed paymaster of the Volunteer force and served in that capacity until the end of the war. He came to Indianapolis in 1866 to join his cousin, Thomas A. Hendricks, and Oscar B. Hord. The firm retained the name, although new members were taken into it, until after the death of Mr. Hord, the last surviving member of the firm, in 1888. Probably no law firm of Indianapolis has ever been more widely known. The memorial adopted by the Bar Association after his death contained this tribute: "The Bar of Indiana has long regarded Abram W. Hendricks as a type and expression of its best aspirations. Its noblest impulses were personified in him. He was the ideal lawyer—the exemplar of professional learning and accomplishments for its younger members. In him were united thorough intellectual equipment and absolute purity of character." Mr. Hendricks died November 25, 1887,



and was therefore a member of the Crown Hill Corporation for a little more than two years.

Lyman S. Ayres, founder of the great mercantile house of L. S. Ayres & Company, was born in Oswego, New York, in September, 1894. When he was a boy he came to Ohio and eventually established a general store at Chardon, with his brother-in-law, John Murray. In 1864 he sold his interest to Mr. Murray and removed to Geneva, New York, under the name of Ayres & Thomas. It is said that the success of the Geneva store influenced H. B. Claflin, New York merchant, to offer Mr. Ayres the opportunity to enter business in Indianapolis. In 1874 he removed to this city with his family for residence and remained in the city until his death in May, 1896. At his invitation, James G. Thomas, who had been his partner in Geneva, came to be store superintendent and continued in that capacity until he died in 1896, a few months after the death of Mr. Ayres. It is not incorrect to say that Mr. Ayres founded the store that still carries his name after he has been gone for thirty years, for though there was a store in existence when he took it from the hands of N. R. Smith & Company, it was to him that it owes its modern progress and standing. He had in fact been a non-resident manager and New York buyer for two years before assuming full control. He introduced new methods, among them more extensive advertising than had ever been done in the city in that field, and kept pace with the rapidly changing times and increasing growth and prosperity of the town. In its beginning the store had been ambitiously known as the "Trade Palace" and this name clung to it for perhaps twenty years after Mr. Ayres's advent. In the meantime he was making the estab-

lishment one of the leading dry goods houses in the West. Personally he stood high in the community because of his real interest in individuals and in public affairs. He became known for his integrity and fair dealing and his all-around good citizenship—qualities that showed in the conduct of his business, as well as in his private life. He did not live to see the business to which he had devoted so many of his years reach its present extensive character, but it could not have done this without the high principles on which he had placed its foundation. Mr. Ayres became a member of the Crown Hill Corporation in 1888 at the same time with Hugh H. Hanna and John Coburn.

Hugh H. Hanna was born in Lafayette, Indiana, September 19, 1848, and was educated in the common schools of that city and at Wabash College. For the first ten years of his life after graduation he was employed as teller and cashier of a bank in Lafayette. In 1882 he moved to Indianapolis and became associated with Stoughton A. Fletcher in the Atlas Engine Works as treasurer. Later he became president and a highly prosperous and extensive industrial plant was developed under his hands. The fame of the concern went far and engines were said to have been shipped to all parts of the world. Mr. Hanna retired in 1902 when the company was dissolved. After that time he was not actively engaged in business.

Though Mr. Hanna never figured actively in politics, he took a keen interest in public affairs and was a student of economics. In 1896 when the free silver issue was raised by Mr. Bryan, he came to the front and through his efforts a monetary convention in support of the gold standard was held in Indianapolis—a meeting that brought many influential men of the

nation to the Indiana capital. Its effect was to carry the fight to Washington and eventually to place the country on a sound money basis. Mr. Hanna was made chairman of the convention. The proceeding was greatly to his credit and he received much praise for taking the action he did at a psychological moment.

Mr. Hanna took an active part in civic and church affairs. He was chairman of the charity organization in 1893, when a money panic threw many men out of employment. The relief work necessary was capably managed by him. He was a member of the First Presbyterian Church and for more than twenty-five years served as an elder in that body. He came into the Crown Hill Corporation in 1888. His death took place October 30, 1920.

John Coburn, born in Indianapolis in 1825, son of Henry P. and Sarah Coburn—lawyer, legislator, judge of Common Pleas Court, colonel of Thirty-third regiment of Indianapolis in Civil War, brevet brigadier general, member of Congress four terms, judge of Supreme Court of Montana Territory, public-spirited citizen, high class gentleman. A great record. A sketch of his life at greater length appears in the chapter on Civil War officers. He came into the Crown Hill Corporation in 1888.

George Bush Yandes, youngest son of Daniel Yandes, succeeded his father as a Crown Hill corporator in 1889 and served as president for ten years, from 1900 to 1910, resigning when he was obliged to be absent from the city. He took much interest in the beautification of Crown Hill. He was a banker, highly respected in the community. As indicating his fine quality of mind this incident is related:

His baptismal name, George Bush, was given to him by his parents because of their friendship for the Reverend George Bush, for several years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Bush died during his pastorate and was buried in the old city cemetery. After Mr. Bush left Indianapolis in 1829 he never returned and died years after in an eastern state. When the time came that it was necessary for all bodies to be removed from the old cemetery, better known as Greenlawn, George Yandes had Mrs. Bush's remains placed in the Yandes lot in Crown Hill, his act inspired no doubt by his father's memory and the thought that he would have approved; also perhaps by the knowledge that he was paying respect to the memory of a very learned man. He died in February, 1913.

Frederick Rand was the son of Ezekiel and Mary Rand. He was born on June 6, 1819, in Greensboro, Orleans County, Vermont. Mr. Rand spent his boyhood days upon the farm of his father near Greensboro and was educated in the public schools of that town. Later he attended the neighboring academy at Peacham. At twenty he began the study of law in Vermont, but at twenty-one went to Kentucky and completed his studies there. He began the practice of law in Owingsville, Kentucky. In 1848 Mr. Rand married Emily Harvey of Barnett, Vermont. Rand was an ardent Democrat and a slave owner while he lived in Kentucky, but he shared no sympathy for slavery. When the storm came in the fifties he released his slaves and came to Indianapolis in 1856. He purchased a home in this city on North Illinois Street above Michigan Street which at the time was considered one of the finest in the town. This was the only house in Indianapolis ever occupied by Mr. Rand and it was there that

he died on July 11, 1896. In 1884, Mr. Rand, long before that time known as the Honorable Judge Rand, went to Europe with Governor and Mrs. Hendricks. Shortly after that time he withdrew from the practice of his profession. In 1871 he was appointed by Governor Baker as one of the first three judges to preside on the bench of the then organized Marion Superior Court. He was elected to the Crown Hill Corporation in 1890.

John R. Elder was chosen a member of Crown Hill Corporation in 1891. He had come to Indianapolis from Pennsylvania with his parents in 1833 at the age of thirteen and grew up with the city. He attended the local schools and was apprenticed to the printer's trade in the office of the old Indianapolis Journal. Not satisfied with his education, he procured a horse and rode to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where he attended Dickinson College. After leaving school he found employment with a New York publishing house, where he remained for several years. On his return to Indianapolis while the enterprise of railroad building was exciting the town, he started a little weekly paper, *The Locomotive*, on which it is said, "he was everything." He conducted this paper for ten years and it became the medium through which the budding literary spirit of the place found expression. Copies of this paper which have been preserved in old attics in Indianapolis and occasionally come to light are regarded as treasures. In 1860 Mr. Elder transferred his paper to the old Sentinel Company, other business interests engaging his time. Mr. Elder was much interested in the development of the public schools and was an active member of the board of school trustees, which preceded the board of school commissioners, and serv-



ing also for six years in the latter body. During that time he was president of the board and it was during his administration that the city library was established. It was his proud boast that he held the first card issued by the library management and drew the first book from the circulation department. He served as president of the Water Company and was at one time treasurer of the Indianapolis, Decatur and Springfield Railroad. He held other responsible business positions and was active in promoting the charities of city and State, for twenty years being officially connected with their management and development. He was a member of the State Board of Charities for years. He took, even at his advanced age, a keen interest in Crown Hill affairs and was pleased at his appointment as a corporator. He was a member of the First Presbyterian Church. He died full of years and honor on April 27, 1908.

Henry G. C. Bals, appointed in 1892 as a Crown Hill corporator, was born in Indianapolis, son of one of the pioneer German families who have done much to promote the prosperity of Indianapolis. He was a member of the Indiana bar, but his other business interests were so varied that he gave the greater part of his time and attention to them rather than to his profession. It is the testimony of his friends that he was a man of fine intellectual attainments and of most engaging personality. His high ideals of life gained and retained for him strong and unchangeable friendships. He was well known in Indianapolis and his death in 1907 caused deep regret.

Merrick Eugene Vinton, second child and eldest son of Almus E. and Theresa (Stallo) Vinton of Indianapolis, was born at Lafayette, Indiana, December 19,

1849. He was a member of the first class graduated from the Indianapolis (Shortridge) High School, 1869. Its Alumni Association was organized in the Vinton homestead, still standing at Meridian and Fourteenth Streets. On September 11, 1872, he married Susan, second daughter of Thomas MacIntire, superintendent of the State School for the Deaf and Dumb. Mrs. Vinton died in 1899, leaving four sons, Thomas M., Stallo (now living in New York), Almus E. and Merrick, Jr. Residing in St. Paul, Minnesota, for about ten years ending 1891, Merrick Vinton, Sr., was a partner in Graves and Vinton, western representatives of the Middlesex Banking Company of Middletown, Connecticut. He resided again in Indianapolis from 1891 to 1895, and was in 1892 made a member of Crown Hill Cemetery Corporation, of which his father, Almus E. Vinton, was one of the founders. He lived in New York from 1899 to 1913, spending his last years in Indianapolis, however, where he died June 7, 1918, and is buried in Crown Hill Cemetery. He is remembered for his happy disposition.

Benjamin Harrison came into the corporation of Crown Hill in 1893. It is not necessary to note here any facts concerning him since a sketch of his life leads the list of the distinguished dead who have found their last resting place in this fair home of the dead. His country gave to him its highest honor.

John Sanders Duncan was born in Indianapolis, January 11, 1846, son of Robert B. Duncan, and as a boy helped to clear his father's farm in Marion County, afterwards becoming one of the town's leading and substantial citizens. John Duncan was educated at Northwestern University and in 1867 was graduated at the Howard Law School with the degree of LL.B. The

day following his twenty-first birthday he was admitted to the bar and in November, 1867, was appointed prosecutor of the Criminal Court of Marion County and a year later was elected to that office. Among the cases which he successfully prosecuted was the famous murder case of Nancy Clem. After his term as prosecutor ended, he never after sought or accepted office but continued to practice law until his last illness. He was in great demand in important criminal cases, and was more noted as a criminal lawyer than as a general practitioner, but he was both. He was often successful in legal contests with members of the great law firms of Porter, Harrison and Hines; Hendricks, Hord and Hendricks; McDonald and Butler, and others. In 1864, when he was eighteen years old, he enlisted in the One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana infantry, in the hundred days service and was honorably discharged. He belonged to the Christian church. He was a man of lovable disposition and many attractive qualities. He was elected as a Crown Hill corporator in 1893.

Edward F. Claypool, long known as an Indianapolis business man and capitalist, was born at Connersville, March 17, 1832, but most of his boyhood was spent on a farm, working in summer and attending school in town in winter. When he was eighteen he attended Indiana University, and on completion of the course, having no liking for the life of a farmer, he took a course at a commercial school in Cincinnati. Returning to Connersville, he became bookkeeper in a bank, and from that time he entered upon a prolonged career as a banker. In the course of time he gained a controlling interest in the First National Bank of that town. When he sold his interest there he came to In-

dianapolis and purchased the ground on which the Claypool stands, with the intention of erecting a bank building there, but because of unfavorable conditions, abandoned the project. The Bates House was afterwards erected on the site by Hervey Bates, the first, and years after was purchased by Mr. Claypool, who remodeled it and changed its name. He was added to the Crown Hill Corporation in 1893.

Mr. Claypool is described as pre-eminently a business man and a banker throughout his active life. In matters of business he was strictly attentive, but in hours of leisure was genial, conversational and companionable. He died February 25, 1911.

William J. Holliday was one of the early business men of Indianapolis and one of the oldest national bank directors in the country at the time of his death at the age of 89. From the time of the organization of the Indiana National Bank, in the sixties, until he died in 1918, he served as a director.

Mr. Holliday was born in Winchester, Virginia, July 8, 1829. He came to Indianapolis and bought a large hardware store which was on the site of the present Hotel Washington. In 1859 he built a house at 441 North Meridian Street which he occupied as a home until his death. In 1863 he became engaged in the dry goods business with John W. Murphy. The latter retired from active life in 1895. A few years later Mr. Holliday followed his example. He was a director of the Indiana National Bank, of the Indianapolis Street Railway Company, of the Belt Railroad and a member of the Crown Hill Corporation. He was one of the founders of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. He married Miss Lucy Redd, of Virginia, in 1856.

John F. Wallick, who became a corporator of Crown

Hill in 1895, was born in Juniata County, Pennsylvania, on the second of March, 1830. He was educated in the common schools in the vicinity of his home. When he was nineteen years old he came to Ohio, and after a year or two held a clerical position, after which he learned telegraphy at Wooster and entered the employ of the Wade Telegraph Company. Still in the employ of that company he came to its office in Indianapolis. The Wade Company was merged with the Western Union Company in 1856 and Mr. Wallick remained in continuous service with that organization until his death. He held the position of manager of the business of his company until 1864, after which time he was superintendent of the Indianapolis office. Fidelity to his work, to the officers of the company and to the interests of the people he served characterized him throughout his career. He sought no publicity but in this semi-public office he of course became a personal acquaintance of business men of the city and a host of private citizens. He had the confidence and friendship of the community. He was always interested in the progress and prosperity of his home city and performed all the duties of citizenship. He married in 1862 Miss Mary A. Martin of Rahway, New Jersey. Nine children were born to them—five sons and four daughters, one son dying in infancy. Several of his descendants are still residents of Indianapolis.

A sketch of some length of William Henry Harrison Miller, made a corporator of Crown Hill in 1896, is given in this record under the head of Federal officers, he having been a member of President Harrison's Cabinet. It is sufficient to say here that he was a lawyer of high standing, possessed a personal character above reproach, and was altogether a good citizen.



Charles W. Mansur was born in Indianapolis, August 18, 1848, son of William and Hannah Mansur. He was educated in the public schools and at Earlham College. He was something of an invalid much of his life and did not enter active business. After the death of his father he assumed the care of the large family estate. He was a Scottish Rite Mason and a member of the Columbia Club. He came into the Crown Hill Corporation in 1896. He died April 7, 1914.

Ferdinand L. Mayer at the time of his death in March, 1918, was the senior member of the firm of Charles Mayer and Company, importers of art ware, fine china, silver ware, toys, etc., a business founded by his father. Charles Mayer, who came from Germany in 1838, from small beginnings developed an establishment that has long been one of the successful mercantile houses of Indianapolis. Ferdinand, born in 1860, was admitted to partnership in the firm in 1888, having become an authority in that field of trade. After his father's death he and his brother, Charles, conducted the business along the same conservative, yet progressive lines followed by the founder and on the same strict principles of integrity. Now, after more than eighty-five years, the establishment, conducted by the grandsons, like their fathers, grown up with the business, is a remarkable illustration of strict adherence to commercial principles and the value of practical training in mercantile life.

Ferdinand Mayer was a man of genial qualities and possessed a social gift. He liked to know his customers, even though they made only casual and inexpensive purchases, and did come to know personally a host of them. He was well liked by young and old. He was a member of the park board under Mayor Bookwalter,

belonged to several clubs and was a member of the Second Presbyterian Church. He was elected as Crown Hill corporator in 1897.

Thomas Howard Spann was born in Indianapolis, June 8, 1848, in a cottage on Illinois Street between Market and Ohio Streets. Afterwards his father built a house on North Pennsylvania Street opposite University Park, which was the family home for many years. He attended the school on North Delaware Street known then as the second ward school, later being a student at a private classical school. He attended Williams College where he was graduated in 1869. In 1919 he attended his fiftieth class reunion.

Mr. Spann married Sarah Frances Smith in 1872. After his graduation he returned to Indianapolis and after various independent ventures in business entered his father's real estate office, where he met with success in the days of the city's rapid growth after the Civil War. During the business depression of 1875 he entered the insurance business; in 1885 he went into partnership with his father in real estate and insurance, under the firm name of John S. Spann & Company, Thomas H. Spann becoming president. The firm was incorporated in 1902 and is the oldest real estate firm in Indianapolis, having been founded in 1859.

Mr. Spann was a student of good books and was identified with a number of civic and charitable institutions. He was an elder in the Second Presbyterian Church for twenty-two years and was superintendent of the Sunday School for three years. He was a member of the board of trustees of the Young Men's Christian Association and a trustee of the Young Women's Christian Association. He was a director of the Union Trust Company and a member of the executive com-

school in Madison and spent one year at Farmers' College, College Hill, Ohio, a school that ranked high in mittee of the charity organization society and president of the Tax Payers League. He was elected to the Crown Hill Corporation in 1898 and shortly before his death was made president of the board. He died July 27, 1921.

Stoughton J. Fletcher was the second Stoughton Fletcher who was president of the bank founded and conducted by his father, Stoughton A. Fletcher, and has up to this time always borne the family name, no matter who was partner or member of the company. It is now the Fletcher American National Bank. Stoughton J. began his career in his father's bank when very young and was known first and last as a banker. Under the wise training of his father and with natural facility in financial science, he became known as a banker of unusual judgment, shrewdness and foresight and had the confidence of the community. He became an outstanding figure in banking and financial activities. Heavy responsibilities were placed upon his shoulders when, after the death of his father in 1882, he became president of the banking house, but he proved to be equal to them. When it became the Fletcher National Bank in 1898, he was made president of that institution and continued as such until 1907, when he retired from the position in favor of his son, Stoughton A. Fletcher.

Stoughton J. Fletcher was born in Indianapolis on October 25, 1851, and died December 25, 1909. He became a Crown Hill corporator in 1900.

Victor K. Hendricks was born in western Pennsylvania in 1834 and came with his parents to Madison, Indiana, when he was a small child. He attended

its day. Leaving school, he worked in a boot and shoe house conducted by his brother. He remained there for several years, finally becoming his brother's partner. In 1859 he moved to Indianapolis and opened a wholesale boot and shoe house at the corner of Kentucky Avenue and Washington Street, a door or two west of the point, which, because of the peculiar sign, was known throughout the state as the boot-up-side-down store. For twenty-two years he was in partnership with William D. Cooper, the firm being known as Hendricks and Cooper. In 1899 the firm dissolved. In 1903 Mr. Hendricks retired from active business. He was a highly respected citizen, a member of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, of the University Club, and of the Board of Trade. He was elected to membership in the Crown Hill Corporation in 1901. He died at his summer home at Harbor Springs, Michigan, August, 29, 1907.

Volney T. Malott was born in Kentucky, September 9, 1838, of combined French Huguenot and Scotch-Irish ancestry. His parents removed to Salem, Indiana, in 1841, but his father died in 1845, and shortly thereafter his mother, with her two young children, came to Indianapolis, where in 1847 she married John F. Ramsay. Her son Volney was educated in part in a seminary at Salem, Indiana, conducted by John I. Morrison and partly at the Marion County Seminary then in University Park.

He began his banking career in 1854 at the age of sixteen years, when he secured a position in the private banking house of John Wooley and Company. This later became the Bank of the Capital and he continued with it as an employe until 1857, when he became a teller in the Indianapolis branch of the Bank of the

State of Indiana, organized a short time before. He remained in that position until 1862, when he was tendered the position of cashier of the institution. He declined this offer in order to accept the office of secretary and treasurer of the Peru and Indianapolis Railway Company; he also became a director of the company. By this time, though still under thirty, he had established a reputation as a trustworthy man of integrity and good financial judgment, and in the railroad work he proved to be the possessor of executive ability. As with all men who are of proved capacity in such lines positions of trust were urged upon him. He did not resign from the bank until 1870, when it became necessary to give his entire time to supervising the executive affairs of the road in building an extension to Michigan City. He became president of the road, previously holding for several years the dual office of general manager and vice-president.

In 1881 the Indianapolis, Peru and Chicago Road was sold to the Wabash Railroad Company, of which latter Mr. Malott was vice-president until 1883 when he was elected vice-president and general manager of the Indianapolis Union Railway Company. During his connection as executive with the Indianapolis Railway Company and the Belt Line, the company was reorganized and the Union Station built. In 1890 Mr. Malott was elected president of the Chicago and Western Indiana Railroad Company, a terminal line of Chicago for six railroads entering that city and also operating a belt line. The following year he resigned the office of president, but was made chairman of the board of directors, which had charge of its principal financial affairs. While he was on the board several million dollars were spent in vast improvements on the line and



it became a valuable property. In 1895 Mr. Malott gave up the position and took a long vacation in Europe with his family, but in 1896 he was called back to railroad business through an appointment by Judge William A. Woods, of the United States Circuit Court, as receiver for the Terre Haute and Indianapolis Railroad, which, with its leased lines, was known as the Vandalia system.

All this time, from 1878 on, Mr. Malott was also in the banking business, carrying on the double responsibilities faithfully and successfully. In 1878 he was elected to the presidency of the Merchants National Bank of Indianapolis. In 1882 he transferred his interests to the Indiana National Bank, of which he was made president, and at the time of his death he was chairman of the board of directors. He died in June, 1921. He was the third president of this institution, George Tousey being the first and William Coughlen second. In addition to these financial activities he joined with the late John H. Holliday in 1893 in organizing the Union Trust Company of Indianapolis, a prosperous institution, of which he was continuously a director and a member of the executive committee.

Mr. Malott concentrated his life upon his work and was sometimes carelessly criticized for such absorption, but inasmuch as he constantly carried heavy responsibility for the safety of other people's property, such absorption seems justified. He had a mastery of the science of finance, remarkable tenacity of purpose, high integrity, tireless energy, and fine executive power. His name stood for trustworthiness, fidelity and ability; the public had confidence in him and he had a large part in the success and prosperity of the city. As a financier he attained a national reputation



Nature Undisturbed



and two competent New York authorities in the world of finance are quoted by Jacob P. Dunn as pronouncing him "the greatest banker West of the Allegheny Mountains."

Personally, Mr. Malott was unassuming and sought no publicity. As his wealth accumulated, he made no display of it, continuing to live simply and unpretentiously though comfortably, and giving his family of five daughters and one son all the advantages of travel and education. His wife, who survived him for two or three years, was the daughter of David and Mary A. Macy. His children, all married, are residents of Indianapolis. Mr. Malott belonged to several commercial and civic organizations. He served as president of the University Club at one time, was a director in the Art Association, and was for several years president of the Crown Hill Association to which he was elected in 1902. He was a member of Meridian Street Methodist Episcopal Church and president of the board of trustees.

Jesse Fletcher was well known in Indianapolis business and social circles. He was born February 4, 1862, at Woodlawn, the old Fletcher homestead, now the site of Fletcher Place M. E. Church; was educated in the common schools of Indianapolis, the Indianapolis Classical School, Phillips Exeter Academy, and was a graduate of Harvard University, class of '84. In 1885 he became an officer of the Atlas Engine Works, with which his father was connected, and retained his position there until the death of his father in 1895, when he sold his holdings. Later he was interested in the reorganization of the State Life Insurance Company, but ill health caused him practically to give up business. He was also interested in the Belt Railroad Company

and the stockyards, and had valuable real estate holdings. He was elected to the Crown Hill board in 1904.

From 1901 until his death he devoted himself to the care of the five orphan children of his brother. He never married. He was a Scottish Rite Mason and a member of social and political clubs. A generous man, he gave much to charitable enterprises in an unassuming way. Fond of hunting and the out-of-doors, he became a member of the Turtle Lake Club, which owned a reserve in Michigan, and it was there that he died. He had arrived there a few days before that event for recuperation, following a period of ill health, and was found dead in his bed on May 31, 1909. He was deeply mourned.

Edward Daniels was well known as the junior member of the firm of Baker and Daniels of Indianapolis. He was born in Green County, Ohio, in November, 1854. Much of his childhood, however, was spent at Rockville, Indiana, where he received a common school education and afterward became a student at Wabash College, from which he was graduated in 1875. He began his professional studies at Columbia University Law School in 1876. In the fall of 1877 he entered the law office of Baker, Hord and Hendricks as a student and was admitted to practice in 1879. He became associated with Albert Baker in the practice of law and established a large general practice in the State courts. He gained a high standing as a lawyer and was one of the leading spirits in the Indianapolis Literary Club. He served as the first president of the Columbia Club. He was a popular and highly respected citizen. He was married in 1887 to Miss Virginia Johnston of Indianapolis. He was made a member of the Crown Hill Corporation in 1907.



William H. Hubbard was born in Indianapolis, July 24, 1854, son of W. S. Hubbard, one of the pioneer citizens of Indianapolis, and one of the thirty corporators of Crown Hill Cemetery. The parental home at the time of the son's birth was on the Circle where the English Hotel stands at this time—that is, on the northwest segment. Young Hubbard was a member of the first graduating class of Shortridge High School. His business was that of fire insurance. In 1880 he married Miss Ella Kurtz, of Blairsville, Pa. He was a member of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church and served as treasurer for the Home for Aged Women. His life was quiet and uneventful, but was one of industry, efficiency and well doing. He was appointed a corporator in 1908. He died January 22, 1920.

William E. English, who died April 29, 1926, was born November 3, 1850, at the old English home, now called Englishton Park, near Lexington, Scott County, Indiana. He was the son of William H. English, for many years one of the leading men of the capital city and the State, politically and financially, and a sketch of him appears in another chapter. The son also became conspicuous in politics and business. He came with his parents to Indianapolis in 1863 and attended private schools and later Northwestern Christian University. He was graduated as a member of the law class from that institution in 1872, was admitted to the bar and entered into professional partnership with John R. Wilson. At the end of five years he retired from the firm and went abroad for a long period of travel. During his absence he wrote rather extensively to Indianapolis papers. After his return he took an active interest in politics. Reared in the Democratic party, his affiliations remained with that body until

1896, when, disagreeing with its policy at that time, he allied himself with the Republicans and remained with that organization until his death, receiving from it numerous honors. Previous to this, his political talents had been recognized by the Democrats and he had achieved considerable prominence in the party organization. He served as a member of the Democratic National Committee for the State of Indiana, as a member of the city committee of his party, in 1878 being made chairman. In that year he was elected to the State Legislature as joint representative of Marion and Shelby Counties. He proved to be a valuable working member, as he did in later years when he represented the Republican party. He was elected to the lower house of Congress in 1882. He supported Grover Cleveland in 1892; in 1896 he took no active part on either side, but in 1900 was fully aligned with the Republicans and made effective campaign speeches. He took active part in the War with Spain, being on General Wheeler's Staff, the only Indiana volunteer in Wheeler's entire army. He was injured during the battle before Santiago by the falling of his horse. Captain English belonged to many orders, clubs and societies. He was the author of a "History of Indiana Masonry"—a useful reference book. He was one of the three founders of the National Association of Spanish War Veterans and was a member of the Protective Order of Elks. He was a popular man, several times running ahead of his ticket when he was Republican nominee for the Legislature. Capt. English had extensive property interests in Indianapolis.

He was twice married, his first wife, Anna Josephine Desmond, of Boston, living but five years after the marriage, leaving no children. On January 5, 1898,

he was married to Helen Orr, of Indianapolis. They had one daughter, Rosamond Orr, who was accidentally killed a few months before her father's death—that event probably being hastened by the tragedy. His valuable estate, with a few minor bequests, was bequeathed in trust to his widow for life, at her death going to the Indianapolis Foundation. He was made a member of the Crown Hill Corporation in 1908.

A sketch of Charles W. Fairbanks, lawyer, farmer, newspaper proprietor, capitalist, United States Senator, Vice-President of the United States, appears in a chapter on public men. Nothing need be added here beyond the statement that, with all his honors, he felt his election to the Crown Hill Corporation in 1913 to be an added distinction.

John Chislett is the son of Frederick W. Chislett, the first superintendent of Crown Hill Cemetery. He was seven years old when his parents came to Indianapolis and obtained his early education in the local public schools, afterwards becoming a student in the Polytechnic Institute of Troy, N. Y. In 1876 he became assistant superintendent of Crown Hill under his father and after the death of the latter he was appointed his successor as superintendent. He filled the place with the care and ability shown by his father, but after a few years he resigned from the office and went to Pittsburgh, where he still resides. In 1915 he was elected a director of the cemetery corporation, but did not retain the position on his departure, as he expected his absence to be permanent. He was a member of the Second Presbyterian Church and of several social and literary clubs, and is pleasantly remembered.

## LIVING CORPORATORS

The list below contains the names of the thirty members of the Crown Hill Corporation living at the time of this writing, the end of 1926. From this list a Board of Managers, seven in number, are elected each year.

The Board of Managers as now constituted is as follows:

Hugh McK. Landon, President; William L. Elder, 1st Vice President; Frederick M. Ayres, 2nd Vice President; Walter C. Marmon, Treasurer; Henry W. Bennett, Thomas C. Howe and Joseph J. Daniels. Raymond E. Seibert is Secretary to the Board and Superintendent of the Cemetery.

Hervey Bates, Second, familiarly known as Major Bates, was elected to the Crown Hill Corporation in 1881, and though in 1927, at the age of ninety-three he is living in Pasadena, California, he retains his membership and is proud of it. Born in Indianapolis and active in business and social life, he has many friends and acquaintances in the city that he still calls home. He and his family lived for years at the Bates Hotel, built by his father, Hervey Bates, Sr., where the Claypool now stands. When he sold the hotel he erected and lived in the house on North Delaware Street now occupied by the Knights of Columbus.

Dr. Orange Scott Runnels is one of the older representative physicians and surgeons of Indianapolis. He is one of the leading exponents of homeopathy. He is a member of many local clubs and other organi-

zations. Dr. Runnels was born in Licking County, Ohio, in 1847. He has been a Crown Hill corporator since 1891.

A. A. Barnes, born in 1839, is next to Hervey Bates, Second, mentioned above in this list, the oldest living member of the Crown Hill Corporation, to which he was elected in 1901. He has been connected with the Udell Works for many years and has been interested in other commercial undertakings. He stands high in business, social and religious life of the city.

Harry Stewart New was elected to membership in the Crown Hill Corporation in 1906, a short time after the death of his father, John Chalfant New, who was one of the thirty original corporators. From the time of his first connection with the old Indianapolis Journal Harry New has been always interested in politics. An ardent Republican he has been honored by his party repeatedly, having served as member of the Indiana State Central Committee, as member of the National Republican Committee and as its acting chairman for a time. He was elected United States Senator from Indiana in 1916 and served one term with distinction. At this writing he is Postmaster General of the United States, an office to which he was first appointed by President Harding and later by President Coolidge.

Frederic Murray Ayres, graduated from Yale in 1892, immediately entered the dry goods house of L. S. Ayres and Company, and has been its president since the death of his father, Lyman S. Ayres, founder of the business. He is another of the sons to succeed his father in the Crown Hill Corporation. He was elected June 5, 1926.

William L. Elder, son of John R. Elder, succeeded his father in the Crown Hill membership in 1908, soon



after the father's death. William Elder is a well known dealer in real estate. He is first vice-president of the board of managers of Crown Hill, and chairman of the committee on buildings and grounds.

Otto R. Lieber, son of the late Herman Lieber, one of the original incorporators of Crown Hill, is president of the picture establishment founded by his father, and is interested and active in local civic affairs. He succeeded his father in membership of the corporation in 1908.

Arthur Jordan in his fifty years or more of active business life in Indianapolis in many important and successful commercial enterprises, has shown unusual organizing capacity. He has always been connected with the leading business, educational, social and philanthropic organizations of the city, and has been a generous contributor to good causes. He has been a member of the Crown Hill Corporation since 1908.

William O. Reveal came into the corporation in 1910. He is a retired farmer, well known in the county. He has held the office of county commissioner, was clerk of the Criminal Court under John R. Wilson and was assistant postmaster under Albert Sahm.

Thomas C. Day has long held a position of prominence and high repute in business and financial circles and is even more widely known for his religious and charitable work. Since the World War he has been the head locally of the Near East Relief movement. He has been a member of the Crown Hill Corporation since 1910.

Josiah K. Lilly is president of the Eli Lilly Company, pharmaceutical chemists. He is the son and only child of the late Eli Lilly, founder of the lab-

oratories. No one in Indianapolis excels him in public spirit. During the war he was the head of the Liberty Loan organization, and was also the first president of the War Chest, which later became the Community Fund. He is now the chairman of the Indianapolis Foundation. His membership in the Crown Hill Corporation began in 1910.

Stoughton A. Fletcher is the third Stoughton Fletcher to have been connected as president with the Fletcher Bank, now the Fletcher-American. His grandfather, Stoughton A., was the founder of the bank, his father, Stoughton J., was the founder's immediate successor. The present Fletcher remained with the bank until 1923, when he resigned to engage in other business. He was elected to the Crown Hill Corporation in 1911.

Walter C. Marmon, of the Marmon Motor Car Company, was graduated at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and had training in several branches of engineering. He was especially fitted for the manufacturing business in which his father was engaged, and has been successful in the development of the motor car. He came into the Crown Hill Corporation in 1911.

George E. Hume is a graduate of Harvard, a lawyer by profession, but some years ago retired from legal practice to look after various business interests. He was for several years treasurer of the American Central Life Insurance Company. As the chief heir of the late Hannah Culley Mansur estate, his attention is largely given to the management of that extensive property. He came into the Crown Hill membership in 1914. Mr. Hume now lives in California, but spends much time in travel.

Fred C. Dickson, son of George A. Dickson, for many years well-known owner and manager of Indianapolis theaters, took over his father's business after the latter's death. He was for several years vice-president of the Union Trust Company, and is now president of the Indiana Trust Company. He was made a member of the Crown Hill Corporation in 1915.

Meredith Nicholson, novelist and essayist, does not permit his literary occupation to absorb all of his attention, but responds to many calls for participation in public matters. He entered the Crown Hill Corporation in 1916 and has shown an active interest in the cemetery's beautification.

Hugh McKennan Landon, educated at Andover and Harvard, came to Indianapolis in October, 1892, and for twenty years thereafter was identified with the public utilities of the city through his connection with the Manufacturers' Natural Gas Company and the Indianapolis Water Company. He retired from active business in 1913, but in 1920 became connected with the Fletcher Savings and Trust Company as vice president and chairman of the executive committee. He has been president of the James Whitcomb Riley Memorial Association since its organization and has had an active part in raising the money for and building the Riley Hospital for Children. He was elected a corporator of Crown Hill in 1916, and has been the president of the board of managers since 1924.

James W. Fesler, lawyer, member of the firm of Fesler, Elam and Young, president of the board of trustees of Indiana University, a former president of the Bar Association, entered the Crown Hill Corporation in 1917.

Arthur V. Brown, President of the Union Trust

Company of Indianapolis, is a graduate of Butler University, a lawyer by training, but gave up practice after some years to engage in real estate and financial matters. He is active in many local movements. He came into the Crown Hill Corporation in 1917.

Almus G. Ruddell is a grandson of Almus E. Vinton, one of the original corporators, and nephew of Merrick Vinton, son of Almus, a member appointed in 1892. Mr. Ruddell came into the corporation in 1917. The relation of a son and grandson of a founder as successive members is exceeded only by the case of Calvin Fletcher, with a son, a grandson, nephew and a son of that nephew in the list.

Henry H. Hornbrook, lawyer, graduate of De Pauw University and Harvard Law School, is a member of the firm of Smith, Remster, Hornbrook and Smith. He has been attorney for the Crown Hill Corporation for a number of years. His membership dates from 1918.

President of the State Life Insurance Company since 1907, Henry W. Bennett is classed as one of the best known business men in Indianapolis. Always interested in politics, he was appointed postmaster of Indianapolis in 1905 on recommendation of Albert J. Beveridge, then senator of the United States. Mr. Bennett resigned before the end of his term in order to devote himself to the insurance company. He came into the Crown Hill membership in 1919.

Joseph J. Daniels, son of Edward Daniels, a former corporator, is a lawyer. He served in the army in the World War, part of the time over seas with the Three Hundred Twenty-seventh Field Artillery. He entered the Crown Hill Corporation in 1920.

Samuel D. Miller, a son of William Henry Harrison Miller, who was a member of President Benjamin Har-

risson's Cabinet, is a lawyer who ranks high in his profession. He is a member of the board of trustees of Hamilton College. He was elected to the Crown Hill Corporation in 1920.

Thomas Carr Howe is known throughout the State as an educator through his long connection with Butler University. He resigned in 1920 as president of the institution in order to devote himself to private business matters. He has served on the public library commission and in other educational movements. He entered the Crown Hill Corporation in 1920.

Berkley W. Duck, born, reared and educated in Kentucky, came to Indianapolis in 1905. He entered the Atlas Engine Works as a mechanical engineer, but resigned when assistant superintendent to enter the real estate business with the Spann Company. He was elected to the Crown Hill Corporation in 1922.

Charles Martindale, second son of the late Judge Elijah B. Martindale, began his career as a reporter on the old Indianapolis Journal, of which his father was owner at the time. He afterwards studied law and has been engaged in practice for many years. He has devoted his attention to corporation law and has been special master in Chancery for the Federal Court. He was elected in 1922 to take the place of his father in the Crown Hill Corporation.

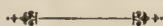
Alexander R. Holliday was made a member of the Crown Hill Corporation in 1922. He is the son of the late John H. Holliday, founder of the Indianapolis News, was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and since 1907 has been interested in contract and public utility work. He is secretary of the Belt Railway and stockyards.

Evans Woollen has been president of the Fletcher



Savings and Trust Company since 1912. Previous to that time he had held important business positions, having been vice-president and counsel of the American National Bank, and vice-president of the Fletcher American National Bank. In 1916 he organized the Indianapolis Foundation. He is a leader in Indiana's Democratic politics.

Donald S. Morris was appointed a Crown Hill incorporator in June, 1926, to fill the vacancy caused by the death in the preceding April of William E. English. He is a grandson of Thomas A. Morris, one of the original incorporators. He is a lawyer and his ability attracted attention that caused him to be invited into the Fletcher Savings and Trust Company. He is now a vice-president of the Trust Company and its Trust Officer.



## A WORD OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

In gathering the material for this story of Crown Hill Cemetery I have necessarily been obliged to seek information from many sources. The fact that no one officially connected with the beginning and early history of this place of the dead was living when the work began complicated matters and called for interviews with many men and women on the chance that they might have recollections of interest or knowledge of where it could be obtained.

Though the cemetery was incorporated more than sixty years ago it was not difficult to find those who recalled the event, but less easy to discover among them many who had definite information on the sub-

ject—a circumstance readily explained when it is remembered that persons who were then old enough to recall clearly any matters of local history of the time were nevertheless young; it was war time and their minds were on other things.

Notwithstanding the lapse of time and the uncertainty of memories, many incidents of interest were gleaned in this way and suggestions made that led to other sources of information. Without exception I met with the utmost courtesy and a surprising readiness to cooperate in the undertaking where it was possible to do so. So numerous were the interviews and so extended the inquiries that it was difficult in the small leisure I could command for the work to express individually my thanks for and appreciation of the help given, and I take this opportunity to say that my undertaking, which was rather more extensive than I had anticipated, was made the easier by the kindly responsiveness of the persons from whom facts were sought.

It remains to say that out of personal interviews, much correspondence, much delving into old documents, war records and the published histories and biographies containing information about early and recent Indianapolis and its people, together with whatever the amount may have been of my own previous acquaintance with the subject, this chapter of Indianapolis history has been constructed.

ANNA NICHOLAS.

Indianapolis, October 26, 1927.

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